PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR M

NOVEMBER 1998 • $4.95

GIRLS OF THE A.C.C.

HOT, HOT COLLEGE ISSUE...

Interview MIKE TYSON

Love And Lust 101

Students Tell All In Our Sizzling Campus Sex Survey

11
35270
0 300955 0

20Q With
DR. DREW
JIMMY
HOFFA
Is He As
Bad As
His Dad?
Boola
Boola
THE
SEX
LIFE
OF
YALIES
Plus: An
Intense
Year For
SEX IN
CINEMA

THEY ALSO TEND TO BE MEN.

Enjoy Black Label Responsibly

Johnnie Walker® Black Label® Blended Scotch Whisky, Imported 12 Year Old. 40% Alc./Vol. (80 Proof) ©1998 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., New York, N.Y.

WELCOME TO CIVILIZATION

OUR DRINKERS

TEND TO BE

MEN OF DEPTH

AND SUBSTANCE.

Come to where
the flavor is.
Marlboro

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.
© Philip Morris Inc. 1998
16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

©1998 Sony Electronics Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is prohibited. Sony, Megatonage and Digital Cinema Sound are trademarks of Sony. Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories Licensing Corporation. This elephant here are now available on Columbia TriStar Home Video. James Taylor Live At The Beacon Theatre, Artwork & Design: ©1998 Sony Music Entertainment Inc./Columbia® Reg. U.S. Pat. & Tm. Off. Marca Registrada. Hourglass. ™ 1997 Sony Music Entertainment Inc.

SONY

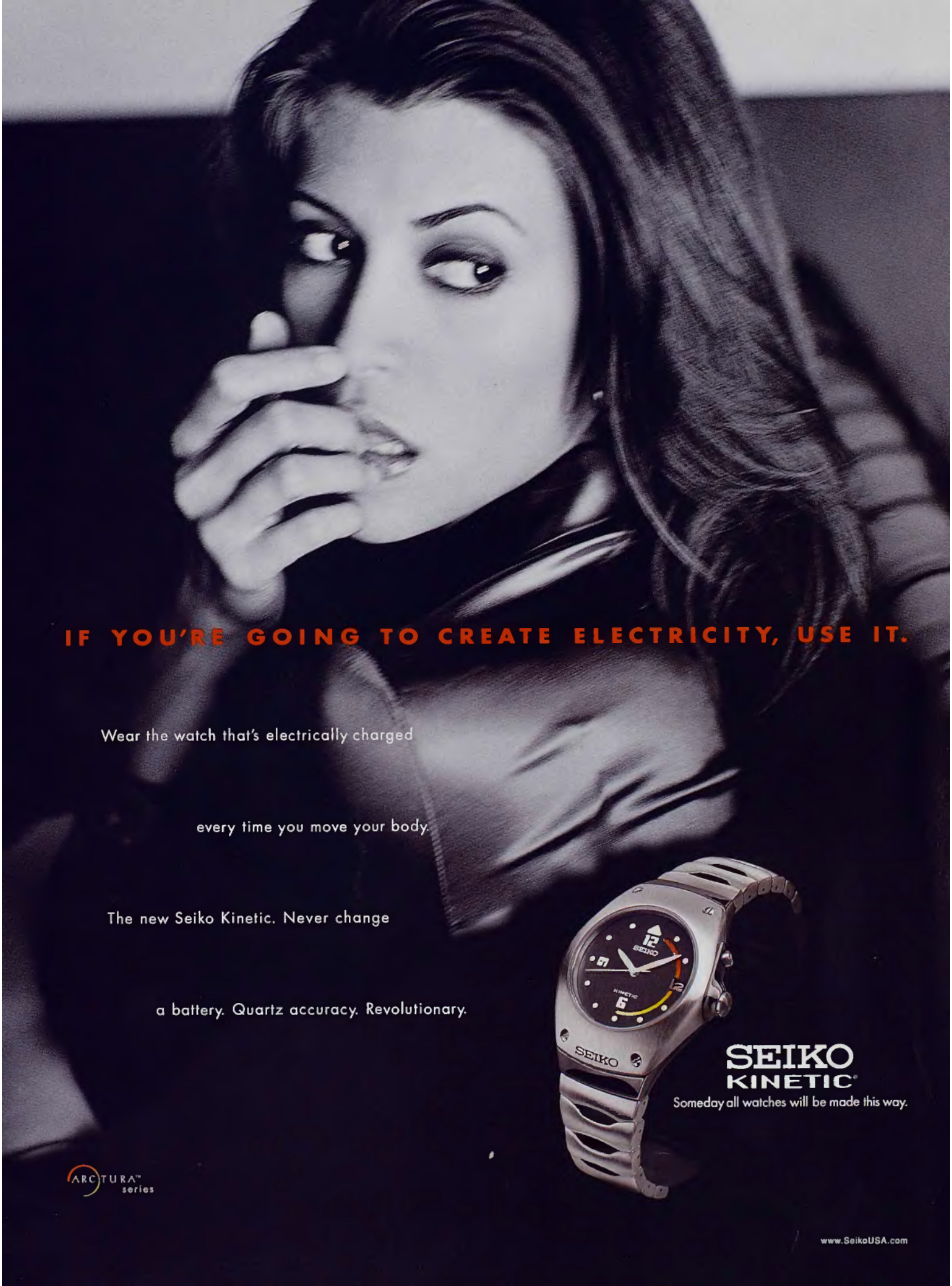
THIS CHANGES EVERYTHING

INTRODUCING THE WORLD'S FIRST FIVE-DISC DVD/CD CHANGER.

The new Sony DVP-C600D lets you enjoy Sony "reference standard" performance for movies and music.

It features the same advanced technology found in our finest DVD players. That means you can enjoy all the latest DVD movies, concert videos and CD music titles with incredible picture and sound quality. It also has built-in Dolby Digital multi-channel sound with our exclusive Digital Cinema Sound processing. And for even more versatility, the DVP-C600D allows you to control a Sony Megastorage™ CD changer.

Once again, Sony is changing the home entertainment experience.


IF YOU'RE GOING TO CREATE ELECTRICITY, USE IT.
Wear the watch that's electrically charged
every time you move your body.
The new Seiko Kinetic. Never change
a battery. Quartz accuracy. Revolutionary.
SEIKO
KINETIC
Someday all watches will be made this way.
ARCTURA series
www.SeikoUSA.com

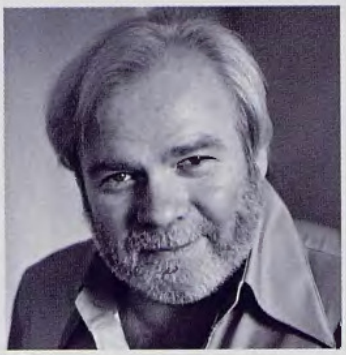
GET YOUR RAH-RAHS OUT. Our monster college issue is a course directory on pop culture. Interviewing **Mike Tyson** carries some of the danger of climbing into the ring with him. He might knock you out or, even worse, chew off your ear. Since his stint in prison, he has broken up with Don King, fought Evander Holyfield and battled depression. Recently, this turbulent soul sat down with **Mark Kram,** and the result is the *Playboy Interview* as acid test. In one of the best reads of the year, Tyson quotes F. Scott Fitzgerald and relates his version of what happened in his hotel room with Desiree Washington. Then he launches angrily into how he is "doomed," "outside of society" and a "rare flower that blossoms in adversity." Tyson is not an animal—he just plays one on pay TV.

Learning to appreciate beautiful women is as easy as ACC. Our pictorial of the women of the Atlantic Coast Conference includes 12 pages of 43 slammin' coeds from nine schools. Don't worry about the math, just keep an eye on the figures. Two of our favorite anthropologists, Contributing Photographers **David Chan** and **David Mecey,** did the legwork. Our 1998 College Sex Survey (developed by PLAYBOY Editors **James R. Petersen, Barbara Nellis** and **Alison Lundgren,** with help from sex educator **Marty Klein**) is an extensive written report on romance, sex and friendship with plenty of spicy details. (The illustrations are by **Istvan Banyai.**) Meanwhile, back at the Ivy League, a girl knows early where she stands on leg hair and she can look you in the eye and talk about getting her labia pierced. However, in *Sex and Man at Yale*, a firsthand report by **Mark Oppenheimer,** the question is, Why isn't anyone getting any bedroom boola-boola?

Students of history will certainly appreciate the name of the leading candidate for president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. The intentions of James Phillip Hoffa, however, are as cloudy as the mystery surrounding the disappearance of his pugnacious father, Jimmy. In *Road Rage* by **Harry Jaffe** (national editor at *Washingtonian Magazine*), Hoffa offers some provocative insights into his character and his campaign and evokes a time when the Teamsters union could cripple the nation. Jaffe is just glad that Hoffa isn't driving an 18-wheeler. "He tailgates and slaloms through traffic," he recalls of his days with Hoffa. "He had me doing a white-knuckle number on my notebook."

Your hard drive could be a roulette wheel. Since its birth, Internet gambling has attracted major controversy. In *Playing the Odds at Online Casinos*, reporter **Mark Hudis** weighs the pull of electronic slots against the big push by Congress to shut them down. The winner of PLAYBOY's annual College Fiction Contest addresses class conflict—the nonscholastic kind. *A Little Advance* by **Karl Iagnemma** is a marvelous account of a poor mook who gets an up close look at the good life when his sexy, rich girlfriend takes him home. Another guy with all the answers is **Dr. Drew Pinsky,** the voice of sanity on MTV's *Loveline*. We sent our own pompatus of love, Playboy Advisor **Chip Rowe,** to conduct a well-lubricated *20 Questions* with Pinsky. Read it and learn about the home lives of porn stars and why herpes isn't just another rash.

Now it's time to work on the visuals. On-screen lust was a high-low act this year. **Bruce Williamson,** PLAYBOY's movie critic emeritus, returns with a reel-load of *Sex in Cinema 1998*, and reveals that audiences crave strip clubs and sketch pads. College is a good place for artistic statements: You can shed your small-town image and make a premillennial splash by carefully studying *Back to Campus Fashion* by our sartorial sage, **Hollis Wayne.** Think cargo pants and metallic running shoes. Finally, no one would make a better fashion cop than **Tiffany Taylor,** our Playmate of the Month. She's headed for a career in law enforcement. Break out the cuffs.


KRAM

CHAN

MECEY

BANYAI

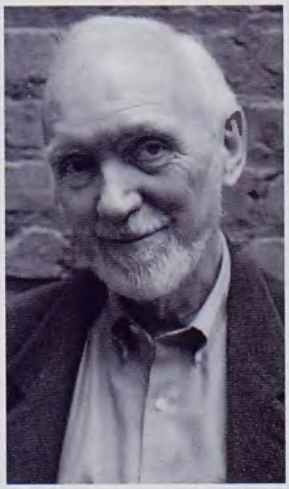
OPPENHEIMER

JAFFE

HUDIS

IAGNEMMA

ROWE


WILLIAMSON

WAYNE

www.southerncomfort.com Southern Comfort Company, Liqueur, 21-50% Alc. By Volume, Louisville, KY © 1998 To send a gift of SoCo call 1-800 BE THERE.
Enjoy Southern Comfort Responsibly.

Life as you know it may change. Your drink doesn't have to.

Hang on to your spirit.

PLAYBOY®

vol. 45, no. 11—november 1998

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		7
DEAR PLAYBOY		15
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		19
MOVIES	LEONARD MALTIN	21
VIDEO		25
MUSIC		26
WIRED		28
TRAVEL		32
BOOKS		33
FITNESS	JOHN HANC	34
MEN	ASA BABER	35
MANTRACK		39
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR		43
THE PLAYBOY FORUM		45
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MIKE TYSON—candid conversation		55
PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE SEX SURVEY—article		76
SEX IN CINEMA 1998—pictorial	text by BRUCE WILLIAMSON	84
A LITTLE ADVANCE—college fiction winner	KARL IAGNEMMA	94
PLAYING THE ODDS AT ONLINE CASINOS—article	MARK HUDIS	98
SEX AND MAN AT YALE—article	MARK OPPENHEIMER	103
TAYLOR MADE—playboy's playmate of the month		106
PARTY JOKES—humor		118
ROAD RAGE—playboy profile	HARRY JAFFE	120
JIMMY HOFFA'S GREATEST HITS		122
BACK TO CAMPUS FASHION—fashion	HOLLIS WAYNE	124
Y2K: WHAT'S REALLY GOING TO HAPPEN—maney	CHRISTOPHER BYRON	131
20 QUESTIONS: DR. DREW PINSKY		132
DAVE'S GARAGE—cars	DAVID STEVENS	135
GIRLS OF THE ACC—pictorial		136
WHERE & HOW TO BUY		167
PLAYMATE NEWS		175
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE		179

Go ACC P. 136

Fiction Winner P. 94

Breakfast With Tiffany P. 106

Cybercasinos P. 98

COVER STORY

Are you ready for another spin through the Atlantic Coast Conference? PLAYBOY first dropped in on the women of the ACC in 1983 and revisited the schools in 1990. Florida State has since joined the lineup, enhancing—if that were possible—the pride of the Eastern Seaboard. Our cover was styled by Jennifer Tutor and shot by Stephen Wayda. Alexis Vogel did cover girl Julia Schultz' hair and makeup. Shake your pom-poms and join our Rabbit in a hearty cheer.

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. PLAYBOY ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY TO RETURN UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL OR GRAPHIC OR OTHER MATERIAL. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS AND UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL AND GRAPHIC MATERIAL WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND MATERIAL WILL BE SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALLY. PLAYBOY, DATE OF PRODUCTION: SEPTEMBER 1998. CUSTODIAN OF RECORDS IS DIANE GRIFFIN. ALL RECORDS REQUIRED BY LAW TO BE MAINTAINED BY PUBLISHER ARE LOCATED AT 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1998 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY, PLAYMATE AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U.S. TRADEMARK OFFICE. NO PART OF THIS BOOK MAY BE REPRODUCED, STORED IN A RETRIEVAL SYSTEM OR TRANSMITTED IN ANY FORM BY ANY ELECTRONIC, MECHANICAL, PHOTOCOPYING OR RECORDING MEANS OR OTHERWISE WITHOUT PRIOR WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. FOR CREDITS SEE PAGE 167. FRANKLIN MINT OUTSERT IN DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION POLYWRAPPED COPIES. CAMEL INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 20-21 IN DOMESTIC NEWSSTAND AND SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. CONTRADICTION FOR MEN INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 24-25 AND NRG INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 32-33 IN DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. SPATEN INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 44-45 AND REDMAN INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 166-167 IN SELECTED DOMESTIC NEWSSTAND AND SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE TÍTULO NO. 7570 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993. Y CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE CONTENIDO NO. 5108 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993 EXPEDIDOS POR LA COMISIÓN CALIFICADORA DE PUBLICACIONES Y REVISTAS ILUSTRADAS DEPENDIENTE DE LA SECRETARIA DE GOBERNACIÓN, MÉXICO. RESERVA DE TÍTULO EN TRÁMITE.

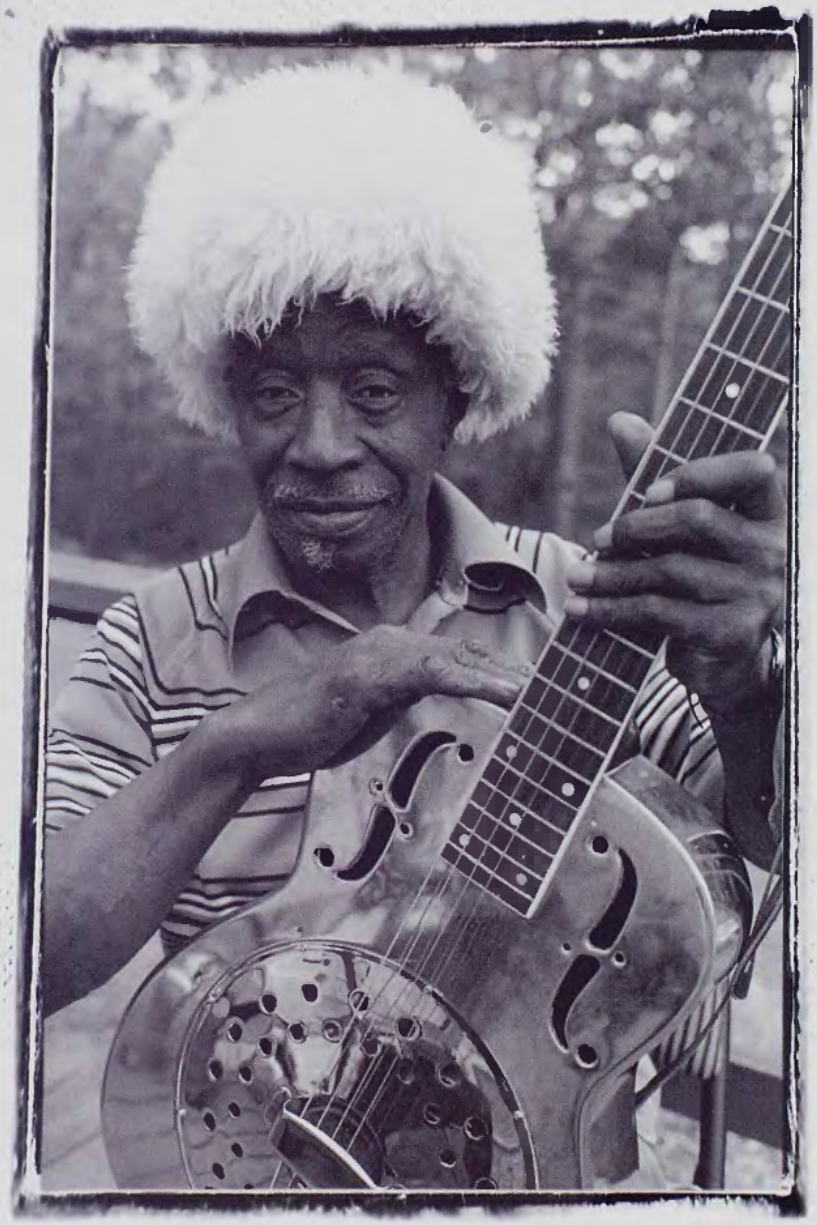
PRINTED IN U.S.A.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

WINSTON BOX

16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

No additives are in our tobacco, for true taste.



"I've played so much guitar it'd make your ass hurt."

—The late Guitar Gabriel, Music Maker beneficiary

Winston Blues Revival

Featuring Taj Mahal and Music Maker blues artists.

Chicago	San Francisco
Boston	Cleveland
Dallas	New Orleans
Atlanta	Seattle
Phoenix	Philadelphia
Austin	Charlotte
Houston	Denver
Los Angeles	New York

All door proceeds benefit Music Maker Relief Foundation. Winston works with Music Maker to support forgotten blues artists. For more information about the foundation, visit www.musicmaker.org

Real Blues. Real tobacco. Straight up. Winston

$45.00
Set# XA2617

Playboy Mini Maglite® with Wenger Esquire Knife

Keep this handy set in the glove compartment or with your camping gear. The black 5" Maglite projects a powerful beam of light. The black 2½" pen knife is equipped with scissors, tweezers, toothpick and two blades (one with file). Two AAA batteries included. Comes in black hard-plastic case. Limited lifetime warranty. USA.

XA2617 $45.00

ORDER TOLL-FREE 800-423-9494
Most major credit cards accepted.

ORDER BY MAIL
Include credit card account number and expiration date or send a check or money order to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 80339, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809. $6.95 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax.

Canadian orders accepted (please visit our website for other foreign orders).

Visit the Playboy Store at www.playboy.com/catalog

©1998 Playboy

DREAM WORLD

You can cross over into a "Dream World" when you browse the pages of any *duPont REGISTRY* magazine. Look for the *duPont REGISTRY* at a newsstand near you. To subscribe or advertise call
1-800-233-1731

duPont REGISTRY™
Automobiles • Homes • Boats
www.dupontregistry.com

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER
editor-in-chief

ARTHUR KRETCHMER *editorial director*
JONATHAN BLACK *managing editor*
TOM STAEBLER *art director*
GARY COLE *photography director*
KEVIN BUCKLEY, STEPHEN RANDALL
executive editors
JOHN REZEK *assistant managing editor*

EDITORIAL

FICTION: ALICE K. TURNER *editor;* **FORUM:** JAMES R. PETERSEN *senior staff writer;* CHIP ROWE *associate editor;* **MODERN LIVING:** DAVID STEVENS *editor;* BETH TOMKIW *associate editor;* DAN HENLEY *assistant;* **STAFF:** BRUCE KLUGER, CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO *senior editors;* BARBARA NELLIS *associate editor;* ALISON LUNDGREN *junior editor;* CAROL ACKERBERG, LINDA FEIDELSON, HELEN FRANGOULIS, CAROL KUBALEK, KATIE NORRIS, HARRIET PEASE, LARA WEBB, JOYCE WIEGAND-BAVAS *editorial assistants;* **FASHION:** HOLLIS WAYNE *director;* JENNIFER RYAN JONES *assistant editor;* **CARTOONS:** MICHELLE URRY *editor;* KERRY MALONEY *assistant;* **COPY:** LEOPOLD FROEHLICH *editor;* BRETT HUSTON, ANNE SHERMAN *assistant editors;* REMA SMITH *senior researcher;* LEE BRAUER, GEORGE HODAK, LISA ROBBINS, KRISTEN SWANN *researchers;* MARK DURAN *research librarian;* ANAHEED ALANI, TIM GALVIN, JOSEPH HIGAREDA, JOAN MCLAUGHLIN *proofreaders;* JOE CANE *assistant;* **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** ASA BABER, CHRISTOPHER BYRON, JOE DOLCE, GRETCHEN EDGREN, LAWRENCE GROBEL, KEN GROSS, CYNTHIA HEIMEL, WARREN KALBACKER, D. KEITH MANO, JOE MORGENSTERN, DAVID RENSIN, DAVID SHEFF

ART

KERIG POPE *managing director;* BRUCE HANSEN, CHET SUSKI, LEN WILLIS *senior directors;* SCOTT ANDERSON *asst. art director;* ANN SEIDL *supervisor, keyline/pasteup;* PAUL CHAN *senior art assistant;* JASON SIMONS *art assistant*

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARILYN GRABOWSKI *west coast editor;* JIM LARSON *managing editor—chicago;* MICHAEL ANN SULLIVAN *senior editor;* STEPHANIE BARNETT, PATTY BEAUDET-FRANCÈS, KEVIN KUSTER *associate editors;* DAVID CHAN, RICHARD FEGLEY, ARNY FREYTAG, RICHARD IZUI, DAVID MECEY, BYRON NEWMAN, POMPEO POSAR, STEPHEN WAYDA *contributing photographers;* GEORGE GEORGIOU *studio manager—chicago;* BILL WHITE *studio manager—los angeles;* SHELLEE WELLS *stylist;* ELIZABETH GEORGIOU *photo archivist*

RICHARD KINSLER *publisher*

PRODUCTION

MARIA MANDIS *director;* RITA JOHNSON *manager;* KATHERINE CAMPION, JODY JURGETO, RICHARD QUARTAROLI, TOM SIMONEK *associate managers;* BARB TEKIELA, DEBBIE TILLOU *typesetters;* BILL BENWAY, LISA COOK, SIMMIE WILLIAMS *prepress*

CIRCULATION

LARRY A. DJERF *newsstand sales director;* PHYLLIS ROTUNNO *subscription circulation director;* CINDY RAKOWITZ *communications director*

ADVERTISING

JAMES DIMONEKAS, *national sales manager;* JEFF KIMMEL, *sales development manager;* JOE HOFFER *midwest ad sales manager;* IRV KORNBLAU *marketing director;* TERRI CARROLL *research director*

READER SERVICE

LINDA STROM, MIKE OSTROWSKI *correspondents*

ADMINISTRATIVE

MARCIA TERRONES *rights & permissions director*

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC.

CHRISTIE HEFNER *chairman, chief executive officer*

©1998 Durex Consumer Products. Durex is a trademark of Li group.

The human body has over

45 miles of nerves.

Enjoy the ride.

Set yourself free. In a new Durex® condom.

Feel what you've been missing. With the most exciting condoms ever made. New **Durex** condoms for ultimate sensitivity. Now safe sex doesn't have to feel that way. Free sample at www.durex.com.

© 1998 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., NY, NY. Cognac Hennessy 40% Alc./Vol. (80°)

DEAR PLAYBOY

680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611
FAX 312-649-9534
E-MAIL DEARP8@PLAYBOY.COM
PLEASE INCLUDE YOUR DAYTIME PHONE NUMBER

DRUDGE-ERY

Matt Drudge (*Playboy Interview*, August) is correct in stating that the mainstream media don't like him because "they think they are the only ones who can tell the American people what's going on in the world." Big press has become as bad as big government in its arrogance, elitism and inability to stay in touch with what's important. Is my world better-off because of Diane Sawyer and Orrin Hatch? I'll be the Drudge of that.

Kent Robinson
Goshen, Indiana

David Sheff portrays Drudge as a slimy purveyor of slipshod journalism. How interesting that the interview is published on the heels of CNN's apology for falsely reporting that in 1970 the U.S. military used nerve gas in Laos to kill American defectors. Matt Drudge is a breath of clean air in the midst of the sycophant media.

George Hammons
Manteca, California

As Drudge put it: "You don't get a license to report. You get a license to style hair." Long live Matt, and may he bring back the old breed of reporters.

Bill Welch
Gortner, Maryland

What I like best about the August *Playboy Interview* is the way that Drudge tames your attack-dog interviewer, David Sheff.

Ray McClure
Glen Oaks, New York

It's obscene that Drudge compares his work with the work of early pamphleteers. His medium of choice instantly reaches millions of people and requires that his information be correct. I resent his blasé attitude that an apology for making mistakes makes everything all right. Listen closely, Matt, and you'll hear the sound of your 15 minutes ticking away.

M. Moody
Miramar, Florida

The *Drudge Report* illustrates an important point about what one finds on the Internet: Information doesn't equal wisdom. Wisdom comes with education and maturity, but Drudge doesn't value the former and doesn't have the latter.

Lloyd Smith
Wenatchee, Washington

If the press were doing its job well—telling the public both sides of a story—Matt Drudge wouldn't be as wildly popular as he is.

Rex Gibson
Marshalltown, Iowa

LITTLE DARLIN'

The Angela Little pictorial (*A. Little Goes a Long Way*, August) proves the adage that good things come in little packages.

Jay Highfield
Johnson City, New York

Angela Michelle Little is what all of us down here in Bama call purty. My heart is yours, Miss August.

Jordan Phillips
Corner, Alabama

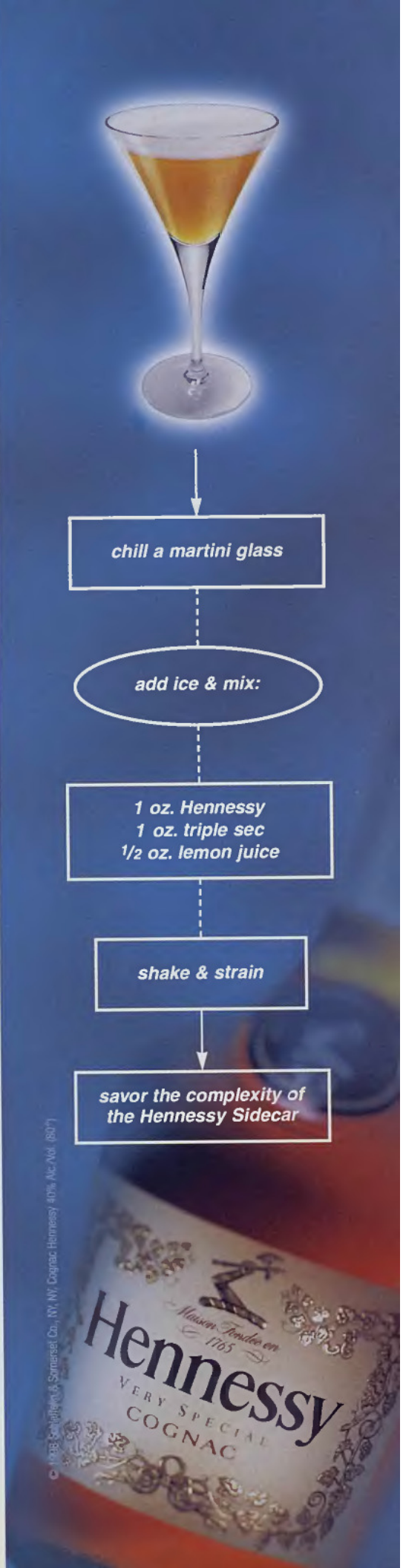
Angela Little is living proof that milk does a body good. Thanks for making my summer a little bit hotter.

Eric Scholl
Tulsa, Oklahoma

WHERE THERE'S A WILLIS THERE'S A WAY

Bruce Willis (*20 Questions*, August) has a chip on his shoulder the size of the asteroid he tries to destroy in *Armageddon*. He ranks on President Clinton for lacking integrity, on *Vanity Fair* for not being respectable and on talk-show host Maury Povich for being a "heinous cocksucker." I would like to know what Willis has

PLAYBOY (ISSN 0032-1478), NOVEMBER 1998, VOLUME 45, NUMBER 11, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: U.S., $29.97 FOR 12 ISSUES. CANADA, $43.97 FOR 12 ISSUES. ALL OTHER FOREIGN, $45 U.S. CURRENCY ONLY. FOR NEW AND RENEWAL ORDERS AND CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND TO PLAYBOY SUBSCRIPTIONS, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007. PLEASE ALLOW 6-8 WEEKS FOR PROCESSING. FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND NEW AND OLD ADDRESSES AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE. POSTMASTER: SEND FORM 3579 TO PLAYBOY, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007. ADVERTISING: NEW YORK: 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10019 (212-261-5000); CHICAGO: 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO 60611 (312-751-8000); WEST COAST: SD MEDIA, 2001 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD, SUITE 200, SANTA MONICA, CA 90403 (310-264-7575); SOUTHEAST: COLEMAN & BENTZ, INC., 4651 ROSWELL ROAD NE, ATLANTA, GA 30342 (404-256-3800); BOSTON: NORTHEAST MEDIA SALES, 8 FANEUIL HALL MARKETPLACE, BOSTON 02109 (617-973-5050). FOR SUBSCRIPTION INQUIRIES, CALL 800-999-4438.



ever done to enhance the quality of life for anyone.

William Heyer
Toms River, New Jersey

I almost fell off my chair after reading the August *20 Questions*. This grandmother would like to thank Bruce for having the balls to tell it like it is.

Michelle Schmitt
Tucson, Arizona

LIFE GOES ON

Thirty years ago I wrote to PLAYBOY about great sex. It has taken me many years to write again, but like a long-lost relative who shows up unexpectedly, I've returned. I was a young bride back then who liked reading PLAYBOY in bed with my husband. We experimented and enjoyed sex, wine and good food. The sex was especially terrific, so much so that it prompted me to write to your magazine in his praise. He recently passed away and left me a gift by encouraging me to live on and to love again. I'm 55 years old and I share my life with a handsome young man who takes me to new heights of love. He's caring and funny and even bakes cookies for my grandson. Thirty years later, my life is still good—and so is PLAYBOY.

Barbara Metter
Albuquerque, New Mexico

THE BIG BOOM

I don't dispute the numbers put forth by Christopher Byron in the August *Money Matters* column ("To Live and Die by Percentages"), but I have something to add to the story. Most baby boomers aren't marching toward middle age; they're staggering toward an uncertain retirement under a load of consumer debt. Americans are living better, and the increased income is definitely a factor. What I would like to know is what percentage of that income goes to service their credit card debt, since boomers believe instant gratification is their birthright.

Geoffrey Pokorny
Destin, Florida

TRULY JULIE

I'm 73 years old and after eyeballing Julie Brown in her sexy pictorial (August), I'd like to ask, who needs Viagra? Both my heart rate and my blood pressure skyrocketed. Hubba, hubba.

Gerald Black
Pomona, California

As one of your many black readers, I applaud you for showing your subscribers—by way of your June and August cover models Traci Bingham and Downtown Julie Brown—that beautiful black women are also the girls next door.

Roland Carey, Jr.
Cincinnati, Ohio

I don't know how many times I watched Julie on MTV and E Entertainment Television and never gave much thought to how hot she is—until her PLAYBOY pictorial. Thanks for opening my eyes.

Justice Randey
Tulsa, Oklahoma

I met Julie Brown at an MTV promotion about eight years ago and remember thinking she was as beautiful in person as she was on TV. To see her nude in PLAYBOY is thrilling.

James Sherman
Tallahassee, Florida

FIRE AND ICE

Your *Women of Iceland* pictorial (August) brings back a flood of memories of the time I was stationed in Iceland in 1942. I remember how Icelanders welcomed the U.S. Marines, who were there

Lovísa Gudmundsdóttir

to guard against an invasion by German troops, with street dances and parties and *brennevin*—Icelandic liquor. I quickly learned why Iceland is called the land of ice and fire—ice on the outside, fire on the inside, just like its women.

Tommy Gilliam Jr.
Lakeport, California

When I received my transfer orders to Iceland as a young lieutenant in 1964, I prepared for a year of isolation. To my surprise, I found then what PLAYBOY has presented only recently: a world of blonde enchantment. Your pictorial did wonders for my psyche as well as for certain parts of my anatomy.

Vic Chiarella
San Anselmo, California

OSCAR NIGHT

I just read Asa Baber's "My Sexual Oscars" (*Men*, August) and I'm still laughing. As I write this letter, visions of my own quim stories are racing through my head. Thanks to Asa's column, I remember them fondly.

Dennis Boyd
Salina, Kansas

BARRY, BARRY QUITE CONTRARY

Even if Barry Scheck (*Dial Scheck for Murder* by Paul Schwartzman, August) helps free 100 innocent men from prison, he will always be remembered as one of the lawyers who clouded O.J. Simpsons' guilt and gained his acquittal. Scheck's legacy will be his lack of respect for the jurisprudence system.

R. Musheno
Lebanon, Pennsylvania

BUZZING AROUND

My wife and I would like to thank Barbara Nellis and Alison Lundgren for including our restaurant, the Grill, in the *Summer Night's Buzz* feature (August). We are honored, since PLAYBOY's appreciation of fine food and good living is world renowned.

Jeff and Sheryl Weinberg
Athens, Georgia

A VISIT TO MARGARITAVILLE

Thank you for John Rame's article (*The World's Best Margarita*, August). As a professional chef, old Mexico hand and tequila aficionado, I'd like to share my margarita recipe with PLAYBOY. This one's the real thing:

2 oz. Cuervo Gold tequila
1 oz. fresh lime juice
⅞ oz. Mexica Controy liqueur

Salt a cold champagne glass by wiping a cut lime around the rim and dipping the glass in coarse salt. Shake the margarita well with an abundance of ice and strain into the prepared glass. French Cointreau or even Triple Sec may be substituted for the Controy, and any good añejo tequila will do.

Bruce Moffitt
Sandia Park, New Mexico

BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

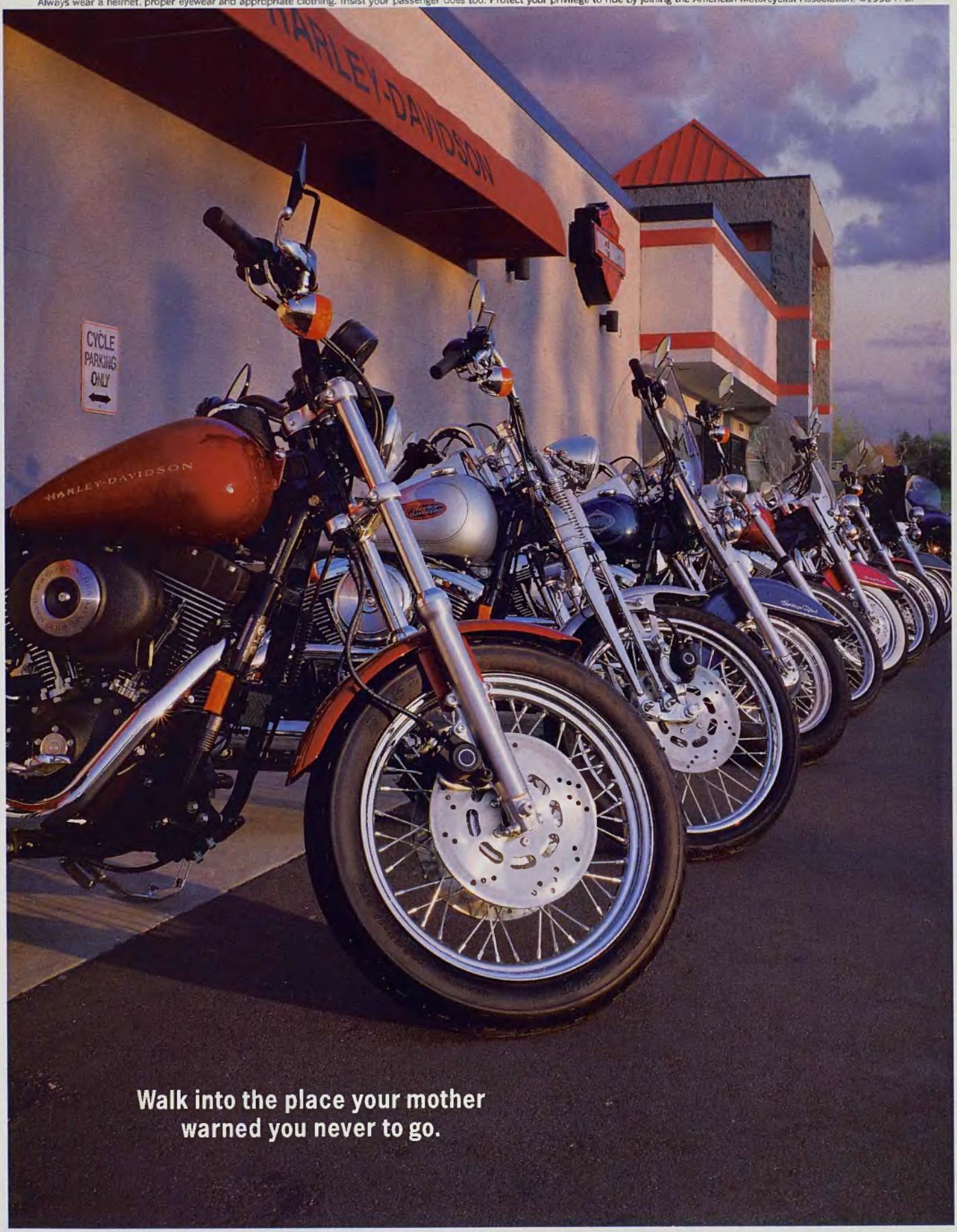
I've heard more than enough about how Bill Clinton (*Blow Job Nation*, August) is a bad president because he can't keep his pants zipped. His faithfulness or lack thereof is between him and Hillary. This isn't an issue of national security: It's about sex, and Americans need to get over it. It's disgraceful that we continue spending millions on what's nothing more than a witch-hunt.

Gary Monk
Vallejo, California

Bill and Hillary Clinton are the only two people who should be concerned about his fidelity. Come on, America. Does it really matter to you whether or not he had sex with anyone else?

Doris Thompson
Chicago, Illinois

We care about you. Sign up for a Motorcycle Safety Foundation rider course today (for info call 1-800-447-4700). Ride with your headlight on and watch out for the other person. Always wear a helmet, proper eyewear and appropriate clothing. Insist your passenger does too. Protect your privilege to ride by joining the American Motorcyclist Association. ©1998 H-D.



Take a deep gulp and step over the threshold. If you think you might like to ride, you're welcome here. So come on. Time to quit thinking so hard. Time to cut the apron strings. Time to find out what's inside. For your Harley® dealer: 1-800-443-2153 or www.harley-davidson.com. The Legend Rolls On®.

MOTOR HARLEY-DAVIDSON CYCLES

A BASE CAMP WITH ARMS AND A HOOD.

Why lug around 20 sherpas and a tent when all the protection you need is right on your back? Strap on an Icefield Parka™ and you'll be ready for just about anything. Waterproof, breathable Omni-Tech CXB™ fabric with durable Mini-Faille Omni-Tech™ reinforcements prepares you for the worst. A wicking mesh lining and radial vents keep you from steaming up inside. A zip-out MTR Fleece™ liner insulates against unexpected blizzards. And an integral pullout storm hood is always there when you need it. Returning to base camp has never been easier.

Chairman Gert Boyle

For the dealer nearest you call 1-800-MA BOYLE. www.columbia.com

Columbia Sportswear Company®

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

VIRTUAL CHEATING

Married guys beware—particularly those who make like online Leonardo DiCaprios after the wife and kids have gone to sleep. Debra Young is one of a handful of private detectives who have exploited the Internet to expand their business. Young uses chat rooms to catch (some might say entrap) would-be marital cheaters. Suspicious spouses pay her to create an online identity that will lure their partners into revealing the lust in their hard drives. According to *The New York Times*, Young's efforts have uncovered more than 600 cybercheaters and led to two dozen divorces. Clients pay Young $25 to arrange an online chat, and she charges an additional $50 to lure someone into a face-to-face meeting. Young does not show up but—surprise!—the philandering spouse's partner does.

SEX SYMBOLS

Now that everyone with e-mail is familiar with smiley emoticons and butt emoticons, Cathie Walker at the Center for the Easily Amused (*www.amused.com*) has championed new icons called emotiboobies. They come in regular (.)(.), large (.)(.) and wow (.)(.). There are also signs for pert, implanted breasts (*)(*), breasts with pierced nipples (,)(,) and regular breasts in a bikini—(.)(.)—. Famous boobs also get a fair shake. While the symbol for Pamela Anderson's breasts (o)(o) could be a paradigm of the form, there's no confusion when it comes to Madonna's emotiboobies: /\/\.

TALL, DARK AND CREAMY

It's not uncommon to walk into Drip, a busy West Side coffee shop in Manhattan, and see dozens of people scanning binders. No, they're not doing schoolwork. They're looking for guys while they slurp their joe. Here's the deal: You fill out a personal data sheet and are assigned an ID number. Then your name, number and picture are fed into a computer and your sheet is placed in a binder, such as "men for women." If you find an interesting prospect (or one finds you), management sets up a meeting—all for no charge. Business is booming, and owner Nancy Slotnick is looking to open a shop in Chicago this fall. "We bridge the gap between singles bars, which are mostly for men, and dating services, which are mostly for women," she says. Bean counters will note that five couples who met at Drip are married or engaged. Best pick-up line: "Is that foam on your lip or are you seeing someone?"

McDONALD DUCK

The latest underground food craze to hit America consists of 15-day-old duck embryos boiled whole and served on a plain bun. Or so claims the clueless British magazine *Bizarre*. Apparently we can't get enough of the soft-boned embryos, which reportedly taste like soft-shell crabs. "An import from Southeast Asia, embryo eating is apparently on the rise in the U.S. thanks to an influx of immigrants keen to share their eating habits with a public eager for new food fads," says the mag. We understand this hasn't caught on with right-to-lifers.

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

POP GOES THE WEASEL

In an unrelated and perhaps equally unreliable story, Britain's *FHM* magazine says the UK's best-known party game needs only two things: an equal girl–guy ratio and a bag of balloons. The rules are simple. Guys line up against a wall, put balloons in their pants and thread the nozzles through their flies. Then the girls kneel in front of the men and race to blow up the balloons, and the first to make one burst wins. Did we mention it hurts like hell when the balloon explodes? While the Brits seem to like a bit of pain with their pleasure, the distinction of a balloon job is that you're both light-headed when it's over.

LAND RAVERS

Not surprisingly, the driving techno beats and the proliferation of psychedelics at raves have given rise to a new jargon. Ravers call pure ecstasy *Mitsubishi* and ecstasy mixed with speed *Mercedes*. *Hippy-flipping* involves mixing mushrooms with ecstasy. Since what goes up must come down, *candy ravers* (lollipop lovers who wear imitation-Japanese clothes) who have finished peaking like to *420*—that is, smoke pot while coming down. The term signifies California police code for possession of marijuana.

WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?

Using a dental dam is like trying to suck a sea urchin through cellophane: Thank God for the Oradam, a latex face mask designed for cunnilingus. Complete with breathing tubes, the device wraps around your head and covers the lower half of your face. Sounds ideal for hunting truffles.

DESERT STORM

Owners of brothels in Nevada say Viagra has boosted their trade considerably. "We have a lot of guys who used to come up here but stopped, and now they're back. We're talking older fellows, in their 60s or older," says Joe Richards, who owns Cherry Patch and Mabel's in Carson City. He estimates business is up

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"I can't be with someone because of great sex—orgasms just don't last long enough."—COURTENEY COX

SLIPPED A MICKEY

Amount paid at auction for the scrap of paper on which Hall of Famer Mickey Mantle scribbled his "farewell to baseball" speech: $24,150.

IT'S QUIET AT THE TOP

According to an Office Team survey, number of minutes the average executive spends each day being kept on hold during telephone calls: 17.

FACT OF THE MONTH

Only eight percent of all the financial transactions conducted in the U.S. involve cash.

BOOM FOR BUSTS

Estimated number of breast enlargement operations performed in 1990: 130,000. Number of operations in 1992, the year silicone implants were banned: 32,607. Number of operations in 1997: 122,285.

WHINE SPECTATORS

In a study of more than 3000 general interest magazines on newsstands since 1984, number of articles about depression, anxiety, misery, anger or sadness: 3113. Number of articles on happiness, joy, satisfaction, optimism or contentment: 1330.

MS. PRESIDENT

In a national survey of 1000 men and women, percentage who believe that a woman will be elected president of the U.S. by the year 2016: 64. Percentage of Americans who think this will happen by 2004: 25. Percentage who feel a woman will never preside over the White House: 10.

LATIN LOVERS

According to Ben Wattenberg of the American Enterprise Institute, number of births per female in Italy, the country with the lowest birth rate in the world: 1.2. The number of years it will take for Italy to become bereft of Italians: 200.

JUST DON'T DO IT AGAIN

In a national survey, percentage of Americans who said they would not leave their spouse if they found out he or she was having an affair: 48. Percentage who said that they would leave: 38.

SEEN A MISSILE?

In the first-ever independent audit of the federal government, number of the 24 major agencies that received a passing grade for keeping basic records in order: 8. Value of military equipment that cannot be located (including a $1 million surface-to-air missile launcher, a $423,000 Howitzer cannon, two $875,000 harbor tugboats and two $4 million jet engines): $636 billion.

CHEAP THRILLS

Percentage of U.S. adults in 1992 who found advertising fun to watch, listen to or read: 63. Percentage in 1996 who found ads enjoyable: 71.

TARGET AUDIENCE

Number of handgun purchases in the U.S. that were denied last year after the applicant's background was checked: 69,390. Total number of applications: 2.57 million.

DOWNSIZING CAUTION

In a study of heart attack victims, percentage increase over the usual heart attack risk in the week after the victim had fired someone: 100.

THE MOSCOW HANDSHAKE

According to a survey by Russian Institute of Youth, percentage of Russian 17-year-olds who wanted a job in which they could augment their salary with bribes: 9. —BETTY SCHAAL

about ten percent. Dennis Hof reckons the rise is double that at his Moonlight Bunnyranch and Miss Kitty's Fantasy Ranch, just east of town. Bunnyranch manager Suzette Gwin attributes the boost to new trade from "guys who look about 80. They come in with their canes." They may need canes, but at least they lost their limps.

FREE QUEBEC

For presentation at its Sex on the Edge Conference, Concordia University in Montreal sought papers on such topics as "bodies/organs/orifices," "theories of performance and performativity," "marginalities/outlaws" and our favorite, "gaylesbianbitransqueer." Following the conference there was a wine-and-homogenizedcheeseproduct party.

A GREAT LAYUP

In response to what we assume was popular demand, Mattel's Christmas toy line will include a Barbie doll equipped with kneepads. Not what preteen girls need? Relax, it's not White House Intern Barbie; it's wholesome, hoop-shooting WNBA Barbie. The only dribbling she does involves a basketball.

THE WAY YOU WEAR YOUR @

Firesign Theater's Phil "Malapropism" Proctor recently came up with this fractured saying: "Give a man a fish and you feed him for a day; teach him to use the Net and he won't bother you for weeks."

SLANG SHOTS

The revised edition of *Slang* by Paul Dickson is full of useful and obscure acronyms. Among the more functional terms: GOY stands for getting old younger, such as when a child of ten refuses to act excited in a toy store. ZOO is for zero on originality. A ZOO writer lacks ideas. POS stands for piece of shit, a term Dickson says originated among auctioneers who need to use code words around clients. More esoteric terms include IBM, for Italian businessmen. It's an FBI euphemism for mafiosi. TWA, or Third World Assassins, is medical slang for a doctor who earned his medical degree abroad. Lastly, HINT stands for happy idiot news team, a TV insider's term for the fake bantering among reporters between segments.

HELLOOO DOLLY

Dollywood, Dolly Parton's good old amusement park in Tennessee, will have a new attraction next year. It's a roller-coaster that features a big double-butterfly loop. The large twin arcs were designed as a disorienting homage to Dolly's celebrated curvature. Sounds like a great ride. But remember, now: You boys keep your hands inside the car.

CAMEL
Mighty Tasty Lifestyle!
#2
Temperamental Hollywood Mega Star
Enter To Win 1 of 4
Mighty Tasty Lifestyles!

CAMEL
Mighty Tasty
lifestyles
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

You could Win!

A 28 Foot Cigarette Boat!!!

A Fully Loaded Dodge Viper!!!

A Year's Supply of Hair Gel!!!

VIP Treatment at a Trendy Nightclub for a Week!!

Three Months in Malibu!!! AND MORE!

Take The Prize Package Or Take

$300,000 Cash!

©1998 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

To Enter!

Pick Up a Camel Cash Catalog at a Store Near You!

OFFICIAL RULES

MUST BE A SMOKER, 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER TO ENTER. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY.

1. To enter the sweepstakes, check the appropriate box, hand print your name, home address including zip code, and home phone number and complete the smoker certification box on the order/entry form found in the Camel Cash Mighty Tasty Lifestyles merchandise catalog. Entries missing name and address or on which the certification box has not been fully completed (including entrant's signature) will not be considered eligible. Mail the form to Camel Cash Mighty Tasty Lifestyles Sweepstakes, PO Box 7055, Norwood, MN 55583-7055. It is not necessary to order Camel Cash merchandise to enter the sweepstakes. To enter without an order/entry form, hand print your name, address, city, state, zip code, daytime phone number and birthdate on a 3" x 5" card, along with the following statements: "I certify that I am a smoker, that I am 21 years of age or older, and that I want to receive offers, premiums, coupons, or free cigarettes that may be sent to me in the mail. I understand that giving false information in order to accept these offers may constitute a violation of law." Be sure to sign the card, write in your birthdate and send it to: Camel Cash Mighty Tasty Lifestyles Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 5780, Norwood, MN 55583-5780. All entries must be legible, must contain all required information and must be postmarked by 3/31/99 to be entered in the sweepstakes. All entries must be mailed via U. S. Postal Service first class mail (no express, registered or certified mail accepted). Participants must pay postage when submitting entries. Proof of mailing does not constitute proof of delivery.

2. You may enter as often as you wish but each entry must be mailed separately. No mechanically reproduced entries will be accepted. R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company is the Sponsor of this promotion. Sponsor is not responsible for lost, late, postage-due, misdirected, or slow-delivered mail. All entries become the exclusive property of Sponsor and will not be returned. Incomplete, illegible or mutilated entries are ineligible. Sponsor will not acknowledge receipt of or confirm eligibility or ineligibility of any entry(s) nor return any ineligible entries. Sweepstakes participation is restricted to smokers 21 years of age or older who are U.S. residents, except employees of R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, their affiliates, subsidiaries, advertising and promotion agencies and immediate families of each. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. **Void in MA, MI, VA and where prohibited by law.** Prize delivery limited to United States only.

3. There will be 4 Grand Prize Winners. Winners will be determined by a random drawing from all entries received. The drawing will be held on or about May 31, 1999 by an independent judging organization whose decisions are final on all matters relating to this promotion. Odds of winning depend upon the number of eligible entries received. Approximate number of entries distributed: 14 million.

4. Prizes

Grand Prizes: Each Grand prize consists of a choice of one of the following lifestyle prize packages or the cash equivalent of $300,000.* Total approximate retail value of all prizes: $1,200,000.

* Approximate Retail Value

PRIZE DESCRIPTIONS:

Lotto Winner: Prize(ARV*) - Airstream Trailer ($40,000), Monster Bronco ($45,000), Satellite dish w/ installation ($688), Satellite TV service for one year ($1,290), Industrial barbecue grill ($4,000), Above ground swimming pool ($3,989), Riding lawnmower ($12,670), Refrigerator ($1,299), One year's supply of pork rinds ($548), $1,000 taxidermy gift certificate ($1,000), Cash ($189,516). Total approximate retail value of prize: $300,000.

Hollywood Star: Prize (ARV*) - Cigarette boat ($150,000), Dodge Viper ($73,000), Astrology chart for 1 year ($3,120), Malibu home rental for 3 months including travel for 3 trips to Malibu for 2 ($29,875), VIP Treatment at a trendy nightclub for 1 week ($25,000), Award show wardrobe ($10,000), 1 year's supply of hair gel ($105), 4 cell phones ($3,400), Watch ($5,500). Total approximate retail value of prize: $300,000.

Trial Lawyer: Prize (ARV*) - Mercedes SL600 ($135,845), a career's worth of legal pads ($1,559), 18-sheet capacity paper shredder ($1,895), Condo in the Cayman Islands for 2 weeks including travel to the Cayman Islands for 2 ($9,700), 20-channel police scanner ($473), Golf clubs ($2,095), Toll-free number for 1 year ($5,475), 10 pinstriped suits ($7,950), Cash ($135,008). Total approximate retail value of prize: $300,000.

Suburban Gold Digger: Prize (ARV*) - Jaguar XK8 ($75,280), Range Rover 4.6SE ($65,125), 1 year's supply of bon bons ($700), Tanning bed ($2,500), Champagne for 25 baths ($37,500), 1 year's supply of diet cola ($364), Condo for 1 month in Palm Beach, Florida including travel to Palm Beach for 2 ($13,000), Cash ($105,531). Total approximate value of prize: $300,000.

*ARV-Approximate Retail Value

Automobile as Prize

Prize winners must be licensed drivers at time of prize acceptance. Registration, title, licensing fees and insurance costs if applicable are solely the responsibility of the winners. Prize winners do not have choice of car color or options.

Travel as Prize

Travel must be completed by May 31, 2000. Restrictions and blackout dates may apply. Accommodations are subject to availability and change without notice. Trip companions must also sign and return a liability/publicity release prior to travel. Taxes, tips, alcoholic beverages, ground transportation not specified herein and all other expenses not specified herein are solely the responsibility of winners. All air transportation will be round-trip coach, unless otherwise specified herein, from airport nearest winner's home location. The difference between any stated value and actual value will not be awarded to winners. In the event of cancellation by winner, the ability to reschedule will be allowed only at Sponsor's discretion.

5. Provisional prize winners will be notified by mail by 6/30/99 and will be required to sign and return Affidavit of Eligibility/Liability and Publicity release within 20 days of delivery. Noncompliance within this time period or return of any prize/prize notification as undeliverable or refused may result in disqualification and an alternate winner may be selected. Provisional prize winners are subject to age verification. All federal, state and local income and other taxes, licenses, fees and insurance are the responsibility of the winners. No substitution, transfer of prizes, or election of cash in lieu of prizes will be permitted except at sole discretion of Sponsor or as specifically set forth herein. One prize per household or family. Sponsor reserves the right to substitute a prize of greater or equal value if the prize chosen is not available. Any prize may be awarded in gift certificates or cash sums at Sponsor's sole discretion. All prizes will be awarded and will be fulfilled in 1999, except for travel, which may be fulfilled in 2000.

6. Any game materials including without limitation the offer, rules and announcement of winners, containing production, printing or typographical errors, or obtained outside authorized, legitimate channels are automatically void; and the liability of Sponsor, if any, is limited to the replacement of such materials and recipient agrees to release Sponsor, its parent, the judging organization and their respective officers, directors, employees and agents from any and all losses, claims, or damages that may result.

7. By accepting a prize, winners agree to grant R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company the right to use their names, biographical information and/or likenesses for promotional purposes without further compensation, unless prohibited by law. By claiming a prize, winners agree that R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, their affiliates, directors and judging organization shall have no liability for any injuries, losses or damages of any kind (including death) resulting from acceptance, possession, participation in or use of any prize.

8. For advance copies of Affidavit of Eligibility/Release of Liability/Publicity/Prize Acceptance Form or the names of prize winners (available after 8/1/99), send a separate, self-addressed stamped envelope to Camel's Mighty Tasty Lifestyles Winners List, P.O. Box 5694, Norwood, MN 55563-5780. Indicate "Affidavit" or "Winners List" as applicable on the outside of envelope.

The trademarks that identify the various prizes are the property of the respective trademark owners who are not sponsors or endorsers of this promotion.

All Promotional Costs Paid By Manufacturer.

Sponsored by R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, NC 27102

Legal Mumbo Jumbo!

MOVIES

By LEONARD MALTIN

Clay Pigeons (Gramercy Pictures) is a sexy tale of murder and deception laced with black comedy. It opens with a bang—marking two first-timers, screenwriter Matthew Healy and director David Dobkin, as filmmakers to watch—then takes a twisting path to a less-than-satisfying conclusion. In a quiet Montana town, Joaquin Phoenix finds himself implicated in one death after another and blackmailed by his best friend's slutty widow (Georgina Cates, hiding her British accent but little else). Enter friendly good old boy Vince Vaughn, who has charm to spare, a goofy laugh and a lot going on behind his smile. Janeane Garofalo, always a treat to watch, turns up as an FBI agent who's out of her element in a one-horse town. With its heady mix of humor and mayhem, along with its inventive casting (veteran Scott Wilson is just right as a slow but steady sheriff), this is a film with parts that are greater than the whole. ¥¥½

•

If you're an aficionado of the work of Trey Parker and Matt Stone (*South Park, Baseketball*), you'll certainly want to see ***Orgazmo*** (October Films), which Parker wrote, directed and stars in. It's a fairly funny, surprisingly well made low-budget movie about a superstraight Mormon who, while on a door-to-door mission in Los Angeles, is recruited to star in a porno film. *Orgazmo* isn't as raunchy as its reputation, once you get past the fact that it takes place in the seamy world of porn moviemaking. The storyline is almost conventional, and Parker is good as the clean-cut guy who is led astray. Dian Bachar (who's also in *Baseketball*) appears as Captain Orgazmo's enthusiastic if diminutive sidekick, Choda-Boy, who in his spare time has invented a genuine orgazmorator—the sexual equivalent of a Flash Gordon ray gun. Stone, as a horny photographer, adds a touch of absurdity, and there are flashes of silliness reminiscent of *South Park*. ¥¥½

Vaughn and Cates: Dangerous games.

World War Two redefined, duplicity and deceit, and old-fashioned farce.

•

Bad Manners (Phaedra) is a chamber drama, along the lines of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, about a former boyfriend who, with his current companion, spends a weekend with his married ex. The two couples are involved in the academic world, but that's where the similarities end. Adapted by David Gilman from his play *Ghost in the Machine*, this is provocative and sharply written adult fodder, especially as played by the fine actors Bonnie Bedelia, David Strathairn, Saul Rubinek and Caroleen Feeney, with one simmering scene featuring Julie Harris. This straightforward film by Jonathan Kaufer is an exercise in sexual and psychological game-playing, recommended for connoisseurs of good writing and good acting. ¥¥¥

•

Shattering, relentless and unprecedented—these are just a few of the words that have been applied to Steven Spielberg's ***Saving Private Ryan*** (DreamWorks), which not only redefines movie combat on-screen but sharpens our understanding of the sheer hell endured by infantrymen during the Normandy landing. I can't think of another war movie, even among the great ones, that has so vividly conveyed the chaos of the battlefield. But for *Saving Private Ryan* the most important reviews have come not from critics. The public surprised Hollywood pundits by showing up in vast numbers to see it, violating the credo that you can't release a serious movie in the summertime (or any time, judging by recent Hollywood standards). And while it's true that the script isn't as brilliant or original as the "big picture" the movie presents, the film has received a ringing endorsement from a specific group of moviegoers: veterans of World

RETELLING A TALE, TV STYLE

We've seen the same shot so many times, whether it's in *Volcano* or *Deep Impact*, it's become a Nineties cliché: a TV reporter clutching his logo mike, telling us what's happening in the plot of a film. But wait—I thought that we were already *watching* the plot.

Moviemakers seem to have the idea that if we don't see someone telling us about an event, we won't quite believe it. And if you're trying to simulate reality—as in *Contact* or *The American President*—there's no better way to look real than to have Larry King or the McLaughlin Group discussing your film's events. This can be interpreted as lazy writing, or as a substitute for generating genuine excitement through more-conventional means of storytelling. (Shortcuts have become a way of life for many directors; what would some of them do if they couldn't put old songs on their soundtracks to generate knee-jerk emotions from the audience?)

There is another possible interpretation of this epidemic: If a tree falls in the forest and it isn't reported by CNN, do people believe it has really fallen?

What troubles me about this trend toward the use of reporters (both real and make-believe) in movies is that it distances the audience. What we see in a film shouldn't be filtered through an intermediary.

In *Casablanca*, you didn't see a foreign correspondent standing in front of the prefect's office telling us the letters of transit had been stolen. And there was no radio reporter prattling about a Long Island mob hit in *The Godfather*.

If every important event or plot turn in a film is conveyed by media coverage, then theatergoers are getting their news secondhand.

A good movie pulls us into the story and brings us into the closest possible contact with its characters. At their best, movies let us experience vicariously what the people on-screen are going through, both physically and emotionally.

Remember the words of TV anchorman Howard Beale, the character played by Peter Finch in *Network*: "You people are the real thing. *We* are the illusion." —L.M.

THIS HIMALAYAN VODKA IS SUPPOSED TO MAKE ME FASHIONABLE, HIP AND ON THE CUTTING EDGE.
WHAT DOES YOUR SMIRNOFF MAKE YOU?
A KICK-ASS MARTINI.

ALL VODKA. NO PRETENSE.

Tucci: Opening new doors.

OFF CAMERA

Stanley Tucci has become a familiar face playing heavies and mobster types in films ranging from the kiddie comedy *Beethoven* to *The Pelican Brief* to *Deconstructing Harry*. But, he says, "Had I waited around for somebody to cast me in a substantial leading role, I'd still be waiting. You just have to do it after a while."

That's why he co-wrote and co-directed his own film, *Big Night*, which became a succès d'estime on the film festival and art house circuits two years ago. It also opened doors for his career on both sides of the camera. You'll see him as Puck in a new production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and in the plum role of legendary columnist Walter Winchell in an HBO movie debuting this month.

What's more, his new film, *The Impostors*, which he wrote, directed and co-stars in, comes to theaters this month (see review).

"We got lucky first time out of the gate. It's a little scary when you're about to release your second movie. At Cannes they stood up and cheered, which was very exciting."

If you ask Tucci which directors have taught him the most, it's not Robert Benton or Woody Allen he cites. "The ones who inspire you are the bad ones. Sometimes you learn more from watching the ones who don't know what they're doing than you learn from watching those who do. The ones who know do it almost effortlessly."

Creating a film from scratch is exciting, but Tucci has no intention of abandoning his day job as an actor. Playing the meaty part of Winchell only whetted his appetite for other good roles.

"It was great to be able to walk onto that set, say my lines and go home at the end of the day and not have to worry about anything else," says Tucci. "I never want to stop acting." —L.M.

War Two. Many of these men, now in their 70s and 80s, came home from the war, got on with their lives and tried to build a better America for their children, yet never talked about their overseas experiences. Now, amazingly, a movie has given them the impetus to do so—and, for the first time, their children and grandchildren can understand at least some of what they must have gone through. *Saving Private Ryan* has inspired many veterans to come to terms at last with their war and enabled many of us to experience, if only vicariously, what it was like. How many movies can lay claim to such a vital and emotional response? ¥¥¥½

•

Sick comedy has come to the fore this year, but writer-director-actor Stanley Tucci (*The Big Night*) thinks there's also room for sweet, old-fashioned farce. In ***The Impostors*** (Fox Searchlight) Tucci and Oliver Platt star as a kind of low-key Laurel and Hardy and, during the opening titles, set the film's tone in a delicious homage to silent comedy. As a pair of dense, unemployed actors, they get into trouble and hide out on a luxury ocean liner, where they encounter a parade of colorful characters that includes con men, anarchists and a suicidal singer. With an excellent cast (Alfred Molina, Campbell Scott, Steve Buscemi, Lili Taylor, Tony Shalhoub, Allison Janney, Isabella Rossellini and Billy Connolly, to name just a few) and a light touch from the director, *The Impostors* builds up such a reserve of good cheer that you forgive its few errant jokes. And, what's more, there isn't a dab of hair gel in sight. ¥¥¥

•

Shadrach (Sony Pictures) is a quiet gem of a film, co-written and directed (in a masterful debut) by Susanna Styron, based on a short story by her father, William Styron. Set in the South in 1935, it tells of an old black man who walks all the way from Alabama to Virginia so he can die on the land where he was born. That land is now owned by a moonshiner (Harvey Keitel) who lives on the wrong side of the tracks with his loving wife (Andie MacDowell) and their lively but filthy brood. The story is told through the eyes of a wealthy boy in town whose best friend is the youngest of the Keitel clan and who, like the young children in that family, becomes enamored of (and fascinated by) the 99-year-old man named Shadrach (John Franklin Sawyer). There's not a false note or a wrong move in this poignant period piece. It has humor, heart and nostalgia for a time when kindness and civility were part of the fabric of life. It also offers Keitel a rare opportunity to be humane, and MacDowell a chance to revel in her Southern roots. ¥¥¥½

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by leonard maltin

Bad Manners (See review) Two academic couples go at each other verbally and sexually. ¥¥¥

Baseketball (Listed only) Trey Parker and Matt Stone star in a sporadically funny comedy that's not nearly so inventive as *Orgazmo*. ¥¥

Clay Pigeons (See review) Sex, deceit and murder out West. ¥¥½

Ever After (Listed only) Drew Barrymore is a charming but feisty Cinderella in this delightful feminist take on the classic fairy tale. ¥¥¥

Firelight (10/98) The luminous Sophie Marceau plays a 19th century surrogate mother who returns to her abandoned daughter—and to her lover (Stephen Dillane). ¥¥¥

The Impostors (See review) Stanley Tucci and Oliver Platt make like Laurel and Hardy in this light farce. ¥¥¥

Lethal Weapon 4 (Listed only) Mel Gibson, Danny Glover, Joe Pesci and Rene Russo have built up such goodwill that you can't help but go along for this roller-coaster ride—even though it makes no sense. ¥¥¥

Lolita (9/98) Jeremy Irons is obsessed by nymphet Dominique Swain in Adrian Lyne's meticulous remake of the Nabokov head-turner. ¥¥¥½

Orgazmo (See review) Trey Parker plays a Mormon who becomes a porn star. What else would you expect from the co-creator of *South Park*? ¥¥½

Pecker (10/98) Can a street photographer be corrupted by success in the art world? John Waters has the answer in this delightful satire. ¥¥¥

Return to Paradise (Listed only) Anne Heche tries to get Vince Vaughn and David Conrad to return to Malaysia to save Joaquin Phoenix from a death penalty. A crisis-of-conscience film that unfortunately cops out. ¥¥½

Saving Private Ryan (See review) Tom Hanks stars in Spielberg's time capsule of life on the front lines—the most brutal World War Two movie ever made. ¥¥¥½

Shadrach (See review) Andie MacDowell and Harvey Keitel star in this lovely slice of Americana. ¥¥¥½

A Soldier's Daughter Never Cries (10/98) Merchant and Ivory examine an American family in Paris, with Kris Kristofferson and Barbara Hershey as unconventional parents. ¥¥½

Touch of Evil (10/98) Orson Welles' classic returns—as he envisioned it. ¥¥¥½

Your Friends and Neighbors (10/98) Sexual dysfunction and deceit—that's entertainment! ¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

©1995 Calvin Klein Cosmetic Corporation, Contradiction® for men

Contradiction
for men

introducing a new fragrance from

Calvin Klein

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

For someone whose screen work is so, er, thought-provoking, adult-film star **Jenna Jameson's** short list of video diversions is downright benign. *"The Wizard of Oz* is definitely up there," she says. "I can still watch it over and over. I used to think I was Dorothy. *Grease* is another one. In high school I played Sandy. But don't ask me to sing—you don't want to go there." On the darker side, Jenna lights up at the mention of Mob flicks ("My favorite of all time is *Scarface*, because I'm really into violence. And I like *The Godfather*, too"). But for the benefit of X-philes everywhere, Jenna can't help but recommend one of her own classic scorchers. "I would have to say *Flashpoint*. Why? Because I fuck so good in that one."

—LAURENCE LERMAN

VIDBITS

Polygram Video, with NFL Films, continues its ***Greatest Games*** series featuring classic gridiron matchups replayed in their entirety. Included in the latest batch: the 1981 NFC championship between the Dallas Cowboys and San Francisco 49ers (highlighted by the dramatic Montana-to-Clark bomb, a.k.a. "the Catch"); and the 1958 championship game between the Baltimore Colts and the New York Giants, which ended in sudden death overtime. Both tapes feature current interviews with on- and off-field participants (each tape $19.95).

VIDEO BALLOT BOX

With midterm elections upon us, and *Primary Colors* in vid stores, we're in a plebiscitary frame of mind. Pop these campaigns into the VCR and, by the way, don't forget to vote.

The Candidate (1972): Straight-arrow idealist Redford runs for Senate, but is forced to compromise his integrity to win. In 1972, that was poignant.

Bob Roberts (1992): Writer-director-star Tim Robbins lays bare corroded electoral system in dead-on mockumentary about a two-faced, populist, folk-singing, stock-buying media manipulator. Razor sharp satire.

Nashville (1975): Music City and the Beltway collide in Altman's scathing slice of Americana. The Replacement Party candidate wants to bar lawyers from Congress. Actually, that's not a bad idea.

Mr. Smith Goes to Washington (1939): Although more about reigning than running, Frank Capra's saga of a naive congressional appointee learning the D.C. ropes remains a classic. Jimmy Stewart is untouchable as the titular tyro.

The Best Man (1964): Nasty candidate Cliff Robertson fouls a prez campaign with smear tactics against noble opponent Henry Fonda. Will the best man win? Does he ever? Screenplay by Gore Vidal.

The Manchurian Candidate (1962): Korean War vet Laurence Harvey is brainwashed into assassinating a presidential candidate—and only Army buddy Frank Sinatra can stop him. Angela Lansbury is Harvey's wicked mom.

Medium Cool (1969): All hell breaks loose when TV newsman Robert Forster covers the violence at the 1968 Chicago Democratic Convention. Of note: Film was shot amid the real riots.

The Seduction of Joe Tynan (1979): Once again, the idealistic liberal—in this case Alan Alda—learns the ropes by being beaten into them. Comely researcher Meryl Streep eases his pain while challenging his family values.

A Perfect Candidate (1996): Oliver North runs against Charles Robb for senator of Virginia—with a documentary crew in tow. Chuck and Ollie skewer themselves, as PLAYBOY cover girl Tai Collins (Robb's alleged former lover) pops in for a head-turning cameo.

Wag the Dog (1998): On eve of the election, the president's men invent a war with Albania to divert media attention from a sex scandal. Seems awfully farfetched to us.

—BUZZ MCCLAIN

VIDEO CLIQUE OF THE MONTH

Move over, baby boomers. They were born a couple decades after you—between 1965 and 1977 to be exact—and while they missed out on the Hula Hoop, Huntley and Brinkley and Woodstock, they made up for it with Nintendo, Nirvana and Beavis and Butt-head. Playboy Home Video's ***Gen-X Girls*** ($20) features our own homegrown talent—Net surfers, latte drinkers, navel piercers and all—in seven different fantasies that go to the heart (and elsewhere) of the "just dare me" generation. Trust us, you won't feel old—you'll feel great. To order, call 800-423-9494.

LASER FARE

Talk about extras. Vivid Interactive's new adult DVD titles—including ***A Woman Scorned, Head to Head, Bangkok Nights*** and ***Spies and Lovers*** ($35 each)—feature multiple angles (pick your favorite view of the action), multiple screens (all scenes play simultaneously on a grid of miniframes), virtual sex (you can get interactively naughty with Vivid star Kobe), custom editing (for DVD-ROM) and even a Bad Girls room (a jail cell environment in which pretty nasty stuff is played out). So much fun you'll forget how dirty it is. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
MUST-SEE	***The Butcher Boy*** (Irish lad fantasizes nuclear meltdown when home life unravels; director Neil Jordan's jarring domestic tragedy), ***Lost in Space*** (campy Sixties space saga, de-camped and darkened; more convincing danger, Will Robinson).
SUSPENSE	***The Spanish Prisoner*** (earnest businessman screwed at office and framed for murder; Mamet scores twice—as writer and director), ***The Spree*** (cat burglar Jennifer Beals lures cop Powers Boothe with lust and larceny; harmless).
SLEEPER	***Chinese Box*** (dying journalist Irons wanders Hong Kong upon its return to China; potent allegory spiced up by bad girl Gong Li), ***Two Girls and a Guy*** (Downey Jr.'s two lovers meet, corner him, deconstruct his duplicity; OK).
DOCUMENTARY	***Wild Man Blues*** (Woody Allen tours Europe with jazz band and Soon-Yi; smart close-up of the inner world of one weird clarinetist), ***The Big One*** (gonzo filmmaker Michael Moore calls out Fortune 500 CEOs; cranky, obnoxious fun).
CATFIGHT	***The Players Club*** (good stripper–vs.–evil stripper morality play from director Ice Cube; funky and slow-burning), ***Mary, Queen of Scots*** (in this corner, Vanessa Redgrave—in that one, Glenda Jackson; fine 1971 costumer returns to video).

MUSIC

R&B

ON THE COVER of Maxwell's ***Embrya*** (Columbia), the sensual singer-songwriter is submerged in water. It's an apt metaphor for the moody, soft sounds on his sophomore CD. While his debut, *Urban Hang Suite*, was a direct attempt at aural seduction, *Embrya* is more subtle. It's also pretentious. Never in the history of R&B has a love man used so much punctuation to woo. Titles such as *Drowndeep: Hula* and *Matrimony: Maybe You* will give DJs quite a mouthful. Thankfully, Maxwell cuts through the verbiage and delivers wonderfully arranged vocals that say all the things his lyrics don't. There's a supple willfulness to Maxwell's musical method that gives *Embrya* a unity rare in this era of singles-oriented albums.

Esthero, a duo from Toronto, is Canada's answer to Massive Attack. On its debut, ***Breath From Another*** (Work), the female vocalist Esthero and producer-instrumentalist Doc marry jungle and trip-hop with pop melodies in a smart flow. *Breath From Another*, *Half a World Away* and *Heaven Sent* are pleasing and hard to categorize. —NELSON GEORGE

Maxwell's *Embrya*: Good to the last drop.

Maxwell seduces,
Phair analyzes and
Burnside mesmerizes.

ROCK

During the mid-Sixties, millions of American kids had simultaneous revelations: They would stop flipping burgers and form bands in their garages. They would be as big as the Beatles and write songs with fuzz-distorted or jangly guitars and pouty vocals. And, of course, they would explain the psychedelic mysteries of the universe in three minutes or less. Many of these bands had at least one truly great song before they headed back to their day jobs. ***Nuggets: Original Artyfacts From the First Psychedelic Era, 1965–1968*** (Rhino) is a four-CD boxed set that collects more than a hundred of these garage-punk classics, ranging from the sublime to the ridiculous. Who can resist *Dirty Water* by the Standells, *Little Girl* by the Syndicate of Sound or the immortal *Louie Louie* by the Kingsmen? Not one of them is boring. —VIC GARBARINI

Gomez arrives from Britain with colossal hype from the UK's music press. For the past 20 years about 95 percent of the English bands with similarly colossal hype have sucked and nobody could remember their names after three months. But in the case of Gomez, and their debut album ***Bring It On*** (Virgin), we find one of the five-percenters. The most obvious reason is Ben Ottewell's voice, which sounds a lot like Gregg Allman's (if Allman were fronting a bright and versatile English rock band that disdained 12-bar structures). Ottewell has soul, understands the existentialism that informs the best blues, yet manages to avoid most of the clichés. Co–lead singer Ian Ball sounds like a breathy hipster. The contrast between them holds musical interest throughout the album. Instrumentally, Gomez relies on imagination and wit, putting song structures and lyrics up front with almost no guitar wash or big drums. Do not mistake moderate tempos for mope rock. Gomez is eerie, not self-pitying.

The Evinrudes go for big, stirring anthems on their self-titled Mercury debut. The guitars boom with conviction and singer Sherry Cothran strikes the right balance between straight-ahead energy and vulnerability. Extra points for the song title *Jimmy's on Crack (And I Don't Care)*. Not that they need extra points.
—CHARLES M. YOUNG

Whitechocolatespaceegg (Matador), Liz Phair's new album after four years, finds her poised again for recognition as an imaginative, eccentric singer and songwriter. She still writes from a female perspective—even when she's impersonating men, as she does on two songs about girls and one about a son's daunting birthright. But the prim, outspoken raunch that made her notorious has been scaled down. And none of these are as memorable as *Go On Ahead*'s analysis of a marriage strained by the birth of a child, or *What Makes You Happy*'s assurances that this guy is the one, or *Uncle Alvarez*, about a con man hanging from the family tree. Phair has a gift for evoking middle-class life in spare, arresting songs, and she knows sex is part of that. But all of life is what interests her.

Anybody who's ever called in sick with the rockin' pneumonia or the boogie-woogie flu owes New Orleans' Huey "Piano" Smith. His rollicking excursions with his well-named Clowns are featured on the perfect, budget-priced ***This Is Huey "Piano" Smith*** (Music Club). The follow-up to *Rockin' Pneumonia? High Blood Pressure*, of course. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Dave Alvin turns the title track of ***Blackjack David*** (Hightone) into a personal testament to the craziness of love and the price paid for it. The disc's ten other songs are Alvin originals, but his grave voice and delicate guitar picking suggest something ancient is behind them, too. Whether he's singing a modern murder ballad (*Mary Brown*) or telling the story of a man still devastated by Vietnam (*1968*) or delivering another lost-love ballad (*The Way You Say Goodbye*), Alvin has gotten so good at using his rock-country-folk mix that it's hard to imagine a tradition of narrative songs that didn't include him.

Let us now pummel a famous has-been. Are you as sick as I am of hearing that Brian Wilson has made another masterpiece? Don't you wish Wilson's critical claque would own up to the fact that *I Get Around* and *Don't Worry Baby* were better than *Pet Sounds*? This time around the hubbub is about Wilson moving inland and singing on ***Imagination*** (Giant/Warner Bros.), a pastiche of his Beach Boys sound made listenable by the fact that Wilson is surrounded by choruses who fill in for the vocal abilities he's lost or destroyed. —DAVE MARSH

BLUES

With the recent death of Junior Kimbrough, 71-year-old R.L. Burnside is one of the last and greatest links to fellow Mississippi blues giants such as Robert Johnson and Muddy Waters. Burnside is still playing his visceral, raunchy electric blues in the juke joints that others left for the bright lights of Chicago and other points north. His records on Fat Possum have been mesmerizing in their gutbucket intensity. When I heard his latest, ***Come On In*** (Fat Possum/Epitaph), would be sprinkled with drum loops, vocal samples and other trendy electronica I feared the worst. Would his stinging slide work? Would his chainsaw rhythms lose their edge? Not a chance. The same team of remixers responsible for Beck's *Loser* enhance Burnside's vibe, rather than mess with it.

They sampled only Burnside and his superb band. When they boost the drums or loop a vocal line it's so organic you barely realize it's not a regular track. They use electronics to emphasize and highlight what's already there—one of the most innovative and thrilling blues records in years. —VIC GARBARINI

RAP

Jermaine Dupri has been a revitalizing force in black pop, producing works by Kris Kross and Aretha Franklin. On his own CD, ***Life in 1472*** (So So Def), he remains mostly in the background, handing the mike to rappers ranging from legendary old-schooler Slick Rick to 1998 hitmaker DMX, with femme input from Da Brat and Lil' Kim. The result is crass and clever, arrogant and catchy—a celebration of living large that's hard to resist even if you don't approve.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

COUNTRY

The world outside bluegrass has discovered Ralph Stanley as the last giant still standing. ***Clinch Mountain Country*** (Rebel) presents two discs of Stanley in collaboration with Bob Dylan, George Jones, Vince Gill and Patty Loveless. Stanley's voice struggles to reach the peaks it once did, but it is more than compensated for by the beautiful wisdom and experience of his phrasing on tracks such as *Pretty Polly* (with Loveless), *The Lonesome River* (with Dylan) and *The White Dove* (with Porter Wagoner). If you love singing for its nuances, delight in traditional songs and aren't afraid of hymns, you'll be able to hear this album for what it really is: not a tribute but a testament to the continued vitality of an artist and his art. —DAVE MARSH

CLASSICAL

It's difficult to debate a composer's intentions when the composer is also the performer. Ever since Edison recorded Brahms, there have been composers recording their own music. It's hard to surpass Dmitry Shostakovich's renditions of his ***Preludes and Fugues.*** The Revelation label has released seven CDs of the Russian composer playing his work on piano. They will forever alter the way you hear his music.

Composers Recordings, Inc.'s Emergency Music series presents new music that's accessible but not simplistic. Randall Woolf's ***Rock Steady*** is a surprisingly rewarding downtown portrait. Phil Kline's ***Glow in the Dark*** is a true gem: a haunting, mechanical sound that carries a great deal of emotional meaning. Led Zep riffs and boom box tape loops never had such profundity. —LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Dave Alvin *Blackjack David*	8	9	8	8	8
R.L. Burnside *Come On In*	6	9	8	7	8
Gomez *Bring It On*	5	6	8	5	7
Maxwell *Embrya*	7	6	8	7	6
Liz Phair *whitechocolate-spaceegg*	8	6	7	2	6

HASN'T ELVIS BEEN OVERMARKETED YET DEPARTMENT: There's a new Elvis slot machine in Las Vegas. It's interactive and it features Presley's music and videos. Will there be anything left to exploit?

REELING AND ROCKING: Record producer **Arif Mardin** has enhanced old **Frankie Lymon** recordings for the film bio of the singer's life. . . . The successful A&E bio of the **Nelson** family rekindled interest in **Rick.** Keep an eye out for *Teenage Idol*, a film biography that will include his music. . . . **Bruce Springsteen** is talking to HBO about turning his album *The Ghost of Tom Joad* into a series of films. . . . A four-hour miniseries about the **Temptations** is scheduled to appear on ABC this month. . . . **Don Was** plans to direct **Iggy Pop** in *The Knockout Artist*. . . . Look for **Henry Rollins** in *Frost*, starring **Michael Keaton.**

NEWSBREAKS: The John Lennon Songwriting Contest Tour Bus spent the summer appearing at rock tours and fairs. This fall it will visit high schools and colleges to demonstrate its professional recording facilities and offer celebrity appearances. . . . **Bette Midler's** next CD will reprise the old **Patti Labelle** tune *I Sold My Heart to the Junkman* but with a jazz trio twist. . . . Former **Yes** member **Trevor Rabin** has been coaching actor **Michael Keaton** for Keaton's movie *Frost*, about a struggling rock band. Rabin got Keaton to write some lyrics and is putting together a band for the movie. . . . The **Dead** raised a few eyebrows when it sold a slew of T-shirts, posters and CDs in an hour on QVC. They fetched a cool $75,000. Would **Jerry** have approved? Probably. . . . The first **Steve Goodman** album on CD went on sale this past summer. The four others will be released before the end of the year. . . . The **Moody Blues** will make an appearance on *The Simpsons*. . . . **George Martin's** farewell album was just released in the U.S. The *In My Life* collection features **Celine Dion, Beck, Sean Connery, Jim Carrey** and **Jeff Beck** among others saluting the **Beatles.** . . . **Selena's** Clothing Line will be in Sears and JCPenney stores. . . . The **Offspring** are working on the follow-up to *Ixnay on the Hombre*. . . . The resurrection of **Beatles** manager **Brian Epstein** includes a BBC documentary that will appear on A&E, the republication of his autobiography, *A Cellarful of Noise*, a Web site and a push to have him considered for the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. . . . A New York City record company has produced a CD with all 50 state songs performed by 50 punk bands. The governor of Delaware listened to his state's song and pronounced it "too edgy." Duh. . . . If she can work out the details, **Toni Braxton** is headed for Broadway's *Beauty and the Beast*. . . . Nerds can have a Woodstock moment, too. This past summer the Fillmore in San Francisco hosted the second digital Woodstock benefit concert featuring bands of tech execs from Silicon Valley. The money raised for the Electronic Frontier Foundation is used to protect online rights. . . . **Queen Latifah** has written a self-esteem tome for young women called *From the Heart of a Queen*. . . . We hear **Billy Joel** will have a fall tour to make up for the canceled summer tour with **Elton John.** . . . A rare **Hendrix** guitar sold for more than $32,000 at a London auction. Ex–Spice Girl **Geri Halliwell's** boots brought in $1800. . . . Lastly, new and remixed music from **Puff Daddy** will be on a CD available from Muzak. Specially priced at $10, it will include songs by Bad Boy artists. —BARBARA NELLIS

TOP GUN TECHNOLOGY

It's tough enough to lose your job to a computer—never mind to a chubby character from a video game. But that's the future British top gun pilots face as the UK's Ministry of Defense experiments with a new unmanned aircraft designed around the artificial-life technology from the CD-ROM game *Creatures*. Looking more like Beanie Babies than like Tom Cruise, *Creatures*' computer animals are equipped with adaptable brains, evolving genetic codes and complex biochemistry. The game, made by the UK company CyberLife and published by Mindscape, lets players hatch, train and breed a colony of the furry pets. The British military uses *Creatures*' intelligence technology to create air-

RICHARD SALA

planes that not only fly themselves but also make decisions to complete missions without human intervention (and, we suspect, emotion). So far, these virtual pilots have learned how to bank simulated jets in turns, pursue enemy aircraft and evade attack. Let's just hope they don't stumble across an online version of *2001: A Space Odyssey* and decide HAL was right. —MARK FRAUENFELDER

THE BUZZ ON FALL GADGETS

Speaking of virtual life forms, you'd have to be living in a shack to have missed the hype surrounding Nintendo's new Pokémon game for Game Boy. These virtual critters hit North American shores this fall following a huge success in Japan (where they have their own television show). Owners collect, nurture, train and trade the 150 Pokémon monsters and battle against each other by linking two Game Boy units. Not a bad way to relieve office stress—and at $30 per Pokémon, it's cheaper than a therapist. Computer fanatics are equally enthusiastic about the megadata-storage capacity of DVD-RAM, a new recordable variation of the digital video disc. Creative Labs is introducing the first DVD-RAM drive, priced at $500. It can stash up to five gigabytes of material on new $35 blank DVDs, and it's backward compatible, so it'll play DVD movies, CD-ROMs and audio CDs. Creative Labs also has developed an interesting variation of surround sound for the PC, called Environmental Audio. The new technology will immerse you in the 3D soundtrack of PC games, provided you also have the company's Soundblaster Live and DeskTop Theater 5.1 speaker system. If you're looking for a more stimulating gaming experience, BSG Lab's Intensor chair rumbles and vibrates in sync with the on-screen action and audio tracks of PC, PlayStation and Nintendo 64 titles, and it has a slew of speakers for brain-numbing sound. Prices range from $300 to $600.

—MARC SALTZMAN

STEVE BOSWICK

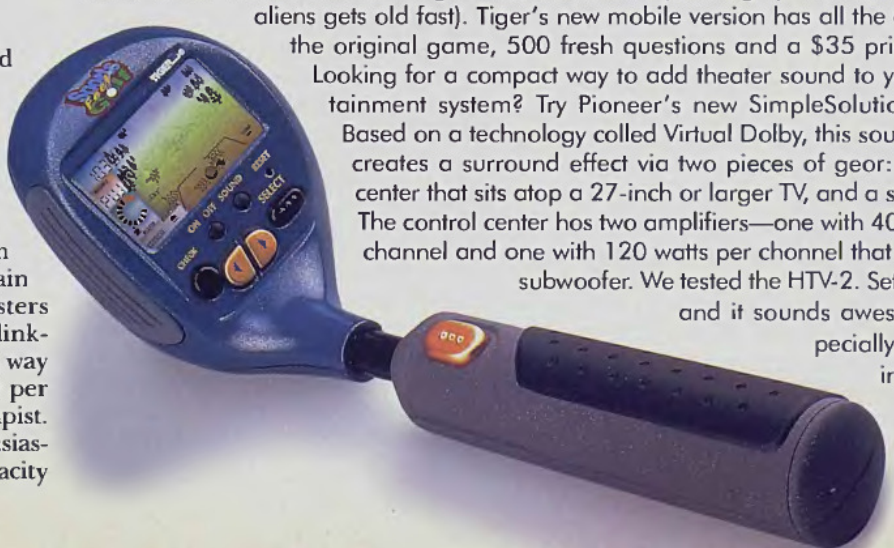
CYBERBIDDING

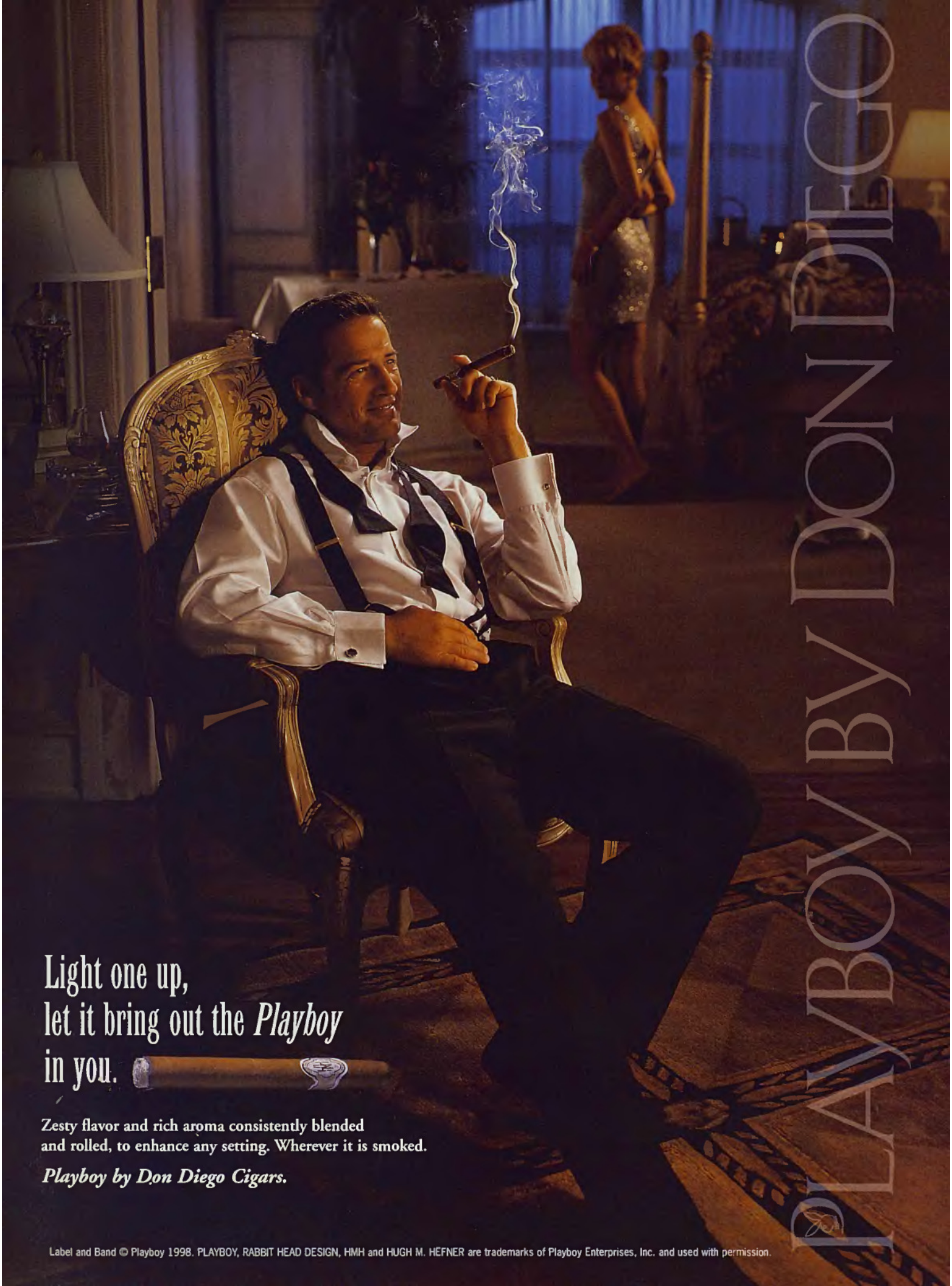
Online auction sites have become the Web's hottest hangouts, probably because they give average-joe surfers the chance to wheel and deal anonymously, without the pressure or snobbery of a Sotheby's. Among the most trafficked of these spots is eBay (www.ebay.com), a hub that hosts millions of auctions a month and offers items in more than 800 categories. At eBay, you can bid on everything from speedboats to computer gear to vintage toys to collectibles. Sellers typically pay the auction site a dollar or two to list items, as well as a small percentage of the sale price. Winning bidders deal directly with the seller to arrange payment and shipping, so caveat emptor. When an auction is in progress, bidders are notified by e-mail if they've been outbid, sometimes leading to frantic bidding wars that can make the most sensible shopper think nothing of forking over $100 for a glow-in-the-dark hula-dancing figurine. Which leads us to believe that the next big thing on the Net will be a 12-step program for recovering auctionholics. —M.F.

WILD THINGS

Just what golfers need—another toy to fuel their obsession. Tiger Golf (pictured below) is a handheld electronic game from Tiger Electronics that resembles a driver with an LCD screen for playing out a round of 18 holes. But instead of just pressing a series of buttons to move the ball across these digital links, you have to actually swing the gadget. The better your swing, the better you'll play. Sound familiar? Buttons on the head of Tiger Golf let you choose among 13 clubs. Sound effects and changing weather and course conditions enhance the play. The price: about $20. • Also new from Tiger is a tabletop version of the computer trivia game *You Don't Know Jack*. Now in its fourth edition (see "Multimedia Reviews & News" for details), this PC and Mac CD-ROM series is one of the few that we still get excited to receive (blowing up demons, tonks and aliens gets old fast). Tiger's new mobile version has all the attitude of the original game, 500 fresh questions and a $35 price tag. • Looking for a compact way to add theater sound to your entertainment system? Try Pioneer's new SimpleSolution HTV-2. Based on a technology colled Virtual Dolby, this sound system creates a surround effect via two pieces of geor: a control center that sits atop a 27-inch or larger TV, and a subwoofer. The control center hos two amplifiers—one with 40 watts per channel and one with 120 watts per chonnel that drives the subwoofer. We tested the HTV-2. Setup is easy and it sounds awesome—especially considering it's only $500.

—BETH TOMKIW





Light one up,
let it bring out the *Playboy*
in you.

Zesty flavor and rich aroma consistently blended
and rolled, to enhance any setting. Wherever it is smoked.

Playboy by Don Diego Cigars.

Label and Band © Playboy 1998. PLAYBOY, RABBIT HEAD DESIGN, HMH and HUGH M. HEFNER are trademarks of Playboy Enterprises, Inc. and used with permission.

MULTIMEDIA REVIEWS & NEWS

With the holidays looming, we thought we'd cut through the glut of computer and video-game software to bring you the best titles of the season. Most cost between $30 and $70, and many are variations on familiar themes. Think sequel when you're out shopping and you won't waste a cent.

MAYHEM CENTRAL

One of this year's most anticipated 3D thrillers is a run-and-gun multiplayer game titled ***Half-Life,*** which features jaw-dropping graphics and enables you to create your own levels. (By Sierra Studios, for Windows 95/98.) If it's attitude you're after, ***Duke Nukem Forever*** is a racy sequel set in Vegas that gambles earth's fate against a slew of hostile aliens. (From 3D Realms, for Windows 95/98.) ***Turok 2: Seeds of Evil*** provides lots more blood and guts than the original game plus multiplayer action and plenty of new weapons, locations and dinosaurs. (From Acclaim, for Nintendo 64 and Windows 95/98.) Do you prefer T and A to T. rex? ***Tomb Raider III*** has the luscious Lara Croft (above) adventuring in the South Pacific and the Nevada desert. (By Eidos, for PlayStation and Windows 95/98.) ***Metal Gear Solid*** is a challenging war game that looks like a movie and requires exceptional marksmanship and stealth maneuvering in order for players to infiltrate an enemy base. (By Konami, for PlayStation.)

Lara Croft packs heat.

CYBER SCOOP

Tetris fans in need of fresh fun should check out Auric Vision's Web site at www.auricvision.com for an X-rated version of the classic game. Called ***GAGBoy,*** it replaces Tetris' rotating colored pieces with naked men and women. The download is free and has great sound effects that kick in when the characters connect.

Looking for a place that rents DVDs? If you don't mind planning ahead, ***Netflix*** is an online store that will ship the digital movies to your doorstep. New releases rent for $5, and there are discounts for multiple rentals. You'll receive your order within three business days of placing it, and a small shipping fee covers return postage. Visit the site at www.netflix.com for more details.

FOR JOCKS ONLY

Midway and EA Sports kick off the new year with a couple of great football titles. The former introduces ***NFL Blitz,*** based on its wildly popular "anything goes" arcade game. There are no refs and no rules in this seven-on-seven crunchfest. (For N64, PlayStation and Windows 95/98.) EA Sports' ***Madden NFL '99*** is more like the NFL, offering realistic graphics, fluid animation and a host of game-play options. (For N64, PlayStation and Windows 95/98.) Other realistic EA Sports selections include ***NHL '99*** and the highly anticipated ***Tiger Woods Golf '99.*** And this fall the company enters a completely new arena—boxing. In ***Knockout Kings*** you can fight 38 famous pugilists, including Muhammad Ali, Evander Holyfield, Sugar Ray Leonard and Oscar De La Hoya. Lots of luck. (For N64.)

ROLE-PLAY WITH IT

Shigeru Miyamoto, the legendary designer behind the Mario Bros. franchise, has finally released his highly anticipated fantasy adventure game, ***The Legend of Zelda: The Ocarina of Time.*** This is the most elaborate role-playing game in the acclaimed Zelda series, as well as the most technologically advanced Nintendo 64 game yet. Equally impressive is ***Parasite Eve.*** From the creators of last year's successful Final Fantasy VII, this science fiction adventure game is based on the best-selling book of the same name. You're Aya, a warrior whose mission is to ensure the survival of the human race. (By Square Soft, for PlayStation.)

Lorry sons leisure suit.

FAKING FLIGHT

Jane's Israeli Air Force is the first flight simulator to model an entire air force instead of just one plane. Seven jets from the Israeli Air Force (including the F-4, the F-15 and the F-16) are authentically rendered, so gamers can fly solo or compete against others in 40 historical and hypothetical missions. ***Jane's World War Two Fighters*** features planes such as the P-47, the P-51 and the Spitfire. (Both by Jane's Combat Simulations, for Windows 95/98.) Microsoft also is introducing a new World War Two aerial combat sim, titled ***Combat Flight Simulator.*** It lets you fly historical missions and campaigns and features photo-realist scenery and free multiplayer dogfighting over the Internet. (For Windows 95/98.)

ETC., ETC.

Berkeley System's game ***You Don't Know Jack: The Ride*** is the latest incarnation of the hit pop-culture trivia series, with four new types of questions added to the likes of "Dis or Dat" and "Jack Attack." Chicks dig this game, so pull up a chair and try to outwit each other in this challenging yet irreverent diversion. (For Windows 95 and Mac.) ***SimCity 3000*** allows gamers to create and manage a futuristic metropolis. (By Maxis Software, for Windows 95/98.) And if you're a betting man, you'll enjoy ***Leisure Suit Larry's Casino,*** a desktop gambler's paradise, with slots, craps, poker, blackjack and enough corny jokes and titillation to keep you warm till the snow melts. (By Sierra, for Windows 95/98.)

—MARC SALTZMAN

DIGITAL DUDS

Sporting Clays: The tag line for this marksmanship mess: "So realistic you'll swear you smell gunpowder." Well, we swear we smelled something, but it had to do more with the crappy design of the game than the ammo.

Armored Moon: The Next Eden: A contender for worst computer game of all time, Armored Moon is a boring and butt-ugly CD-ROM that makes a better drink coaster than a strategy game.

See what's happening on Playboy's Home Page at http://www.playboy.com.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 167.

You can't take all these N64® sports games. Add the realism of the rumble pak. Get a ton of testosterone flowing through four players. And not expect a slew of injuries.

1080° Snowboarding
Major League Baseball
Featuring Ken Griffey Jr.
International Superstar Soccer '98
Madden '99
Twisted Edge Snowboarding
Wayne Gretzky's 3-D Hockey
NASCAR '99
Fox Sports College Hoops '99
NFL Blitz
NFL Quarterback Club '99
NHL '99
Waialae Country Club True Golf Classics
Wayne Gretzky's 3-D Hockey '99
F-1 Pole Position 64

WWF Warzone
F-1 Racing
NHL Breakaway '99
FIFA '99
WCW/NWO Revenge
F-1 World Grand Prix

N SPORTS™

All Star Baseball '99
NFL Quarterback Club '98
NHL Breakaway '98
FIFA Soccer 64
FIFA: Road to World Cup '98
Madden 64
Wayne Gretzky's 3-D Hockey '98
World Cup '98
Mike Piazza's Strikezone
International Superstar Soccer 64
Nagano Winter Olympics '98
WCW vs. NWO: World Tour
Tennis Tour
Olympic Hockey '98
NHL Hockey: Blades of Steel '99

Trademark & copyright are property of the respective owners.TM, ®, the "N" logo and the "N" Sports Logo are trademarks of Nintendo of America Inc. ©1998 Nintendo of America Inc. **www.nintendo.com**

TRAVEL

GREAT DEALS ON THE NET

Terrific travel bargains continue to proliferate online as more airline sites on the World Wide Web offer discount deals unavailable through agents. Last-minute weekend travel is the way to go for the cheapest flights. American Airlines' site (www.americanair.com) posts reduced first-class and coach fares via e-mail every Monday (international fares) and Wednesday (domestic fares) for departure that weekend. TWA (www.twa.com), United (www.ual.com) and Northwest (nwa.com) feature similar deals, though they may not offer international or first-class discounts. If you're a frequent visitor to the Orient, Cathay Pacific CyberTraveler (www.cathay usa.com) has unbelievable Internet deals, such as an All Asia Pass for round-trip economy travel to Hong Kong from New York or Los Angeles, plus 30 consecutive days of travel to any of 17 Asian cities, for only $899. If you prefer to cut to the chase, visit Web Flyer (www.webflyer.com) or Best Fares (www.bestfares.com), which compile all Internet-only airline specials. Best Fares even includes a Snooze You Lose section of drastically discounted specials that are good for only a few hours, such as a round-trip ticket from Newark to Seattle for $198. Those who register with 1travel (www.1travel.com) specify the cities to and from which they wish to travel and receive weekly e-mail airfare specials. In addition, 1travel posts weekly e-mail messages that list the best deals from major cruise lines. —NADINE EKREK

DAN CLYNE

GREAT ESCAPE

VERSAILLES FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE

The last time there was any New Year's Eve partying at Versailles was in 1788, when Louis XVI and other aristocrats danced and drank like there was no tomorrow—and there wasn't. Now one of the world's most famous palaces will be the scene of Le Bal du Roy (December 31, 8:30 P.M. to 2 A.M.), as about 650 fun-seekers from around the world converge on its 1250 rooms for a night of food, wine, song, costumed revelry and God knows what else, as only the French can provide. The party's host is Olivier Fresnay, general director of the Paris office of Atwood Richards, the world's largest multilateral trading company, and a formidable fund-raiser. In fact, a "significant portion" of the $1300-per-person ticket price will be used to restore furniture and art at the palace. "This will be one of the few New Year's Eve parties where the expectation lives up to the reality," Fresnay promises, with a mile-long stroll through the king and queen's private quarters, a display of Marie Antoinette's jewelry, cuisine inspired by Louis XV's dinner for Madame du Barry served in the Galerie des Batailles and fireworks viewed from the Hall of Mirrors. Furthermore, this year's attendees will be given special consideration for an even bigger bash next year to celebrate the millennium. Call 212-355-0400 for more info or tickets, or e-mail lebalduroy@auletta.com. —DAVID STEVENS

NIGHT MOVES: BILBAO, SPAIN

The new Guggenheim Museum is only one of many reasons to visit Bilbao, Spain, where you can enjoy some of the best drinking and dining in Basque country. In fact, in this, the largest Basque city, the only passion that ranks on par with soccer or jai alai is eating. And eating is an all-night event, so pace yourself accordingly. Early evening is tapas (or *pintxos*) time, so start at the city's top tapas café—Casa Victor Montés (8 Plaza Nueva)—for the wild mushroom, sausage and cheese appetizers. Move on to Casco Viejo, the city's old quarter, for *chiquitos* (miniglasses of beer or wine) at Café Iruña (13 Calle de Colón Larreátegui). Then head to Restaurante Guria brasserie (66 Gran Via) for Bilbao's signature dish, *bacalao al pil-pil* (salt cod in garlic sauce). Zortziko (17 Alameda de Mazarredo) serves creative, contemporary haute cuisine in an elegant setting. Try the *dorada al jugo de berberechos* (dorado in cockles sauce) if it's on the seasonal menu. For adventuresome palates, there's eel and truffled lobster at Gorrotxa (30 Alameda de Urquijo). The restaurant is tucked away in an alley crammed with nightclubs and bars, the coolest of which are unmarked. Look for the Herriko Taberna social club, identified only by an outer wall splattered with militant graffiti. Then put your salsa moves to the test at Jaragua (9 Calle Ibáñez de Bilbao). Serious partying doesn't start until two A.M., so refuel with mellow live blues at Cotton Club (25 Gregorio de la Revilla) before hitting the cavernous disco Distrito 9 on c/Ajuriagerra. Afterward, follow the locals along the sweating stones of the old quarter to greet what's left of dawn. —N.E.

ROAD STUFF

Gerber's five-ounce Multi-Lite (pictured below) is smaller than a typical multipurpose tool, yet it houses seven stainless steel locking tools (including Fiskars scissors sturdy enough to cut Cordura), an amber-colored LED light that can be separated from the case and a storage compartment for tweezers, toothpicks, matches, extra batteries for the light and other small items. Price: about $65. • *The Fearless Diner: Travel Tips and Wisdom for Eating Around the World* (also shown here) by Richard Sterling is a new edition in O'Reilly & Associates' *Travelers' Tales* series. This literary mess kit covers manners and mores, restaurant survival and drinking customs for peripatetic gourmands. ("The world's worst Indian restaurants are in India. The best ones are in London.") The pocket-size softcover costs $7.95, and its list of references and resources for books, supplies, Web sites, programs for swapping houses, etc. alone is worth the price. —D.S.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 167.

©COTY US INC.
www.jovanntg.com

WHEN THE ENERGY IS RIGHT

THE FRESHNESS OF GINSENG

CAPTURED IN A NEW ENERGIZING FRAGRANCE FOR MEN

JŌVAN GINSENG N·R·G

OPEN HERE

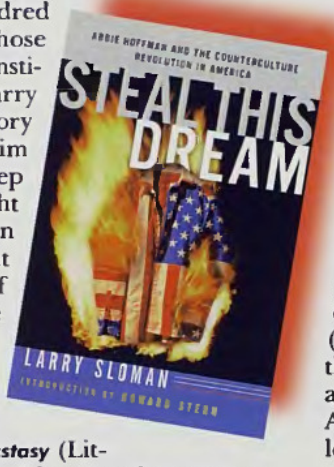
© COTY US INC.

An exhilarating scent. An uplifting sensation.
ASPEN Sensation
INTRODUCING
ASPEN
Sensation
A Scent. And a Sensation.
FOR A STORE NEAR YOU CALL 1-800-485-4411 OR VISIT OUR WEBSITE AT www.aspensensation.com

BOOKS

STEAL THIS REVIEW

True believer, con man, cokehead, genius, lunatic, stud, selfless worker and self-promoter—these were just some of the sides of Abbie Hoffman. Abbie was a chameleon, according to a couple hundred friends, foes and acquaintances whose memories, along with Hoffman's, constitute ***Steal This Dream*** (Doubleday). Larry Sloman's smoothly edited oral history of the rebellious yippie follows him from civil rights struggles in the Deep South to peace and love in the Haight to the 1968 Democratic Convention to the good vibes of Woodstock. But *Steal* isn't just a biographical tale of Hoffman; it's a clear-eyed look at the revolutionary spirit of the Sixties, when all things seemed possible. The more jaded, less political Nineties are embraced in music critic Simon Reynolds' ***Generation Ecstasy*** (Little, Brown), a breathless exploration of the rave phenomenon and its euphoria–*über alles* philosophy. Reynolds thoroughly covers the history, sights and sounds of rave culture but ignores the point Hoffman knew instinctively: Getting high on music, sex and drugs can be great fun, but you shouldn't take it too seriously.



—DICK LOCHTE

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

Have you had it with life on earth? Good news: There's a sensible alternative. Check out these six books about outer space. Ian Ridpath's ***Stars and Planets*** (DK) is the perfect sourcebook for learning about the night sky. The visually compelling ***Secret Language of the Stars and Planets*** (Chronicle), by Geoffrey Cornelius and Paul Devereux, investigates various heavenly enigmas. If you would like to learn about more than just Orion and the Big Dipper, Antonin Rükl provides great direction for amateur astronomers in the ***Constellation Guidebook*** (Sterling). Alan Bean was the fourth man to walk on the moon. In 1981 he quit the astronaut business and dedicated his life to the pursuit of fine art. Three decades after his moonwalk, Bean unveils his paintings of the lunar landscape in ***Apollo: An Eyewitness Account*** (Greenwich Workshop). Stephen Sansweet, the Los Angeles bureau chief for *The Wall Street Journal*, can't get enough of Chewbocca or Snaggletooth in ***Star Wars: From Concept to Screen to Collectible*** (Chronicle). As John Glenn prepares to return to the heavens at the end of October, ***Back in Orbit*** (Longstreet) commemorates the Ohio senator's refusal to act his age.

—LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

SIZE MATTERS

Short stories are hard to write; they demand compression. They also need tight characters and a concise plot to keep us interested, and they seldom pay the rent. Which is why some writers turn to novels even though it's hard to maintain the intensity that made their short stuff kill. At times even an acclaimed novelist can't grip us with a longer story, which is the problem with Tim O'Brien's latest offering, the 347-page ***Tomcat in Love*** (Broadway Books). Ironically, *Tomcat*'s first chapter, a standout, originally appeared as a short story. From there, O'Brien chronicles the sometimes humorous, sometimes wincingly over-the-top first-person misadventures of Thomas Chippering. Chippering is an insufferable linguistics professor, incurable flirt and ignoble Vietnam vet obsessed with revenge (his wife has left him), the power of language and the gravity of faith. Along the way, O'Brien loosely draws on Vladimir Nabokov's *Lolita*—there's more than a little bit of Humbert Humbert in Thomas Chippering—without managing to seduce us as Nabokov did. Michael Knight, the winner of the 11th annual PLAYBOY College Fiction Contest, wrestles with the same difficulties of form. His wonderfully humane stories—collected here in ***Dogfight*** (Plume)—involve couples and pets, sex and fights, beer, poker and cigarettes. What's impressive about these stories is that they gather their considerable power not from stylistic flash or conceptual cleverness but from the fact that they tell us only what we need to know. Knight's simultaneously released novel, ***Divining Rod*** (Dutton), is less breathtaking though still satisfying. It starts with a murder, then flashes back to a small Alabama suburb of neighborly hanky-panky, golf course weirdness and searching souls.

CATHY HULL

—SHANE DUBOW

RADIOACTIVE:

If you missed *Private Parts*, Howard Stern's tell-all autobiography, here's another chance to get the skinny on the King of All Media. Mathew Hoffman's raucous recap, ***The Completely Unauthorized Howard Stern*** (Courage Books), follows Stern's trials and triumphs—from prepubescent pornographic puppeteer to radio's raunchiest bad boy. Best of all, we get the dirty details of his outrageous on-the-air antics.

—HELEN FRANGOULIS

ALL ABOUT PAIN

BY JOHN HANC

My friend Tom used to run through rain, sleet, snow and pain. Even when his legs ached, he hammered away. Eventually he had to give up running because of chronic shinsplints that never stopped hurting.

"I used to think that only losers gave in to pain," says Tom, who now bikes for fitness. "When my body tried to tell me something was wrong, I didn't want to hear it. That was a big mistake. I wish I had known then what I know now."

If you engage in any kind of fitness activity, chances are you'll experience pain. It's your body's way of sending a warning signal. When the signal feels like a dull ache, the message is that you're doing too much, too often. In trauma injuries—when, say, a guy going out for a pass goes down from a torn hamstring—the signal is a screeching siren that demands instant attention.

The dumbest thing you can do is to ignore pain. Unless you're being paid half the gross national product to play a sport, don't try to be macho. "When you ignore pain, you are not allowing the injury to heal and you risk making it worse," says Dr. Stephen Rice, co-director of the Jersey Shore Sports Medicine Center in Neptune, New Jersey. "I admire athletes who respect the fact that they have an injury. They know it has to heal, and when they come back they're like a house afire."

There can be exceptions to that: If you feel achy a couple of days after an activity, chances are it's delayed-onset muscle soreness, which can usually be managed by simple stretching and light exercise to stimulate blood flow to the sore area.

That kind of soreness can actually be good—a sign that you've worked hard. Not true with most other pain. "If the injury comes on suddenly and causes a sharp pain, you should stop," says Dr. Thomas Scandalis, sports medicine chief at the New York College of Osteopathic Medicine in Old Westbury, New York.

If there's swelling too, you probably have an acute injury. The next move, of course, is up to you. "If you have concerns about the severity of the injury, it makes sense for you to seek a physician's care," says Dr. Scandalis. "But you don't have to run to the doctor's office with every injury."

In fact, the best response to any injury is RICE: Rest, Ice, Compression, Elevation. Rest reduces circulation in the area and keeps you from aggravating the injury. Ice has several significant benefits. Initially, cold will restrict the blood vessels and limit swelling. But the restriction is followed by vasodilation, meaning that the vessels open up to allow enhanced blood flow, which promotes healing. Ice should be applied for 15 to 20 minutes, two or three times a day for up to 48 hours. "You can never go wrong with cold," Scandalis notes. While some still use heat, the majority of sports-medicine professionals now recommend ice all the way, because it achieves both goals: first restricting, then enhancing blood flow. Use Scandalis' favorite, a plastic bag filled with ice. "As the ice melts," he says, "it conforms to your body." Next, apply compression using an elastic wrap such as an Ace bandage to help control swelling (it's harder for fluid to build up in an area that's compressed). Elevation keeps the blood from pooling in the injured area.

For a RICE chaser, you can pop a pill. But make sure it's the right one. If you have an acute injury, take painkilling acetaminophen, such as Tylenol, for the first 48 hours, then switch to an over-the-counter anti-inflammatory, such as Advil, Nuprin or Motrin. (For a more complete look at this topic, as well as a sport-by-sport rundown on injury treatment, refer to the *Sports Injury Handbook* [John Wiley & Sons] by Allan Levy and Mark Fuerst.)

Proper treatment will get you back on track after a few days rather than a few months. "Aggressive first aid will minimize the time you'll miss from the injury," says Dr. Rice.

Sometimes a doctor's care is required. If after 48 hours the injury is still painful, swollen and discolored, it's time for a visit to a physician. But be prepared for a different type of pain—that of managed health care.

news . . . facts . . . tips . . . advice

Easy way to weigh less: Increose your fiber intoke to 36 grams a day, and your body will obsorb about 130 fewer calories daily. . . . **Fitness for cheapskates:** According to the Americon Council on Exercise, the top five fitness products for under $20 are jump ropes, dumbbells, resistance tubing ond bands, woter bottles ond Thorlo sport-specific socks. . . . **Does HMB work?** Three groms o day of the dietary supplement combined with resistonce training increases strength and lean muscle mass with no health risks (and may also help runners, cyclists ond other endurance athletes). . . . **Snore no more:** Shrinking soft-palate tissues with rodio waves is a promising painless alternative to surgery, masks ond other remedies. . . . **The other red meat:** Ostrich is lower in colories, fat and cholesterol than lean beef or even skinless chicken. . . . **Home HIV test to trust:** Home Access, the only FDA-opproved version on the market, is ovailable in drugstores or by calling 800-HIV-TEST. . . . **Take-out testicle insurance:** Take 400 to 800 I.U. of vitomin E daily to prevent long-term damage ofter a low blow. . . . **Babying bum knees:** Avoid deep lunges and squats, downhill running, leg extensions with heovy weights, bike seats set too low ond stair-climber steps set too deep.

—SHARON COHEN

MEN

By ASA BABER

It has been a typical week for soap operas: On *All My Children* Erica got angry at Mike and chased him around with a forklift. On *Another World* Jake insisted on a divorce while Cameron ran off with Amanda. On *Days of Our Lives* Bo got spooked when he heard Swamp Girl hum a tune that Hope used to sing. On *General Hospital* an intern was found hanging from the rafters at the Nurses' Ball. And on *One Life to Live* Asa and Max hatched a plan to control Todd's outbursts (after Kevin and Barbara failed to sedate him).

Next week, according to my soap opera digest, Jerry rescues Lucas, Ryan is shocked when he goes back to Tricia, Vicky talks to Jake, Dixie confronts Adam, Ben tries to find Derek, Rick asks Holly for help, Serena is in danger, Sam has a secret for Kirk and Sally takes a turn for the worse. To which I say, "Boy oh boy, I can hardly wait to see what happens next."

OK, so I just lied to you, but you knew that anyway. If you are a red-blooded American male who hates soap operas as much as I do, tell me: Do men really give a shit about what happens on the soaps? Do sappy plotlines and cardboard characters appeal to us?

Gentlemen, the time has come for us to rise up in high dudgeon and demand soap operas for men. No more Mr. Nice Guys, us. No more pretending to be touched by sentimental slop. Male TV viewers of the world unite: You have nothing to lose but your boredom!

Because I am a generous man, I hereby hand the television networks some modest proposals for soap operas for men. Granted, these concepts are worth millions of dollars, but daytime TV is such a wasteland for guys that I feel obliged to give these ideas away for free. So for high school dropouts and couch potatoes and laid-off truckers and underemployed freelance writers, here are some soap opera story lines that should work for male audiences:

The Hung and the Restless: Sure, it's soap opera fiction, but so what? In this one, the president of the United States, Bill Thriller, takes a blossoming personal scandal and turns it on its head. Instead of shrinking in shame from accusations of infidelity in the White House, he appoints all his paramours to positions of responsibility and power. Gennifer gets the CIA, Kathleen takes over at State,

AMANDA DUFFY

SOAP-A-DOPE

Monica receives a Supreme Court nomination and Susan becomes Secretary of the Navy. There are other appointees from his past, of course, but this much is certain: Men will watch this one just to see Bill get away with some slippery things—not because they admire him, but because they might learn some tricks from him. After all, tragedy for us is defined as getting caught with your gland in the nookie jar. And some guys avoid that better than others.

General Proctologist: The first soap opera to take prostate cancer seriously, we spend each day with Doctor X as he pushes and probes, cuts and slices, wheels and deals. We see his fingers do the walking while his patients do the groaning. But the biggest kick for the viewers of this show involves Doctor X' clients. They are chosen by write-in vote, and they are real live human beings, some of them public figures. It is fascinating to watch in living sound and color such macho men as John Travolta, Bruce Willis, Don Imus and Asa Baber get annual prostate exams. Sissies all, they gripe and whine (Imus even howls!) while the nation chuckles.

The Sheep Whisperers: The title may sound derivative, but it is nothing like the *Horse Whisperer* movie. In this soap opera, all the actors (except for one, a veterinarian named Bob, played by an actor named Bob who is aging but knows how to light a set to his advantage) are actually sheep. There is no dialogue, and the soundtrack conveys only bleating. Bob makes his rounds efficiently, silently and lovingly, his hip boots shining in the sun, the compliant sheep backing up to him like armored cars to a casino. If one of the major networks has the courage to pick this one up soon, it is money in the bank, I promise. If it airs, the men of America will stop whatever they are doing to watch it. You've heard of gridlock? This is sheeplock.

As the Worm Turns: We focus on a man named Dennis, a wacky cross-dressing NBA basketball player with tattoos from head to foot, who publicly proposes marriage to all of his Chicago Bulls teammates at a championship rally in Grant Park. Follow the ins and outs of the Bulls as each player struggles with the temptation he secretly feels to take Dennis up on his offer. See Steve fantasize about a three-point shot right up Dennis' butt. Watch uptight and supercontrolled Michael try to convert Dennis to the straight life, only to fall prey to the wildness and freedom that Dennis offers him. Listen as Scottie chooses to marry Dennis and remain with the Bulls just so he can see Jerry's face when he learns his team wants to wear pink Nikes next season. Stay tuned as, one by one, each Bull enters into holy matrimony with a man who, only a few months earlier, he judged to be seminuts. (CBS should pick up on this historic opportunity quickly. True, audience surveys will project a mostly gay viewership, but you and I know that most of us will be there or be square. Especially since each show will contain Bulls' playoff highlights as well.)

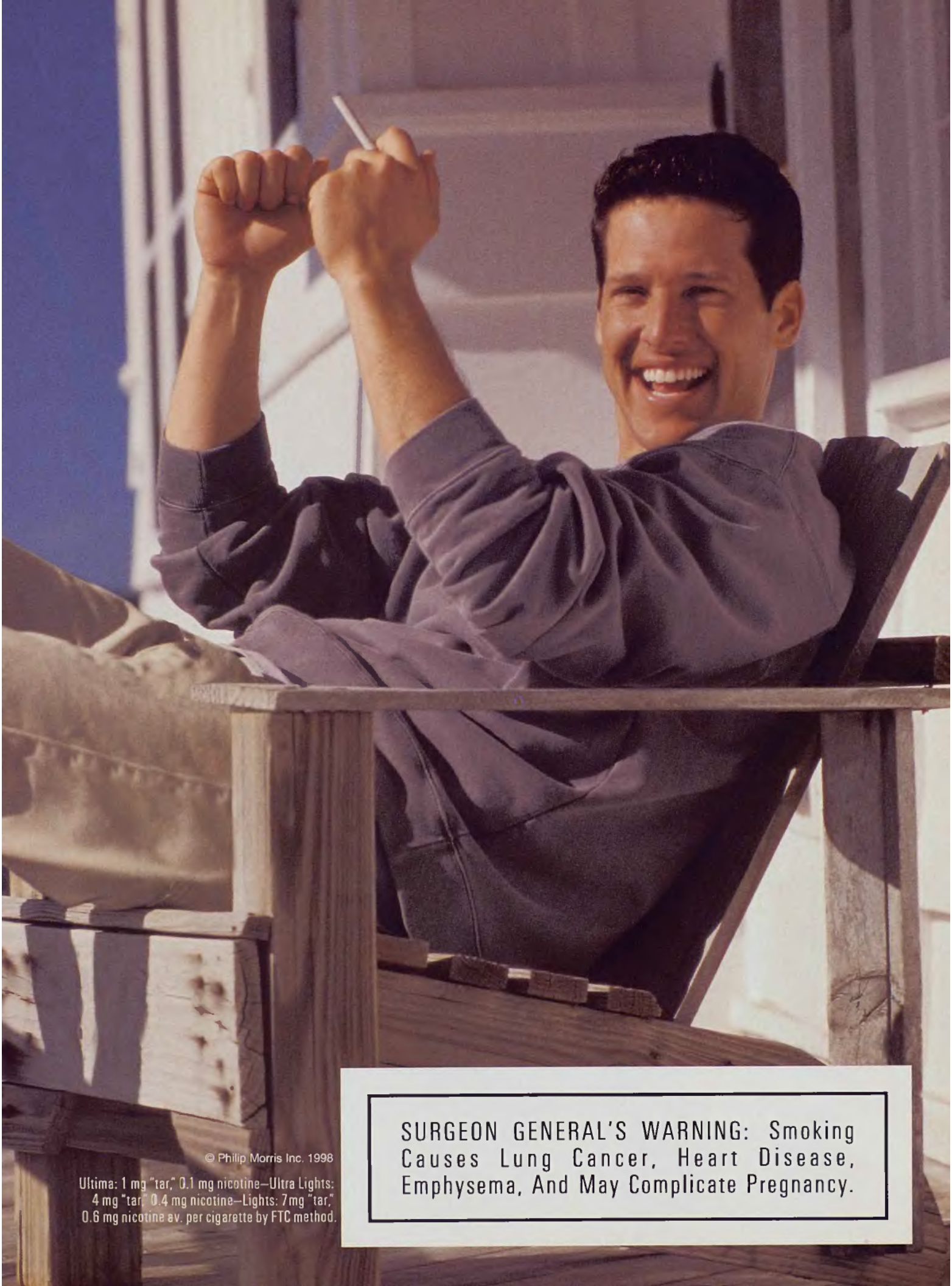
Bold and Lesbian: This one has no plot or structure. Each hour is introduced by Howard Stern (who appears to be playing with himself just off camera). Day after day, we watch the intricacies of carpet-munching as performed by some of the world's most beautiful women. With the tongues of hummingbirds, these wenches make great love to one another while occasionally turning to the camera and telling guys to go fuck themselves. HBO is bound to buy this one, I think, but let us never forget as we watch it that, while the truth may be out there, the truth hurts.

Alright!

You can find satisfying taste

at lower tar.

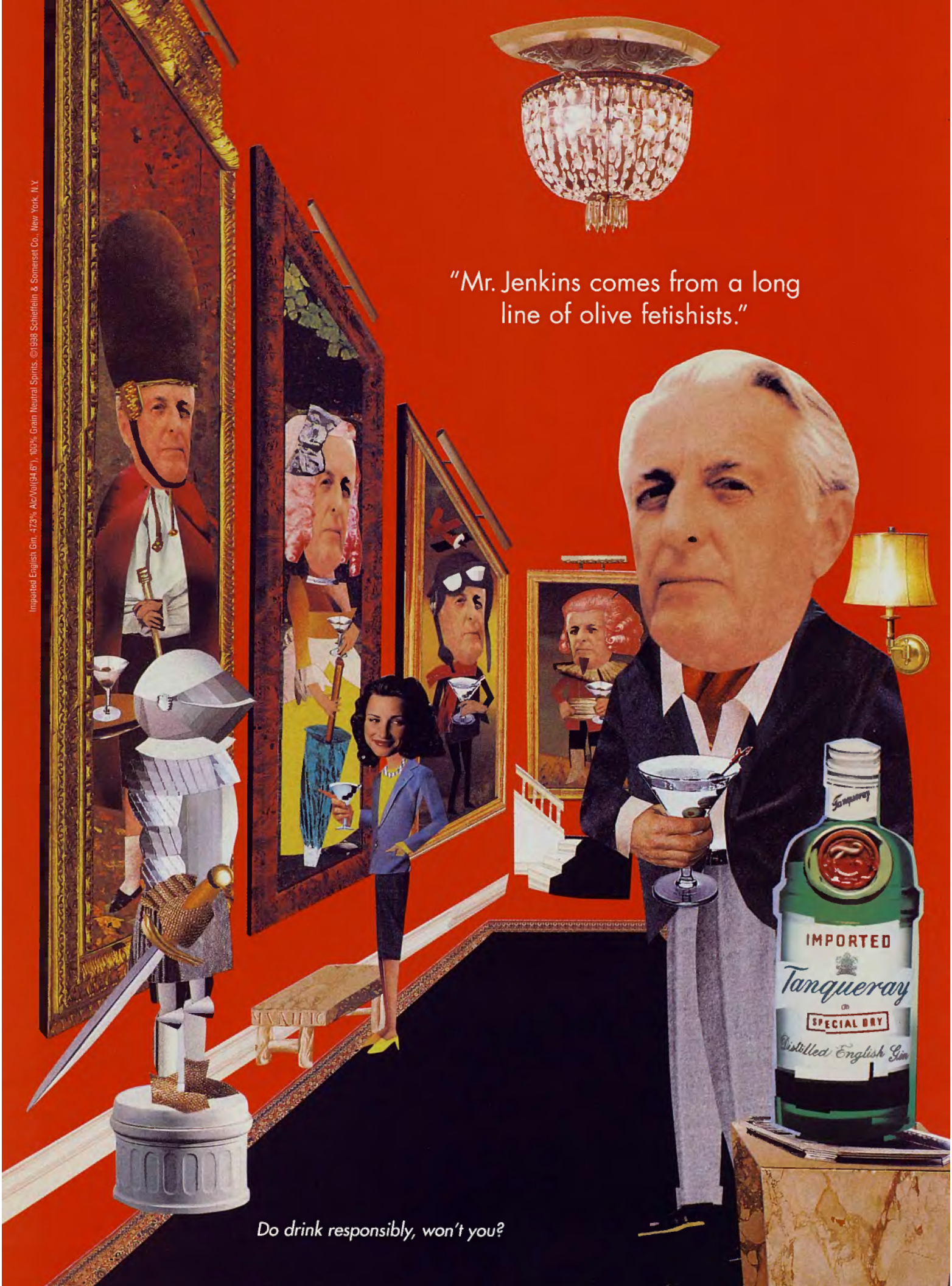
You've got MERIT



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1998

Ultima: 1 mg "tar," 0.1 mg nicotine—Ultra Lights: 4 mg "tar," 0.4 mg nicotine—Lights: 7 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



Imported English Gin, 47.3% Alc/Vol (94.6°), 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. ©1998 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., New York, N.Y.

Thanksgiving in Napa

Here's a fabulous way to avoid the traditional turkey. Establish yourself in California's Napa Valley at Meadowood (800-458-8080), a wonderful resort in St. Helena that features two restaurants, a wine school and a regulation croquet court. From there it's easy to visit the wineries (Chandon, Mondavi and other large houses welcome visitors) that produce vintages that even the French acknowledge as being first-rate. To receive special treatment, ask your wine merchant to call ahead for you to wineries that may not be open to the public or those that may be coaxed to provide special tastings. Napa Valley is also a culinary wonderland. The French Laundry in Yountville has been listed as one of America's top restaurants (it was number two in our *25 Best Restaurants* article last March), but also check out Bistro Jeanty in Yountville, Celadon in Napa and Brannan's Grill in Calistoga. Of course, you can have a wonderful meal at Meadowood itself. Thanksgiving is a time to count your blessings; in Napa, they're abundant.

Natural Golf

It seems that every sunny day, more people decide to learn just how hard it is to hit a golf ball. Despite titanium club heads and tedious infomercials, a reliable golf swing continues to be elusive. One of the best ball strikers, Canadian legend Moe Norman, uses a radical swing technique that could relieve many hackers of their frustration. The essence of Norman's technique is being marketed as Natural Golf. His approach is unusual, from the grip to the stance to the swing itself. For beginners, it's likely to be easier to learn than the traditional golf swing. The best example of its simplicity is the grip. Instead of fussing with the artful, easily misaligned traditional Vardon grip, Natural Golfers hold the club in the palms of their hands as if it were a hammer. They pick up the club and swing straight down at the ball. Not a lot of mystery to it: Swing down, hit straight, have a good time. There are Natural Golf schools from Palm Springs to Pinehurst to Phoenix. The iron beauties at left are Natural Golf clubs. The grips and the heads are designed to help you get the most from your Natural Golf swing. Price: $1317 for nine irons and three woods with steel shafts.

How to Cool Down

You're probably familiar with this scenario: You squeeze in your workout during lunchtime. By the time you're finished, you have 15 minutes to shower, get dressed and make it back to the office. Trouble is, ten minutes after your shower you're still sweating, and by the end of the day you're no one's idea of a dinner companion. You didn't give yourself enough time to cool down. Many trainers recommend up to half an hour of cool-down time—during which you should walk, stretch, sit with a towel over your head, anything that lets your overheated body assume its regular temperature. A dermatologist friend of ours—someone who sees a lot of adult acne erupt on the necks, backs and shoulders of his patients who don't cool down—suggests an efficient shortcut. After your workout, grab a brief shower and then jump into the pool for five or ten minutes. It's refreshing and it lowers your thermostat in a hurry.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 167.

MANTRACK

Stalking the Rare Olive Oil

Now that we all have had time to savor the good but mass-produced extra-virgin olive oils, we thought we should alert you to the top tier of oils—those made in Tuscany in vintage small batches. The trees of Tuscany can yield a rich, pungent and extremely aromatic oil (and the yield may be as small as two or three half-liters per tree). The names to note are Il Pologio, Podere Ferole, Vetrice, Le Boncie and Alberto Cipolloni, among others. Drizzle these oils over grilled bread rubbed with garlic and you'll have stepped up to a higher level of taste experience. To buy and learn more about these oils, call the Rare Wine Co. at 800-999-4342.

Clothesline: Michael Chiklis

"Shopping for clothes used to suck the life out of me," admits Michael Chiklis, who recently played tough guys in ABC's *The Commish*, Broadway's *Defending the Caveman* and Warner Bros.' *Soldier*. Nonetheless, he owns about 20 designer vests and a porkpie hat and occasionally visits the supertrendy Fred Siegel store on Melrose Avenue in Los Angeles. (Other favorite shopping sites are New York and Paris for "funky boots and shoes and great sunglasses and accessories.") On the town, Chiklis has a self-styled "casual elegant" look. "I think I was born in the wrong decade," he says. "I love the Forties. Really clean lines and classic suits." His choices for dressy occasions include looks by Donna Karan, Armani and Versace. His downtime wear is strictly J. Crew. "I'm not into an outrageous array of styles and colors," he says. "I save my theatrics for the theater."

The Manhattan Project

Named after New York's Manhattan Club, the manhattan—full-bodied and flavorful—is the perfect fall quaff after a summer of gin and tonics. Make it with two ounces of bourbon, half an ounce of sweet vermouth and a dash or two of Angostura bitters, all stirred and strained into a chilled manhattan glass. Garnish with a maraschino cherry. (A quarter ounce each of sweet and dry vermouth makes a perfect manhattan.)

HOW TO MAKE A MANHATTAN
jigger = 1 1/2 oz.
1 COMBINE: • 2 OUNCES OF WHISKEY
• 1/2 OUNCE SWEET VERMOUTH
• 1 OR 2 DASHES OF ANGOSTURA BITTERS
2 STIR WITH CRACKED ICE
3 STRAIN INTO CHILLED COCKTAIL GLASS
STRAINER
4 GARNISH WITH MARASCHINO CHERRY

Off-Road Show

You already have a $7000 Hasselblad camera, a $6000 lens and a contract from PBS to document the sex lives of wolves in the Northwest Territories. Why not spend an additional $105,000 for the SV-1 photographic-utility vehicle that is pictured above? Made in Richmond, British Columbia by Safari Vehicles Manufacturing, the SV-1 is a diesel-powered home for photographers who need an ATV that's built like a tank. It will get them to remote locations and allows them to stay in comfort. Inside the cabin, which is mounted on a Mercedes-Benz Unimog chassis, are cozy quarters that include a full bathroom (with hot shower) and a partial solar electrical system. Call 604-276-9881 for more information on specs and importing regulations.

Hear why the Bose® Wave® radio was named a "Best New Product of 1994" by *Business Week*.

Tabletop radios are popular for their convenience and small size. But their sound quality leaves much to be desired. No one really expects high-fidelity sound from a radio. Until now.

Set six AM and six FM stations.

Easily connect your CD player, cassette player, TV, or VCR.

Just as a flute strengthens a breath of air to fill an entire concert hall, the waveguide produces room-filling sound from a small enclosure. This technology and performance is available in no other radio.

You'll touch a button and hear your favorite music come alive in rich stereo sound. You'll hear every note the way it's *meant* to be heard. The Wave radio measures just 4⅛"H × 14"W × 8¼"D and fits almost anywhere. So you can listen in your bedroom, living room, kitchen, or any room. And with your choice of imperial white or graphite gray, the Wave radio not only fits in any room, it fits any decor.

Call now and make six interest-free payments.

The Wave radio is available for $349 directly from Bose, the most respected name in sound. So call 1-800-681-BOSE, ext. R8783, to learn more about our in-home trial and 100% satisfaction guarantee. When you call, be sure to ask about our six-month installment payment plan.

Hear The Radio That Woke Up An Entire Industry.

Bose presents the Wave radio. It's the one radio acclaimed by leading audio critics. Because it's the one radio that delivers big, rich, lifelike stereo sound *plus* a small, convenient size.

Wired magazine said it has a "clean, sweet sound that will have your friends wondering where you've hidden your fancy speakers." But you have to hear the Wave radio for yourself to believe it.

The best-sounding radio you can buy.

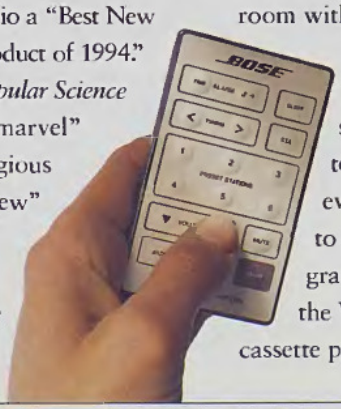
We think the Wave radio is the best-sounding radio you can buy. And audio critics agree. *Radio World* called the sound "simply amazing...a genuine breakthrough in improved sound quality." *Business Week* named the Wave radio a "Best New Product of 1994." *Popular Science* called it "a sonic marvel" and gave it a prestigious "Best of What's New" award. The key is our patented acoustic waveguide speaker technology.

The speakers in conventional radios cannot produce lifelike bass, which is essential for great sound.

Only the Wave radio with acoustic waveguide speaker technology produces high-quality sound with full, rich bass.

Remote-controlled convenience.

Operate the radio from across the room with the credit card-sized remote control. Set six AM and six FM stations, and switch between them at the touch of a button. You can even bring great Bose sound to recorded music, TV programs, or movies by connecting the Wave radio to your CD or cassette player, TV, or VCR.



For free shipping, order by November 30, 1998.

Call today, 1-800-681-BOSE, ext. R8783.

For information on all our products: www.bose.com/r8783

Our six-month installment payment plan is available on telephone orders only. Please specify your color choice when ordering the Wave® radio:

☐ Imperial White ☐ Graphite Gray

Mr./Mrs./Ms.
Name (Please Print)

Address

City State Zip

( )
Daytime Telephone

( )
Evening Telephone

Mail to: Bose® Corporation, Dept. CDD-R8783, The Mountain, Framingham, MA 01701-9168.

BOSE
Better sound through research.

©1998 Bose Corporation. Covered by patent rights issued and/or pending. Installment payment plan and free outbound shipping offer not to be combined with any other offer. Installment payment plan available on credit card orders only. Price does not include applicable sales tax. Price and/or payment plan subject to change without notice. Frank Beacham, *Radio World*, 12/93. *Wired*, 6/94.

Pre-Publication Offer

PLAYBOY *Introduces*

Inside the Playboy Mansion Book

- More than 900 color and black-and-white photos —many never seen before
- Full nudity
- Provocative Playboy Mansion stories revealed for the first time

$50

Book# WV4015

"Welcome to the Playboy Mansion." For decades, that greeting has carried the promise of cocktails, jazz, cigars—and a hot tub full of Playmates waiting for you to join them. Now, for the first time, Ployboy has put together one magnificent book to celebrate the almost mythical world of the Playboy Mansion.

Inside the Playboy Mansion opens the doors to Chicago's original Playboy Mansion ond the spectoculor Playboy Mansion West in Los Angeles. Archival photogrophs from Hugh Hefner's private collection take you from the game room to the grotto, through the private zoo and down to the underwater bar. You'll witness the legendary parties, the famous guests—and year after year of fascinating Playboy History. Introduction by Hugh M. Hefner.

Inside the Playboy Mansion is the latest in our Playboy book series and is the perfect complement to our first two editions, *The Playboy Book: Forty Years* and *Playboy's The Playmate Book*. Full nudity. Hardcover. 9" x 12". 352 pages. Publication date: October 30, 1998. Book# WV4015 $50

ORDER TOLL-FREE
800-423-9494
Most major credit cards accepted.

ORDER BY MAIL Include credit card account number and expiration date or send a check or money order to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 80334, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809. $6.95 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax.

Canadian orders accepted (please visit our website for other foreign orders).

Visit the Playboy Store at www.playboy.com/catalog

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

In June you ran a letter from a fellow who complained about his wife and their sex life. He asked, she gave, and that upset him. My wife and I are in our 60s, and she used to be like that. If I didn't ask, it didn't happen. I pointed this out, and she replied that she is no longer interested in sex. She said, "If you can find someone else to do it with, I don't think it would bother me much." I told her she was nuts, that it would destroy our relationship. Here was our solution: After I read the newspaper on Sunday mornings, I take a bath. When I'm finished, she takes a bath. Afterward, she walks silently past me on the way to the bedroom, I follow her and we have sex. I never ask, she never offers. We call it Pavlov's Poke. Sometimes if you don't ask, you shall receive.—R.T., Seattle, Washington

That sounds like some hot sex. Does your wife keep an egg timer on the nightstand? A cowbell? You have important issues to discuss outside the bedroom. Start by reading "Passionate Marriage," by sex therapist David Schnarch. In it, he describes the risks of the mercy fuck (definition: "You let your partner climb on top of you to get him off your back"): "People who accept mercy fucks can rationalize that it's better than no sex at all, but is it? If you accept mercy fucks 'until the good stuff comes along,' it never does and it never will. Your partner knows you'll settle for lousy sex, so there's no reason to deal with the problems blocking better sex." Let Pavlov's dogs run free! First, your wife's lack of desire may be caused by a medical problem that can be addressed by a physician. Many women lose interest in sex after menopause. Your wife may not be able to reach orgasm easily, or she may not generate sufficient lubrication. As in men, circulatory problems could be a factor, which is why scientists are researching the effects of Viagra and similar drugs on women. Hormonal changes may play a role—your wife should ask her gynecologist to check her testosterone and thyroid levels (preferably early in the morning). She also could be clinically depressed, one symptom of which is low sex drive. Once any medical problems have been addressed, consider visiting a sex therapist together. As the man who loves this woman above all others, make it your goal to encourage her desire. You may be comfortable with a weekly mercy fuck, but you're both missing out on the sex life you deserve.

I recently dined with three other men. I ordered an entree and dessert but no drinks. Our bill totaled $170. I put $23 on the table to cover my share, including tip and tax. One of my companions told me I hadn't put down enough. He said that when four guys go out to dinner, the bill is divided equally. Another of the men said splitting the check prevented a "ladies' bridge club" mentality, as in, "Maude had the chicken salad, Alice had the cucumber sandwich, etc." In our group, one man had a shrimp cocktail, four mixed drinks, a costly entree and dessert. I felt we should have gone with "what you owe," but I could be ignorant of etiquette. Should we have split the check?—J.C., Pasadena, California

Splitting the check makes sense when everyone owes roughly the same amount. Otherwise, the table's host (whoever receives the bill) should note the disparity. That gives you the opportunity to let it ride. In this case, your share should have been subtracted, and the remainder divided. Next time, with these guys, eat and drink more aggressively.

One sex act I find extremely erotic is ejaculating on my partner's face. The first time was an accident. The force of my first volley was so great that my come landed in my wife's hair and along the left side of her face. The sight was such a turn-on that I proceeded to bathe her jaw, neck and chest with the most intense ejaculation I've ever had. We were both caught by surprise. If I bring up the idea of coming on her face, I get the response "You know the rule: anyplace below the neck." Should I let a few "accidents" occur? Am I the only one who finds coming on a partner's face to be a turn-on?—J.W., San Diego, California

Last we checked, 99.9 percent of straight porn movies included scenes in which a guy comes on a woman's face. (The other 0.1 percent showed women ejaculating on men's faces.) You're not alone, or at least you have a lot in common with the directors of porn movies. Forced "accidents" are a bad idea—your wife sounds resolved, and violating her boundaries won't persuade her to redraw them in your favor. Perhaps she'd feel differently if you made love in the shower, which allows for easy cleanup. Or buy her a motorcycle helmet with a visor. Some women who write the Advisor on this topic wonder why guys are obsessed with facials. A few express fear that ejaculate will end up in their eyes or hair or up their noses. Others believe their partners are getting off by degrading them. S&M may be part of it—who doesn't like being in charge?—but the reasons this is arousing are more complex. Our theory is twofold: (1) Guys are visually stimulated, and a woman's face is the most intimate, vulnerable and responsive part of her body. (2) A woman who lets a guy come wherever he happens to come, instead of forcing him to direct it away from forbidden areas, allows him to relax and unload. A lover who doesn't duck or flinch but says by her reaction, "Bring it on! This is so sexy! I love your cock, your balls, your come, everything!" certainly adds to the experience. Read on for a woman's view of the subject.

When I was in college, a boyfriend taught me "boob sex." I would lie on my back, press my breasts together with my upper arms and masturbate while he fucked my cleavage. Usually he came on my chest and neck, giving me what he called a "pearl necklace," but sometimes he would ejaculate on my tits. I liked boob sex because if we timed it right, we could come at the same time. One day, just as I began to come, he began stroking himself directly over my face. As my orgasm hit, so did his semen, splashing on my lips and cheeks. Though it led to an argument that caused us to break up, it was the best orgasm of my life. Since then, I have enjoyed having my lovers come on my face. My girlfriends think I'm crazy, especially because I ask for it. Do other women enjoy this sort of thing?—M.H., Cottondale, Alabama

Your boyfriend gives you the best orgasm of your life, and you break up with him? Serves the poor schmuck right. He should have asked.

So, what is the best way to remove a semen stain?—T.R., San Diego, California

Assuming the stain isn't a memento from some unforgettable quickie, warm water should do the trick. Semen consists of water, seminal plasma, spermatozoa and trace amounts of more than 30 other elements, but nothing that soaking or washing can't remove. Treat the stain within a few days for best results. If you prefer dry cleaning and care to be discreet, the technical term for bodily secretions is albumin (your cleaner has seen it all before). Should the ejaculate miss

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

your garment and plop on the office floor, the Carpet and Rug Institute provides semen removal instructions at its Web site (carpet-rug.com) that begin: "Blot with a dry, white absorbent cloth or white paper towels. Gently scrape up semisolids with a rounded spoon. Break up solids and vacuum." We'll let you take it from there.

How would you define the ideal cocktail?—A.T., Chicago, Illinois

Any mixed drink shared with a Playmate. Paul Harrington, co-author of "Cocktail: The Drinks Bible for the 21st Century," offers a more precise definition. The ideal aperitif cocktail, he writes, is three to five ounces in a stemmed glass no larger than six ounces. This presentation prevents the drink from overwhelming your senses or appetite. To allow the cocktail to glide down the throat, it should be chilled to between 20 degrees and 32 degrees and served without ice. The ideal cocktail is never sweet; any sweetness must be subdued by "the tartness of citrus, the briskness of bitters and the potency of the spirit," Harrington writes. Most important, perhaps, a cocktail should be elegant, reflecting an aesthetic defined by experience. The ideal cocktail is never mixed and dumped in a glass. It is built.

While I was at a party with a group of friends, the conversation turned to breast enlargement. The women in the group felt it was unethical for a doctor to enlarge breasts to the sizes they've seen on some women (namely, strippers). Is there any limit to the size of implants? What are the largest ever given?—R.S., Yardley, Pennsylvania

The most effective implants are the ones you notice but don't suspect. The vast majority of saline implants in the U.S. are between 300cc and 350cc, "about the size of a thick pancake," as one implant maker describes it. A few reach 800cc (the same pancake three inches thick and seven inches across); anything larger is a custom order or created by overinflating. A woman's body frame and the elasticity of her skin play a role in the equation, obviously. Dian Hanson, an editor at "Juggs" magazine, says the biggest implants she's heard of measure 4000cc, large enough to hold a gallon of liquid in each. We look at gargantuan fake tits the same way we view professional wrestling: They're fun like a cartoon, but you can't help thinking, That has to hurt. Many plastic surgeons refuse to implant anything larger than standard sizes because of the risks of back and neck pain, inflammation, bra-strap burrows and other problems.

Is it normal to still think of someone with whom I spent a single night 25 years ago? It was at the end of our country's involvement in Vietnam. When I got off duty on the first Sunday in March 1973, I walked out the front gate of the compound and spotted a young woman. She treated me like a harmless pest. She was 18, I was 20. She took me back to her apartment, and the sex was wonderful. Everything moved in slow motion. There was something intense about it, as if we had been brought together by fate. Even today I feel the desire to touch and kiss her. Have I lost it?—M.L., Durant, Oklahoma

No, you've found it. Enjoy the memory, but don't let it become a burden. You ache for an 18-year-old girl and a 20-year-old soldier who no longer exist. Even if you were able to hold this woman again, it wouldn't be what you imagine. Be grateful: You've managed to preserve that youthful, intense, bittersweet, irrational longing for another human being that many people spend their lives trying to re-create.

My wife has never been able to enjoy porn as much as I do, but a few weeks ago we rented a film that included several lesbian scenes. She pointed out that the girls' fingernails were always visible as they petted each other. Fortunately I'm a quick study. Soft clitoral stimulation has made all the difference.—S.D., Nashville, Tennessee

Good man. Eager lovers sometimes slide their fingers inside a woman's vagina before there's sufficient lubrication, or before she wants them there. Start with the tips of your fingers, gently.

What food should be served at a swing party?—S.B., Rochester, New York

We've never eaten anything at a swing party that could be swallowed, but one sex gourmet tells us the smart host organizes a potluck of lighter fare. (It's hard to be acrobatic on a full stomach.) As for refreshments, experienced swingers serve coffee instead of booze. "Many people won't fulfill their fantasies unless they're in an altered state," our source says. "That way they can say, 'It wasn't my fault.' But swingers have accepted what we're about."

Can you tell me anything about "secret" auto warranties? A friend suggested I look into them because I've had problems with my car.—R.T., New Orleans, Louisiana

Known in the industry as "customer satisfaction adjustments," these controversial warranties are doled out at the automakers' discretion but are rarely publicized. Many consumers pay for covered repairs themselves and are never the wiser. The fixes typically involve problems with tires, engines or transmissions, but they can cover any defect that doesn't make the vehicle unsafe to drive. (That's when the government steps in—usually.) Using trade industry reports and tips from mechanics and his 4000 subscribers, David Solomon of the monthly newsletter "Nutz & Boltz" maintains a database of little-known warranties. He'll check for information on your vehicle if you send the make, model and year and a self-addressed, stamped envelope to P.O. Box 123, Butler, Maryland 21023. Don't trust your dealer to alert you to a silent recall. Many overlook them, and most earn less for warranty work than what they charge customers.

About nine months ago I stopped by a topless club and met a dancer who seemed as attracted to me as I was to her. She's beautiful, intelligent and a lot of fun, and I'm totally at ease with her. She recently introduced me to her son. I want her to meet my friends. How should I handle the inevitable question of what she does for a living?—H.G., Denver, Colorado

Your girlfriend has dealt with this before—ask her how to best describe her job. She probably has a reply that's vague but satisfying, or she may prefer a more direct approach. "Exotic dancer" is honest enough. If your girlfriend is as intelligent and personable as you describe, your friends will get over it. Your guy friends will get over it in about five seconds.

Two months ago I was masturbating on my couch while fantasizing about a gorgeous neighbor. As I neared orgasm, I started to moan her name. Suddenly the door creaked open. She peeked in, then immediately shut the door. I'm sure she saw me. Last week my landlord waltzed in while I was masturbating. She said she was there to do repairs. I haven't seen either of these women since and I'm wondering how I should handle it when I do. Any suggestions?—R.S., Los Angeles, California

A gorgeous neighbor who doesn't knock? A landlord who does repairs? Lock your door, already. In his book "Savage Love," advice columnist Dan Savage describes a letter similar to yours as an HTH. That's shorthand for How'd That Happen? It signifies someone who casts himself as a passive player in an unlikely sexual scenario. In other words, you enjoy being caught, so you allow it to happen. As Savage says, "You're a perv—cop to it." We're all pervs to some degree, of course, and would do well to heed Dan's advice.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or advisor@playboy.com (because of volume, we cannot respond to all e-mail inquiries). Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions at www.playboy.com/faq, and check out the Advisor's latest collection of sex tricks, "365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life" (Plume), available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.*

ADDICTED TO SEX?

admit it. you're hooked

Are you a sex addict? Because you're reading this article instead of looking at Miss November, there may be hope for you. According to the self-proclaimed experts, the downward spiral begins with a casual peek at a pin-up. Before you know it you're running up four-digit phone-sex bills, masturbating 75 times a day, watching kinky Swedish erotica for weeks on end and exposing yourself on the bus.

It sounds ridiculous, but for zealots eager to harness and control sex in the public square, the notion that people can become addicted to it has been a godsend. The religious right has discovered a lucrative cottage industry that allows it to combine moral condemnation with a plea for public health. Countless books, Web sites, workshops and counseling networks treat supposed addicts with injections of guilt and doses of scripture. They share a grim determination to put sex back in the medicine closet, where it belongs.

Sexual addiction was given a name in the Seventies. One of its earliest and most prominent champions, Patrick Carnes, defines it as an "obsessional illness that transforms sex into the primary relationship or need, for which all else may be sacrificed, including family, friends, values, health, safety and work." He estimates that between three percent and six percent of adults are afflicted, or 6 million to 12 million Americans—a nice market for his ten books. (Carnes, by the way, is the counselor who spent three hours with Paula Jones to determine how much harm she suffered from seeing President Clinton's penis. The federal judge who dismissed Jones' case clearly wasn't impressed.) According to proponents of the sex-addiction theory, the signs of illness can include looking at porn, masturbating, having one-night stands and even excessive ogling (one diagnosed "addict" expressed regret for staring at women on the beach). But rather than any certain behavior, says Carnes, sexual addiction is characterized by overwhelming shame and a loss of control. If you're thinking this diagnosis sounds more like compulsive behavior and bad judgment that happens to involve sex, well, you are in esteemed company. The American Psychiatric Association's diagnostic manual has no entry for sex addiction, preferring the more vague "sexual disorders not otherwise specified."

Nevertheless, the concept of sex addiction has been widely disseminated in the past few years, thanks in part to media coverage of "inappropriate" relationships taking place in the White House. (During grand jury testimony, a prosecutor working for Ken Starr asked a witness, "Have you ever discussed with Mrs. Clinton whether the president has a sex addiction?") The religious right has coopted sex addiction to push its belief that any carnal indulgence is inherently depraved. One study reported in *The American Journal of Family Therapy* found that highly religious therapists are more likely than their less religious counterparts to see clients as sexually addicted. Who has the problem here? The American Family Association, which offers couples' workshops (at a cost of $1350) for sex addicts and their wives, warns women to watch for the following danger signs: "He stays up late to watch television," "He frequently rents videotapes," "He frequently uses sexual humor," "He hides pornography" (as opposed to displaying it on the coffee table), "He has no close male friendships" and "He always has a good reason for looking at pornography." Would it be better to have a bad reason?

RICHARD SALA

Lust is no longer just a sin—now it's a sign of mental illness. "It may seem unthinkable to you that someone 'innocently' hooked on PLAYBOY or peep shows could descend to the depths of serial sex criminal and murderer," writes Neil Anderson, a leading evangelical addiction counselor. "But don't underestimate the power of the kingdom of darkness. Encounters with evil sexual spirits are far more common than most people imagine." Bill Perkins' self-help book, *When Good Men Are Tempted: Maintaining Purity in a Sexual World*, presents the equation more succinctly: "Instead of life, lust gives death. Instead of joy, lust gives shame. Instead of pleasure, lust gives pain." It takes decisive action to overcome such a powerful force of evil. "I know a man who removed cable television from his home," writes Perkins. "As a further precaution, he refused to watch TV after ten P.M. unless his wife was present." A patient of Anderson's "stopped watching TV and attending movies" altogether. Robert Daniels, author of *The War Within: Gaining Victory in the Battle for Sexual Purity*, counseled a man who "carried no money or credit cards because he knew that to rent impure videos takes money."

By DANIEL RADOSH

Depravity is lurking around every corner. Daniels himself admits, "I have my wife rip out the women's underwear sections in Sears and JCPenney catalogs."

When Senate Majority Leader Trent Lott compared homosexuality to sex addiction, he echoed the teachings of religious addiction counselors (many ministries that treat sex addicts "cure" gays on the side). Of course, these same counselors believe any sex outside marriage is pathological. "It's a lie to say that whatever two consenting adults do behind closed doors doesn't hurt anyone else," Anderson says. "God is in the bedroom with them." Now that's kinky! Even within marriage, certain predilections are suspect. A common fetish such as cross-dressing or wearing leather is placed in the same category as bestiality and necrophilia. Even oral sex is suspect, though Anderson strains to be open-minded: "From the standpoint of hygiene only, is it natural to put the mouth so close to the orifices for bodily elimination? If a Christian couple mutually agrees that oral sex is a holy use of their bodies, so be it."

The idea that there is a single holy purpose for sexuality is one of the most insidious tenets of the sex-addiction theory. Secular and religious writers alike view kinky fantasies (realized or not) as symptoms of disease rather than as components of a complex whole. Even selfish behavior, such as sleeping with someone solely for your own pleasure, is diagnosed as potential sexual addiction. (Caddish, perhaps, but pathological?) This demonizing of desire is the kind of nonsense society has traditionally forced on women, who were once believed to have no sex drive unless there was something wrong with them. What was "nymphomania" if not a gender-specific prototype of sex addiction? A strain of misogyny runs through the literature. As psychologist Ron Vanderbeck, who hawks a series of videotapes called Sex, Lust and Heartache, observes on his Web site: "Most women want romance, not just sex—unless, of course, they are sex addicts." Patrick Carnes claims that "the notion of being a 'liberated woman' is a deadly part of female addicts' denial." Bill Perkins believes "a woman's body has the power to enslave a man, to destroy him and those he loves."

The idea of sex addiction has spun so far out of control that even masturbation—the most popular recreational activity on the planet—has been described as a precursor to disease. In a report published by Morality in Media, psychotherapist Victor Cline states that "any individual who regularly masturbates to pornography is at risk of becoming, in time, a sexual addict." Robert Daniels flatly insists that "spirit-controlled men don't masturbate," though he admits slipping up "once every few years." He suggests that if you feel the urge to masturbate, "tell your wife you are especially struggling with sexual desire at this time. Ask her to help by making herself available to you for sexual satisfaction." What woman could resist a line like that?

How does an addict banish sexual thoughts that sneak in when he's thinking about not thinking about what he's not supposed to think about? He memorizes scripture. If you need more intense rehab, Anderson outlines a six-step program that begins with renouncing any previous non-Christian activities, such as Zen Buddhism, Unitarianism and the Magic Eight Ball. Daniels punishes himself each time he looks at porn by not eating for two days (a surefire way to lose weight). He also recommends support groups. For instance, "almost every time Eric and Tom would get together, one would ask the other, 'How are you doing in the area of purity?'" And don't forget to warn the kids. "When a sexual temptation arises, your son or daughter may come to you and express questions or concerns about sexual behavior," writes Harry Schaumburg in *False Intimacy: Understanding the Struggle of Sexual Addiction*. "He or she might say, 'This magazine is hard to put down. What does that mean, Dad?'" Um, that it has some great articles?

For believers, the war against sex addiction extends past individuals to the entire culture. In *The War Within*, Daniels compares the battle against pornography to fighting Nazis. "In the early Fifties, Hugh Hefner and others launched an immoral *Bismarck* on the world. Under the cover of First Amendment rights, thousands of men have fallen prey to the enemy's lures in PLAYBOY, *Penthouse* and other slick magazines. Lies such as 'a victimless crime,' 'innocent pleasure' and Entertainment for Men have led thousands of men into addictive sexual practices and caused sexual dissatisfaction, leading to thousands of divorces and child-molestation cases." Hef can take credit for a lot of things, but divorce and child molestation are not on the list.

Victor Cline of Morality in Media says he knows why so many people mock the idea of sexual addiction: They are undiagnosed sex addicts, hiding behind an agenda of sexual freedom. Let's keep it that way. Repression, not lust, is the disease. Now, you poor addicted soul, get on with your reading.

TALES OF SEXUAL ADDICTION

On their first date, Joe and Mary hold hands and end the date with a light hug. Before long a hug and a kiss don't give Joe the same rush they first did. Joe is more free with his hands. He begins to fantasize about Mary's body. At this point, Joe is well on his way to being locked into an addictive cycle."—*A Way of Escape*, by Neil Anderson

"Shelly is married with two children and appears happy. She is 30 pounds overweight and has difficulty keeping up with her housework but finds time every day to watch her favorite soap operas. Her closet is filled with dozens of romance novels and she has rented almost every romantic movie at the video store. Shelly feels guilty about her use of time but just can't seem to get it under control."—*When Good Things Become Addictions*, by Dr. Grant Martin

"When I moved to California, I met Bill, a gentleman close to 90 years old. I thought, I had better share the Gospel with Bill soon. He may not have much longer to live. When I asked if I could share the Gospel, he started crying: 'Jesus could never forgive me.' I was wondering if he'd been an ax murderer or a Nazi death camp guard. He told me, 'When I was a young man, I abused myself. And not just once. Four or five times.'"—*The War Within*, by Robert Daniels

OPERATION RESCUE

when in doubt, diversify

By ROBERT S. WIEDER

For eight years now, gays and lesbians have converged on Orlando, Florida to celebrate their sexual identities. Disney World is the site of Gay Day—an unofficial event attended by tens of thousands of partygoers. This year the city allowed *The Watermark*, a local gay newspaper, to hang rainbow flags along major boulevards as symbols of diversity.

The first to flip out was God's weatherman, Pat Robertson. Tolerance of homosexuals, he declared, would bring about terrorist bombs, earthquakes, tornadoes and "possibly a meteor. I would warn Orlando that you're right in the way of some serious hurricanes, and I don't think I'd be waving those flags in God's face if I were you."

Southern Baptists, who voted in 1996 to boycott the Disney company for its purported antifamily stance, published an 88-page book, *Send a Message to Mickey: The ABCs of Making Your Voice Heard at Disney*. The Reverend Richard Land, who wrote the book, declared, "The dollars parents spend on Mickey Mouse ears and trips to Disneyland and Disney World are helping to fund and energize a company that recognizes homosexual marriages and produces films that normalize anti-Christian values and behaviors." The Texas state school board, under pressure from local Baptists, divested itself of $40 million in Disney stock.

The oddest response came from Operation Rescue, the nation's most visible anti-abortion group. The Reverend Flip Benham, its national director, announced, "We're winning the war against abortion. But abortion isn't the only gate to hell. Next, we need to rid the nation of the disease-ridden homosexual lifestyle." Ignoring Robertson's prophecy of biblical disaster, Operation Rescue descended on Orlando.

On the surface, there seems to be no logic in anti-abortion activists' doing battle with gays. If there is one group that does not contribute to the demand for abortion, it's homosexuals, especially considering the planning necessary for a gay couple to have a child. A letter to *The Orlando Sentinel* noted the contradiction: "Operation Rescue has a legitimate role in reminding people of the moral and social implications involved in conceiving a child. However, with these latest theatrics, it has dealt itself a serious blow. If only homosexuality were as contagious as Operation Rescue must think it is. If everyone who came into contact with a homosexual at Gay Day became gay, then went home to Everytown, U.S.A. and made all those places gay, within weeks there would be no need for abortions and all the clinics would close."

Myriam Marquez, a columnist at the *Sentinel*, also recognized the political confusion: "Operation Rescue seemed unable to decide which is worse—gay people who don't have children and like to fly rainbow flags, or straight people who get pregnant and don't want children. When in doubt, just say no to everything. Can't we just all mind our own business?"

Unlike Gay Day, Operation Rescue doesn't have the drawing power it did a few years ago. In 1991, the group turned out 2600 protesters in Wichita, but at the most recent Gay Day, between 120 and 140 protesters stood outside a hotel near Disney World where gays were staying and seven made it inside the park, where they videotaped gays holding hands and tried to convert them to heterosexuality through prayer.

The true believers may simply be bored. Their spiritual leader, Randall Terry, who founded Operation Rescue in 1986, has since abandoned them to run for Congress in New York state. Recent court decisions and powerful new laws have taken the fun out of harassing women at clinics. If you have to stand 1000 feet from a building's entrance, screaming doesn't have much impact. You can't even follow a doctor's kids to school to terrorize them anymore. Not to mention the federal laws that have greatly increased the penalties for depriving women of their right of choice.

Or perhaps Operation Rescue has finally come out of the closet, revealing its full antisexual agenda—the same one that binds Pat Robertson and Jerry Falwell. The arrogance is still there—the group claims to speak for all Christians. It also claims to have God's beeper number. These guys stopped reading the Bible at the tale of Sodom and Gomorrah; their vision of life is stunted by Old Testament special effects.

At the end of the Gay Day fiasco, Benham issued a press release that took credit for the wildfires that were sweeping Florida: "Fires, fires everywhere! Ten minutes after the Operation Rescue project in central Florida ended, fires ignited and are still burning. The solution for the fires in central Florida is not rain—it is for city officials to repent of their sins."

Perhaps God meant for the fires to drive out intolerance.

CANNABIS CLUBS

public nuisance or therapy?

By DR. LESTER GRINSPOON

On one side stand the millions of Californians who voted in favor of Proposition 215, the 1996 referendum that approved the possession and use of marijuana for gravely ill patients.

The majority of citizens let their consciences speak. They realized the benefits of medicinal marijuana. They had heard or knew from firsthand experience that marijuana offers relief for arthritis pain, nausea, muscle spasms and glaucoma. They saw appetites restored to AIDS and chemotherapy patients who smoked joints or nibbled on marijuana brownies. Bodies gained strength. Patients were better able to fight disease.

On the other side stand California's politically ambitious attorney general, Dan Lungren, and his allies in Washington: Attorney General Janet Reno, drug czar Barry McCaffrey and President Bill Clinton. Presumably, these agents of the war on drugs have family members who feel no pain, whose joints function effortlessly and whose appetites are never ravaged by serious disease.

Fifty-six percent of California voters approved Proposition 215, but in San Francisco the numbers reached 78 percent. Within weeks of the vote, more than 30 cannabis clubs opened to help sick people in need of relief. One club quickly grew to include 8000 members.

Then the backlash began. Lungren convinced a state judge that cannabis clubs were a public nuisance. The war-on-drugs crowd noted that marijuana remained classified by the federal government as a Schedule I drug, meaning it could not be prescribed because it had no known medical uses. (Cocaine and morphine are Schedule II drugs, and thus can be prescribed by a doctor.) Lungren glowed when the courts ruled that, despite the referendum, cannabis clubs violated state laws against the possession and sale of cannabis. One judge interpreted Proposition 215 as allowing individuals to grow marijuana only for personal medical use—no clubs allowed.

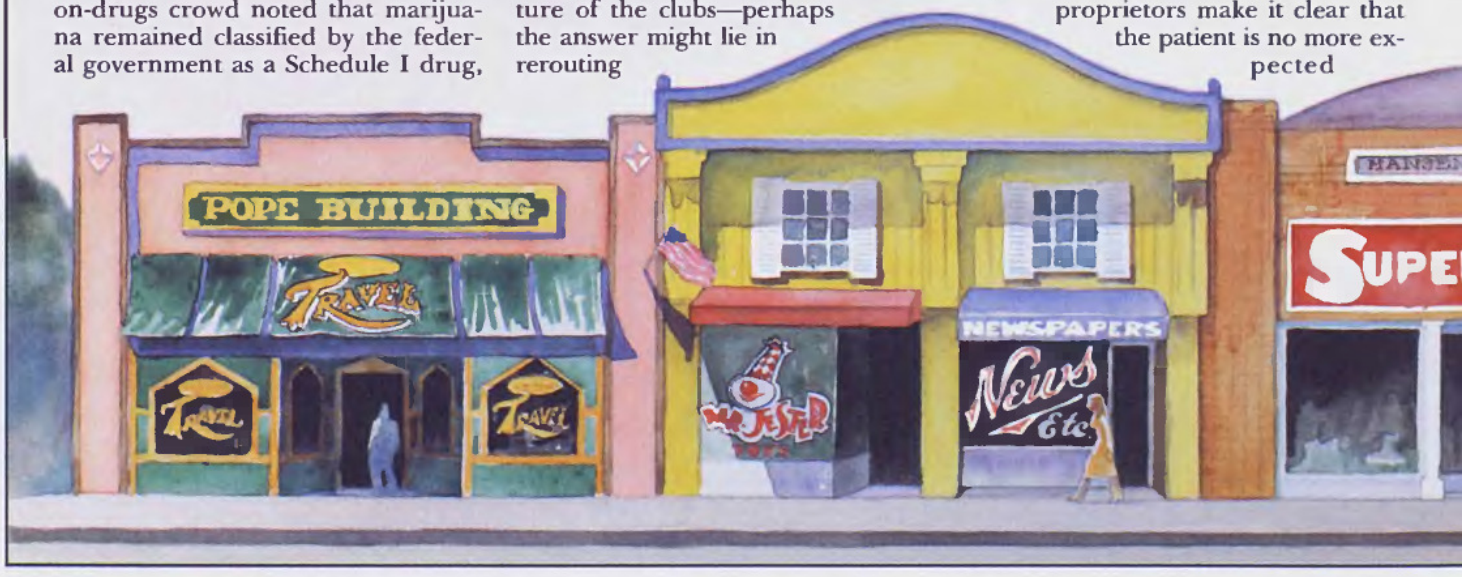
California legislators implored Washington to recognize the voice of the people. In a letter to Clinton, nearly two dozen lawmakers pleaded: "This issue won't go away so long as human beings believe they have the right to attend to their own illnesses, as their doctors recommend, rather than as government dictates." Californians have rebuffed the feds before: When evidence showed that intravenous-drug users were spreading HIV by sharing needles, San Francisco was the first city to supply them with clean syringes through an exchange program.

Californians invited lawmakers in Washington, D.C. to fly west and formulate a safe and affordable system for the delivery of medicinal marijuana, but the feds declined. As Lungren harassed and eventually closed the most visible cannabis clubs, advocates spoke of reinventing them. They thought Lungren was riled by the public nature of the clubs—perhaps the answer might lie in rerouting medicinal marijuana through the traditional medical hierarchy. Maybe doctors in white coats would be more acceptable to the feds than were proprietors in tie-dye and denim.

Disagreements within the medicinal marijuana movement on the value of the clubs resulted in two distribution models after the passage of Proposition 215. One model is based on the conventional delivery system for medicine: A patient visits a buyers' club (read: pharmacy), where he or she presents a note from a physician, certifying that the patient has a condition for which the physician recommends cannabis (read: prescription). The proprietor of the club (read: pharmacist) fills the prescription and the patient leaves to use the medicine, presumably at home.

This model preserves the medical profession's authority to decide who shall use a medicine and for how long. The pharmacy provides a source—in this case a nonprofit one—for the medicine. If the doctor and the pharmacist behave ethically, only those who have a medical need for marijuana can receive it. In turn, patients now have a reliable source for the drug, relieving them of the stress of buying it on the street or secretly growing their own.

The Oakland Cannabis Buyers' Cooperative is one of a number of clubs that conform to this model. Patients enter the cooperative with documentation from their physicians, purchase the marijuana and leave. The staid setup of the club and the attitudes of the proprietors make it clear that the patient is no more expected



to use his medicine there than he would be at a conventional pharmacy. Some clubs, such as the Los Angeles Cannabis Resource Center in West Hollywood, have a policy of allowing emergency medical smoking; this takes place in a smoking room, and the sharing of joints is not allowed. The Santa Clara County Medical Cannabis Center, which recently shut its doors under pressure from local authorities, did not allow smoking anywhere on the premises, including in the parking lot; if a patient violated this rule, his or her membership was revoked.

The second distribution model resembles a social club more than it does a pharmacy. The dispensing area is plastered with menus offering types, grades and prices. Large rooms are filled with brightly colored posters, lounge chairs and sofas, tables, magazines and newspapers. While some people remain only long enough to buy their medicine, most stay to smoke and talk. There are animated conversations, laughter, music and the pervasive, pungent odor of reefer.

The atmosphere is informal, welcoming and warm, providing support for patients who may be socially isolated and have little opportunity to share concerns and feelings about their illnesses. This type of club is a blend of Amsterdam-style coffeehouse, American bar and support group. The model was epitomized by the San Francisco Cannabis Cultivators' Club, which was shut down by sheriff's deputies following local and federal court rulings.

Until some kind of legal accommodation makes it possible for patients to receive marijuana without violating the law, buyers' clubs are the best approach to the problem. Yet the government, including the White House, the Drug Enforcement Administration and law enforcement at all levels, remains opposed to the idea. While the feds are retreating somewhat from their position that marijuana has no therapeutic value, they are still working diligently to close cannabis clubs. Many if not most advocates who recognize the importance of buyers' clubs believe that the model exemplified by the Oakland, Santa Clara and Los Angeles clubs is preferable to that represented in San Francisco. The former are more businesslike, conform more closely with the pharmacy model and at least appear to be more vigilant about checking the documentation of people who present themselves as patients. The San Francisco club, largely because of the on-site cannabis smoking and its relaxed atmosphere, appeared to be more casual in its commitment to confirming medical need, which made even the supporters of buyers' clubs a little nervous.

Yet the importance of the social aspect of buyers' clubs cannot be underestimated. It is becoming increasingly clear that emotional support—contacts with and help from friends, family, co-workers and others—plays a salutary role in battling many illnesses. This kind of support improves the quality of life, and there is growing evidence that it may even prolong life. In one study, socially isolated women were found to be five times more likely to die from ovarian and related cancers than women with networks of friends and families. In another study, women with breast cancer were found to be 50 percent less likely to die in the first few months after surgery if they had confidants. In a four-year study of 133 breast cancer patients, married women had a longer average survival time.

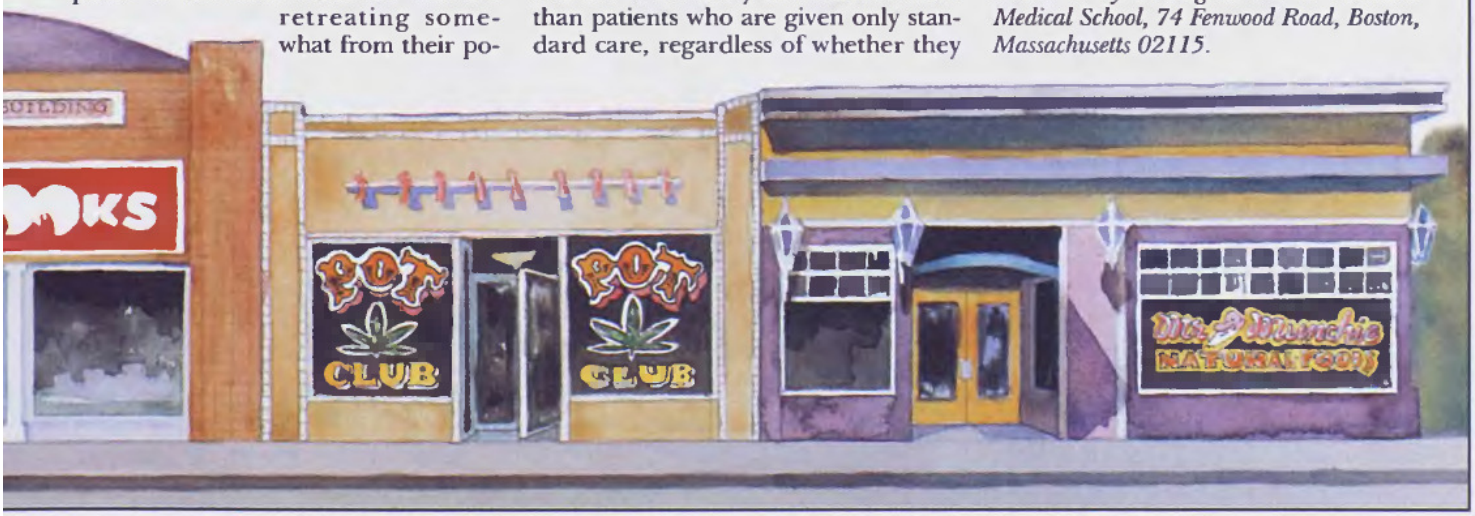
Researchers have consistently found that support groups are effective for patients with a variety of cancers. Participants become less anxious and depressed, make better use of their time and are more likely to return to work than patients who are given only standard care, regardless of whether they have serious psychiatric symptoms. There is evidence that even brief supportive therapy can have benefits that last for months. Some researchers have made the controversial claim that mere participation in support groups can keep cancer patients alive.

The San Francisco buyers' club functioned very much as an informal support group. It was not designed by psychiatrists and social scientists to provide supportive group therapy, but there's reason to believe it did. One of the properties of marijuana may have contributed to its effectiveness: When people use cannabis, they tend to be more sociable and find it easier to share difficult thoughts and feelings. If there is even a kernel of truth to the idea that talking about the stress, setbacks and triumphs in the battle against an illness can help a patient cope and recover, it is clear that the San Francisco model provides the best environment for the dispensing of medicinal marijuana.

Unfortunately, we live in a culture that considers such a facility a public nuisance and criminalizes a compassionate form of caring out of loyalty to a symbolic war on drugs.

The contentious legal battle continues. This past summer Oakland designated the employees of the local cannabis club as officers of the city. This inspired political move uses a section of the Federal Controlled Substances Act and grants buyers for the cannabis cooperative the same protection as undercover narcs (who buy and sell drugs as part of investigations) have from possible prosecution. The club remains open in defiance of a federal judge's order to close.

Dr. Grinspoon is seeking contributors to a book in progress, "The Uses of Marijuana." Contact the author at www.marijuana-uses.com or by writing to him at Harvard Medical School, 74 Fenwood Road, Boston, Massachusetts 02115.



ROBERT MYERS

READER

HONOR AND DECENCY

The Military Honor and Decency Act of 1996, enacted last year, bans the sale on military bases of any magazine that "depicts or describes nudity, including sexual or excretory activities or organs, in a lascivious way." Publishers and video companies challenged the law but an appeals court ruled that it passed constitutional muster. In June, the U.S. Supreme Court refused to hear the case, in effect upholding the law. We weren't the only ones disappointed by the decision.

It is unfortunate that the Supreme Court refused to hear the case against the Military Honor and Decency Act of 1996. Whether or not some members of Congress are offended by PLAYBOY, the magazine is protected by the First Amendment. Courts have held that the Pentagon is entitled to restrict some liberties in the interest of security, and that's appropriate. But there is no security issue here.

The Pentagon never asked for this law and anticipated that complying with its overboard definitions would be difficult. To comprehend how such a bill could be introduced, one need only consider its sponsors, who included former Representative Robert Dornan (R–Cal.). It's disappointing that Dornan's habit of mean-spirited posturing has been enshrined into law.

Carole Shields
President
People for the American Way
Washington, D.C.

Today's military personnel are the most educated and sophisticated people ever to wear a uniform, yet Congress doesn't believe they can think for themselves. It's interesting to note that this legislation was not suggested by the Joint Chiefs of Staff nor any other high-ranking military leaders. And it can't be a morale issue. Ask any officer of any rank who served in Vietnam and he will tell you morale was significantly higher when the troops received each issue of their PLAYBOY subscriptions. The reverse was true in Saudi Arabia, where certain magazines were restricted in order not to offend the sensibilities of our "hosts." But PLAYBOY came to the rescue with Operation Playmate, a group of Playmates who corresponded with the troops. This was appreciated by everyone, including General Norman Schwarzkopf.

What is galling to those of us in the veterans' community is that Congress is eliminating publications that have been supportive of the military and veterans for the past 30 years. When Vietnam veterans had a hard time dealing with the economic crises of the Seventies and were trying to make sense of their physical and mental problems (which were later identified as being related to Agent Orange and post-traumatic stress disorder), articles in PLAYBOY brought these issues to light. PLAYBOY's willingness to allow our organization to reach out to its readers helped get us started.

PLAYBOY is not the enemy. Those members of Congress who are dictating how veterans should think are the ones who are anti-American.

John Rowan
President
New York State Council
Vietnam Veterans of America
Franklin Square, New York

THE DRUG MARIJUANA

Kudos to PLAYBOY and to Dr. Lester Grinspoon for a moving and courageous article on medicinal marijuana ("Prescribing the Forbidden Medicine," *The Playboy Forum*, August). As one who has researched the effects of both government-grown marijuana (cannabis) and oral THC (marinol) for more than 20 years, I know that marijuana markedly alleviates certain symptoms in a number of patients with certain diseases. Over the years I have been contacted by law enforcement personnel and politicians seeking (unsuccessfully) to obtain some of the marijuana cigarettes used in my research for family members with serious illnesses. These included politicians who publicly were opposed to medicinal marijuana.

As physicians, we can prescribe morphine and other opiates as well as cocaine and methamphetamine (speed). When we do so, no one accuses us of sending a message to youth that encourages recreational drug use. But some federal government officials believe that with marijuana the rules must be different. In fact, drug czar Barry McCaffrey threatens to prosecute physicians for even talking to their patients about using marijuana for symptom relief. Emboldened by this, Senator Jesse Helms (R–N.C.) has introduced a bill stating that a physician must serve no less than eight years in jail if his or her patient was even one day under the age of 21 when the patient heard the suggestion to try medicinal marijuana.

FOR THE RECORD

BLAME LUST

Who are the critics of sexual harassment laws? "The millions of men who want to have a young woman in the workplace suck their cocks."

—FROM ANDREA DWORKIN'S COMMENTS AT A YALE LAW SCHOOL CONFERENCE ORGANIZED IN HONOR OF THE 20TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE PUBLICATION OF CATHARINE MACKINNON'S *Sexual Harassment of Working Women*, THE FIRST BOOK TO ARGUE THAT SEXUAL HARASSMENT IN THE WORKPLACE SHOULD BE A FEDERAL CRIME

RESPONSE

In response to these threats, prestigious organizations such as the American Medical Association have drafted strong policy statements on marijuana. These statements reaffirm that physicians can and should speak with their patients on all health-related matters. Federal judge Fern Smith also has issued a restraining order against the government in this matter in *Conant vs. McCaffrey*.

Still, many physicians are fearful of these threats. It's sad that the war on drugs has become a war on physicians and their patients.

Dr. J. Thomas Ungerleider
Los Angeles, California

Dr. Ungerleider is a professor emeritus of psychiatry at the UCLA Medical Center and a former member of the National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse.

I commend PLAYBOY on publishing the illuminating words of Dr. Grinspoon. I am a strong advocate of legalization, but because I own a small store in the Midwest where I sell pipes, I have to be on my toes. I must refuse service to any individual for using "incorrect" terms (such as "bongs" or "bowls") or mentioning marijuana, as my store is monitored regularly by plainclothes police officers.

I was recently forced to refuse service to an elderly man who was discussing his painful battle with glaucoma. He had decided to try marijuana because he had heard it might be beneficial to him. When I refused to sell him a pipe, he graciously obliged and returned a few days later, choosing his words more carefully. He got his pipe and, I hope, some relief.

When will we stop the ignorance, needless suffering and games that sick people must play to get through life a little more easily, a little happier and with a lot less pain?

(Name and address
withheld by request)

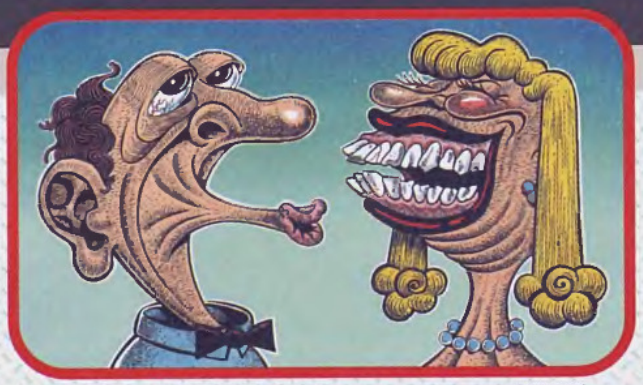
On behalf of the 20,000-plus federal marijuana prisoners and the 54,000 Americans arrested each month for marijuana "crimes," I would like to thank Grinspoon and PLAYBOY for their efforts to educate the American public. Marijuana is the backbone of the drug war skeleton. Without it, the drug war would collapse. It's America's illegal drug of choice. Marijuana has never been a gateway to other drugs. But it is, as the DEA well knows, the gateway to drug decriminalization and the end of the drug war.

William Hall
Seagoville, Texas

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime telephone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com (please include your city and state).

FORUM F.Y.I.

SUCKING FACE



In an interview earlier this year with the online magazine *Salon*, Camille Paglia explained her faith in Paula Jones:

"One reason I believed the Paula Jones story right from the start was because of the allegation that Clinton demanded oral sex from her. Based on my long study of pornographic pictures and videos, I can easily see why Jones would instantly produce a fantasy of oral sex. People kept saying, ignorantly, 'Oh, she's not very attractive—what would he have seen in her?' Well, I can see clearly that she has this big wide mouth and a lot of teeth, and there's a sort of slackness about her jaw—which is what porn stars develop when they learn how to relax their jaw muscles to perform great oral sex. I think Paula Jones was a walking, talking advertisement for oral sex. When I first saw the pictures of Monica Lewinsky on TV—the big wide smile, the nicely relaxed lips with all those teeth—I thought, Oh my God, here we go again!"

We were intrigued. We asked Paglia if she had given the topic any more thought.

"I had a major epiphany five years ago while watching late-night television, channel surfing between Traci Lords and *Newsweek*'s Eleanor Clift. White, middle-class, professional women like Clift are incredibly uptight. It's as if they're cut off at the neck. Their thinking has lost all connection with the rhythms of nature, as you can see in Clift's twisted face, cramped, locked jaw and thin, tight lips. It's a Western disease. Women who perform fellatio learn how to relax their faces. They have a hypnotic, half-asleep look, with a relaxed jaw and bee-stung lips. It's lusciously inviting."

There isn't anything specific about the faces of men skilled in cunnilingus, Paglia told us, "but there's a certain type of man who makes cunnilingus a blood sport, someone who has a devilish, satyr-like look on his face. I first saw this in Gene Simmons of Kiss. He would boast about his 12-inch tongue and stick it out lewdly onstage at girls in the audience. It's a demonic, burning-eyed, tongue-wagging look, a mischievously suggestive Jack Nicholson sneer."

Men who perform oral sex on women, Paglia adds, are "worshiping at the shrine of the mother goddess. It's an attempt to see their place of origin, the place from which all men were born. They're looking and servicing without risking anything, because every time a man puts his penis in a woman's body, there's a risk that he may not get it back."

We'll take that chance.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

DUST TO BUST

SAN ANTONIO—*Earlier this year, police in Charleston, South Carolina arrested a man for possession of heroin based on a field test of powder found in his pocket. He*

spent six weeks in jail before further testing concluded the powder was vitamins that had gone through the wash, as he had contended. Now comes a report that San Antonio police arrested a man for possession of methamphetamine on the basis of a field test of powder found in a plastic bag in his wallet. He spent four weeks in jail before lab tests determined the substance was a small portion of his grandmother's ashes, as he'd claimed.

DOUBLE WHAMMY

NEW YORK—*A bachelor-party guest who said a stripper's breasts gave him whiplash lost his case on "The People's Court." Former New York mayor Ed Koch, who plays the judge on the television program, decided that Tawny Peaks' breasts were not hard enough to have caused damage. Before making his ruling, Koch instructed a female assistant to examine Peaks' breasts in his chambers. She reported that they were soft and weighed two pounds each.*

WHAT'S UP, DOC?

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Doctors disciplined for sexual misconduct are more likely to practice psychiatry, obstetrics, gynecology or family medicine than other specialties, according to a study published in "The Journal of the American Medical Association." The study examined disciplinary actions taken against 761 doctors accused of sex crimes or ethical violations such as sleeping with patients. It called for laws to criminalize any sexual contact between doctors and patients. In 1996 Idaho became the first state to pass such a law.*

NUDITY BEHIND BARS

SAN FRANCISCO—*A federal appeals court ruled that a sheriff in Arizona cannot prevent prisoners from reading magazines that include nude images. Maricopa County sheriff Joe Arpaio banned the magazines five years ago, citing security concerns. A prisoner sued in 1996 after being told he could not subscribe to* PLAYBOY. *"The blanket prohibition unnecessarily precludes prisoners' access to materials fully protected by the First Amendment," the court ruled. Meanwhile, the ACLU's National Prisons Project is fighting a law that would ban magazines depicting nudity from federal prisons.*

THE TRUTH HURTS

ST. CHARLES, MISSOURI—*Police charged a distributor of amateur porn with disturbing the peace at an antiporn rally. Tom Wahl arrived at a Citizens Against Pornography protest dressed as a Revolutionary War soldier, carrying a sign that read* CENSORSHIP SUCKS *and* F**K CENSORSHIP. *He confronted the protesters, telling them, "I love oral sex" and "I love seeing a woman suck a man's cock," among other sex-positive statements. "These people had created a public forum along a busy highway on the availability, content and impact of sexually explicit videos," Wahl says. "How can they prosecute me for speaking the truth? I'd be happy to prove I love oral sex." The county prosecutor, who subsequently ordered area adult video stores to clear their shelves, says Wahl's words were meant to provoke "an immediate violent response from a reasonable person."*

TEENS TODAY

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Rates for abortions among teenagers from 15 to 19 dropped significantly between 1992 and 1995, according to the Centers for Disease Control. In 26 states the declines topped 15 percent. (The report excluded eight states that don't report abortion data to the feds.) Pregnancy rates also declined, with the largest drop (20 percent) in Vermont and the smallest (three percent) in Arkansas. The CDC says young people are having less sex and using more birth control.*

ANOTHER WAY TO SAY

LONDON—*The new edition of "Roget's Thesaurus" adds two new synonyms for male genitalia to such standbys as nuts, goolies and rocks: You can now call them "dangly bits" or your "lunch box." The update, the first in 11 years, contains more than 5000 new words and phrases in 990 categories to help defeat writer's block. Among the fresh coinages are "girl power" for feminism, "dweeb" for boring person and "intracytoplasmic sperm injection" for reproduction.*

SEX IN CONTEXT

NEW YORK—*A group of investors and curators have leased space on Fifth Avenue at 27th Street and hope to open the Museum of Sex late next year. Dubbed MoSex, the 25,000-square-foot attraction will house a research library and archive, a theater for lectures and performances, a gift shop and café and a collection of sen-*

sual art. Its initial exhibits will explore America's sexual history, the art and science of sexual attraction, fetish fashion and sex in the animal kingdom, among other topics. A Web site is in place at www.museumofsex.org.

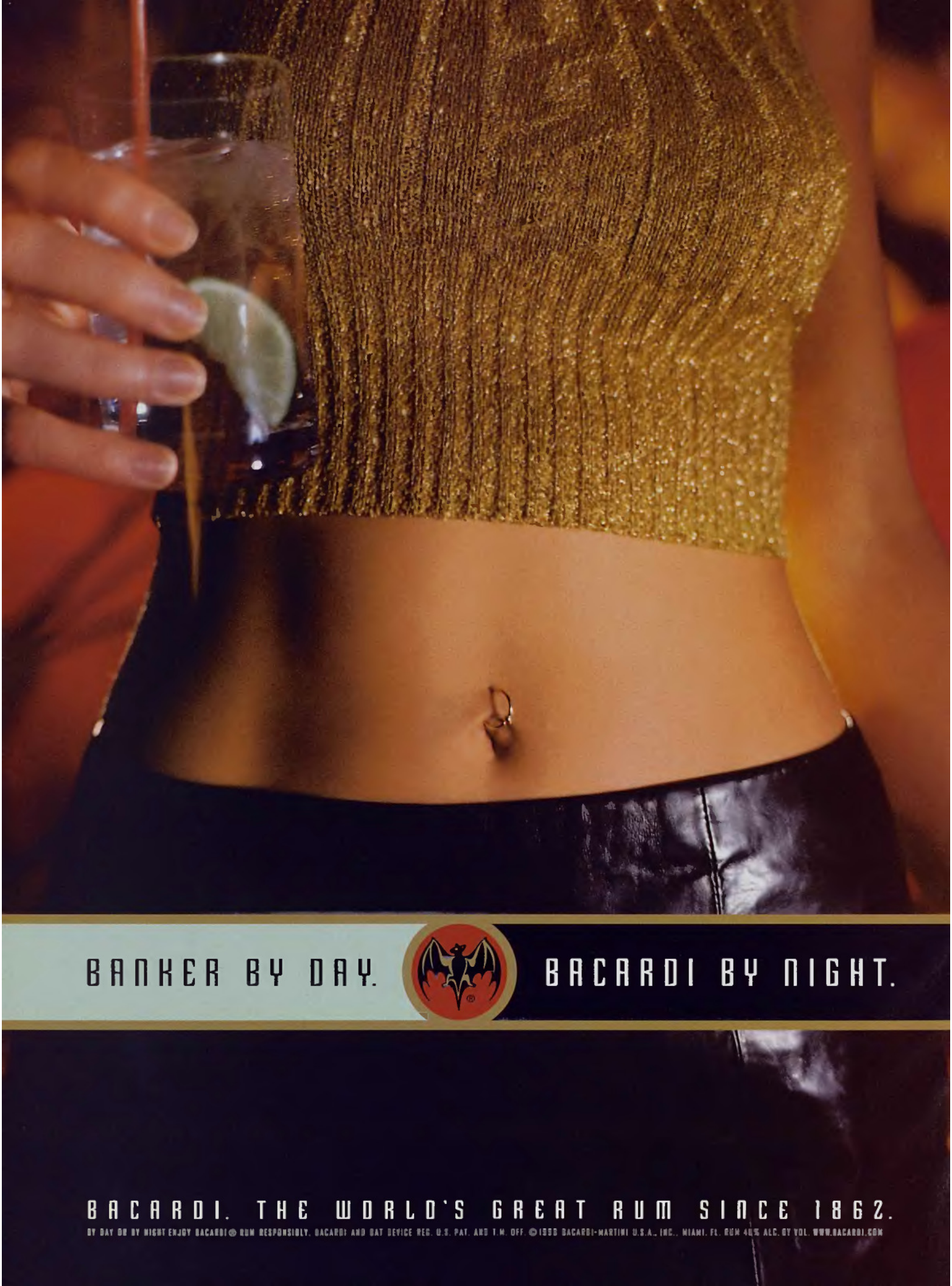
ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

EBONY & IVORY
BENSON & HEDGES

© Philip Morris Inc. 1998
15 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

A MOMENT OF PLEASURE
WITH THE 100MM CIGARETTE


BANKER BY DAY.
BACARDI BY NIGHT.
BACARDI. THE WORLD'S GREAT RUM SINCE 1862.
BY DAY OR BY NIGHT ENJOY BACARDI® RUM RESPONSIBLY. BACARDI AND BAT DEVICE REG. U.S. PAT. AND T.M. OFF. ©1999 BACARDI-MARTINI U.S.A., INC., MIAMI, FL. RUM 40% ALC. BY VOL. WWW.BACARDI.COM

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MIKE TYSON

a candid conversation with the angriest man in boxing about the violence and rage that have dogged his life and the demons that still haunt him

When Mike Tyson enters the lobby of the Trump International Hotel in New York, he makes it clear he's none too happy. And when the meanest boxer who has ever lived is in a bad mood, it's a sight to behold. He is scheduled to finish the second lengthy session of the "Playboy Interview" in his hotel suite, but his mood, and the rules, have changed. He demands that this phase of the interview take place in Central Park, where the sun and humidity will cause his bodyguard to fetch a towel so Tyson can mop his sweat.

The weather isn't the only thing that's hot. Tyson's temper continues to boil as well. He flares at questions that he considers negative and slips into either brooding silence or manic free association. He is an athlete as famous for his troubled personal life as for his sports achievements, and on this sweltering New York afternoon, it's easy to see why.

Of course, he has reason to be upset. In a few days, Tyson's lawyers will begin proceedings to help him regain his boxing license, first in New Jersey, then in Nevada. He lost his license—in spectacular fashion—in June 1997 in Las Vegas when, during his second bout with Evander Holyfield (Mike had lost the first), Tyson became so enraged that he bit off part of his opponent's ear. The Nevada State Athletic Commission hit him with a $3 million fine and revoked his license for a minimum of one year.

As he sits in the park, Tyson doesn't know if he'll be allowed to fight again. He feels that the sport needs him—no boxer since Muhammad Ali has captured the public's imagination the way Tyson has, and no other fighter can command the multimillion-dollar deals that make everyone in boxing happy. At the same time, no other athlete has been demonized the way Tyson has, though he has brought on much of the flack himself. The 32-year-old has been in frequent trouble with the law, including a highly publicized rape conviction for which he served a three-year prison term. Even his suspension has been marred by controversy—more problems with the police and a dramatic split from his promoter Don King, who Tyson claims has bilked him out of millions of dollars.

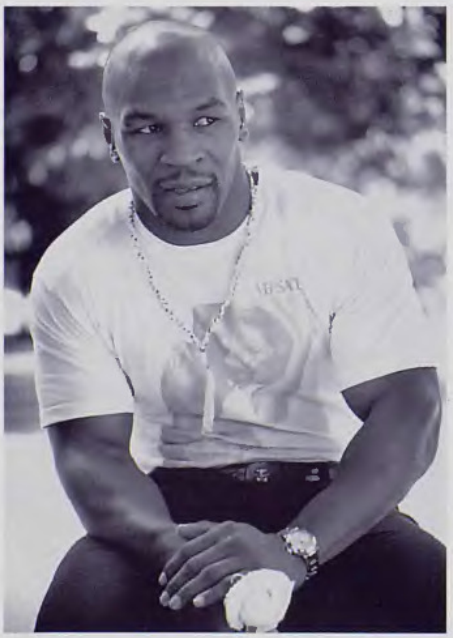
No wonder he's angry. He's been angry his entire life.

Tyson was born on June 30, 1966 and grew up the youngest of three children in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn. He became a pickpocket on public buses, rolling drunks and relieving old ladies of their purses. By the time he was 13, he had been arrested 38 times and was eventually held in a "bad cottage" in the Tryon School for Boys detention facility in upstate New York.

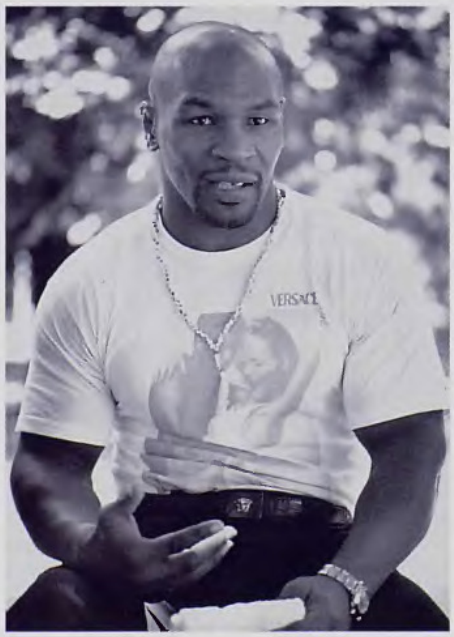
It was there that Tyson learned to box. Bobby Stewart, one of the counselors and a former boxer himself, sensed Tyson's potential and took him under his wing. Stewart introduced the teenager to legendary trainer Cus D'Amato, a man considered odd even by boxing standards. D'Amato believed he had ESP and had a lecture for every human weakness. Over the years he had produced two champions—Floyd Patterson and Jose Torres. D'Amato was a suspicious man, generally had no use for society and was a socialist. By the time he got Tyson, he was viewed as a cranky recluse who ran a gym in Catskill, New York.

Aging and desperate for another champion, D'Amato became obsessed with the young Tyson. He channeled Tyson's physical strength and rage, and set about chiseling his masterpiece, a kid who he predicted would be a champion by the age of 19.

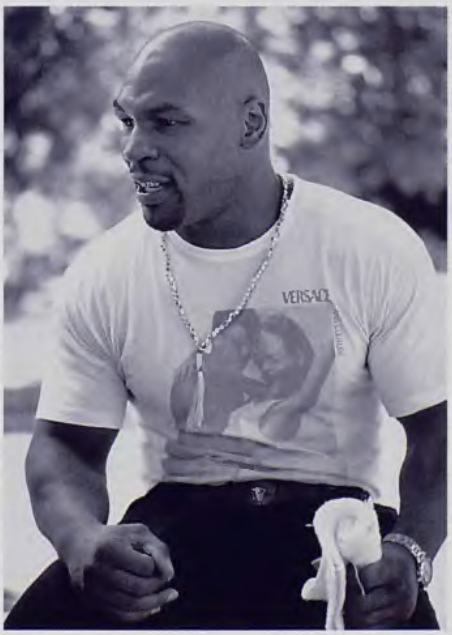
Tyson's brief amateur career showed promise, but it wasn't until he turned pro in March 1985 that he began to fulfill that promise. By the end of that year, he had 15 victories, all by knockouts, and no defeats. "Sports Illustrated" called him "the most devastating puncher in boxing, a remorseless attacker." After 27 consecutive victories, he



"I took boxing back to its raw form. Kill or be killed. The winner gets it all. That's what people want. And they paid me for it. People are afraid I'm going to unmask them for what they are. Hypocrites."



"A lot of young women don't understand what they're getting into. They don't know what they're into when they lock themselves in a room and engage in sex with a man who knows how to handle a woman."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

"I did three years in prison, I was denied workouts and training and came back and still won a title. That's no character? Am I not one of the rare flowers that blossom in adversity? And I don't have no character?"

WIN A LUXURIOUS CRUISE AND APPEASE YOUR NEGLECTED GIRLFRIEND.

Just visit a Pioneer® retailer for a sweepstakes entry form—you may even win one of 1,000 dinners for two. Purchase any Pioneer DVD, and you'll receive

- A FREE MOVIE RENTAL EVERY MONTH FOR A YEAR, with thousands of titles from NetFlix.com™
- A REBATE OF UP TO $50 on Pioneer Dolby® Digital receivers.
- A REBATE OF UP TO $50 on your first software purchase.

Call 800-PIONEER for the dealer nearest you.

NETFLIX.COM

Offer expires January 31, 1999. See store for details. No purchase necessary for sweepstakes entry. Void where prohibited. For official rules, write to Sound Ideas & Co., P.O. Box 32830, Phoenix, AZ 85064-2830.
©1998 Pioneer Electronics (USA) Inc., Long Beach, CA.

Pioneer

fought Trevor Berbick for the World Boxing Council heavyweight title in November 1986. The match took less than six minutes, and when it was over, Mike Tyson was the youngest heavyweight champ ever at the age of 20—missing D'Amato's prediction by only one year.

D'Amato didn't live to see his protégé get the belt—he died of pneumonia in November 1985. That left Tyson's career in the hands of co-managers Jimmy Jacobs and Bill Cayton, who had worked with D'Amato. But when Jacobs died in 1988, Tyson felt he had lost his family. His career continued to thrive, however. He unified the heavyweight division, winning the title from all three boxing associations, and became the first undisputed heavyweight champ since Ali ten years earlier. Even more impressive were the purses: $20 million for fighting Michael Spinks in 1988; $30 million for a bout with Frank Bruno in 1996. The ill-fated incident with Holyfield broke records with 1.8 million viewers on pay-per-view, bringing in $90 million in revenues.

Tyson couldn't have done this alone. At his side (or inside his head, depending on whom you want to believe) was the colorful Don King, the most powerful promoter in boxing.

What drew Tyson to King was the fact that King too was an ex-con, and in Tyson's mind, he had the élan of a gangster. Tyson's view of King wavered between awe and disrespect. The latter surfaced whenever the press hinted that King was running him. Rumors circulated that Tyson had slapped King on several occasions and berated him at whim. Earlier this year Tyson fired King, though time remains on the promoter's contract. A long and bitter legal fight is under way.

This kind of fight will be nothing new to Tyson. He has spent more time in court than he has in the ring. In all, Tyson has fought fewer than 200 rounds during his professional career and has gone the full 12 rounds only three times—giving him a 45–3 record, with 39 knockouts.

In 1988, he married actor Robin Givens—a relationship that was marred by Givens' accusations (made during the couple's televised interview with Barbara Walters) that Tyson abused her. He had a couple of highly publicized car crashes (after running his Rolls-Royce into a parked car, Tyson told the cops to keep the $180,000 automobile, saying, "I've had nothing but bad luck with this car") and a few miscellaneous run-ins with police. He's been accused of assaulting various photographers and parking lot attendants, and has seen his share of brawling outside the ring.

In 1990, his fight with Alex Stewart was postponed when Tyson supposedly got a sparring cut. Not so, reported "New York Newsday." Trump Plaza staffers said that a woman hit him over the head with a champagne bottle in one of the hotel rooms. Security guards found the woman "not in great shape," with a bleeding Tyson yelling, "The bitch deserved it!"

Events took a more serious turn on July 20, 1991 when Desiree Washington, then 18, filed rape charges against Tyson in Indianapolis, where she was competing in the Miss Black America Pageant. On February 10, 1992, he was convicted of rape and two counts of criminal deviate conduct. Although sentenced to six years, Tyson steadfastly denies the rape, saying he and Washington had had consensual sex. He was released after three years from the Indiana Youth Center minimum-security prison, during which time he converted to Islam.

After prison Tyson seemed to settle down, and he punched his way through a group of "unfits" toward Holyfield. In April 1997 he married his current wife, Monica Turner, a pediatrician (the mother of two of his children). They live in a sizable house that borders the Congressional Country Club in Bethesda, Maryland, just outside Washington. He also has large homes in Las Vegas and Ohio, and an estate in Connecticut. Recently, he considered selling the Connecticut house to shore up his dwindling finances. He changed his mind and earned extra cash appearing at a wrestling pay-per-view event and accepting an acting job.

It wasn't until this past winter that he found trouble again with the law. Tyson was at a Georgetown restaurant in D.C. in the early morning when he reportedly got into an altercation with two women who claimed he verbally and physically abused them. A lawsuit is pending.

PLAYBOY *sent freelance writer* **Mark Kram,** *who has interviewed such heavyweights as Sonny Liston and Muhammad Ali, to check in with Tyson at this crossroads in his life and career. Kram reports:*

"It took half a year to get Tyson to sit down and talk. His new management company in California kept saying that Mike was eager to get together, but he broke one engagement after another. The first interview took place in his Bethesda home. Present was his wife, Monica, a pleasant and charming woman who sat with us the entire time, remaining silent except to request that the name of a psychiatrist be expunged.

"We arranged to meet again three weeks later at the Trump International Hotel in Manhattan, just off Central Park. It wasn't a good day. I had to switch the tape recorder off whenever Tyson sulked, then we would talk quietly as I tried to bring him around. At one point he said, 'The interview is over,' yet he kept sitting there. I just let the silence surround him until he agreed to talk more.

"He was in a foul mood. He answered some questions in a crazed stream of consciousness. He kept slapping me on the thigh with his finger for emphasis. He frequently digressed from the subject without returning to it. Mike Tyson is the darkest figure in sports I've ever encountered. I left thinking that I had never before met a 32-year-old man so eaten up by rage, so hostile, despondent and absolutely convinced of his irredeemability."

PLAYBOY: A lot of fans, foes and boxing commentators are asking the same

Traveling through space becomes more real.

Chasing convicts becomes more real.

Girlfriend's feeling of neglect becomes more real.

She shouldn't take it personally, after all it's not like you're watching a movie on VHS. This is Pioneer® DVD, which gives you an experience so powerful you can't help but be drawn into the action. With Component Video Output, you'll get greatly improved picture quality. And to ensure compatibility with present and future technology, the system is equipped with Dolby® Digital and DTS Surround Sound. You will also get the highest quality audio resolution with the 96K 24 Bit Digital to Analog converter. All this and you can play CDs too. So for a price that isn't much more than your VCR's, you get a DVD player that creates sounds and images so real, actual reality will have to wait. If she can.

Pioneer

©1998 Pioneer Electronics (USA) Inc., Long Beach, CA. www.pioneerelectronics.com

question: Is it over for Tyson?

TYSON: They said the same thing about Ali after his losses. No. It's not over. Not over at all.

PLAYBOY: Still, particularly after Holyfield, some people say you've lost the crown for good. How do you respond?

TYSON: Hit you upside your head, maybe. How's that?

PLAYBOY: We understand you're upset. Has it been particularly difficult for you to have fallen so far—prison, the suspension from boxing—after being the champion?

TYSON: I don't see myself as a superstar or icon. Other people might, but I don't. My record is not hype. It stands on its own. What do you want from me?

PLAYBOY: We want to learn about you. Are you looking forward to getting in the ring again?

TYSON: I don't give a fuck. The people don't give a fuck about me. There will be others after me.

PLAYBOY: While waiting to be allowed to fight again, you refereed a pay-per-view wrestling event. Why?

TYSON: It was cool.

PLAYBOY: You didn't consider it to be undignified?

TYSON: You remember Joe Louis?

PLAYBOY: Louis refereed after his boxing career was over. But wrestling isn't boxing; it's phony.

TYSON: The checks aren't phony.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you worried about your image?

TYSON: What image do I need to worry about? I've been in prison. I've been convicted of rape. I've had problems in and out of court. Are you kidding me? I do what I want. I'm not going to dance to nobody's tune.

PLAYBOY: But after being the heavyweight champion of the world——

TYSON: Which I deserved. What can I do? What I really want now is to hang out and deal with the problems in my life. Real life. Send the kids to school, go to PTA meetings and all that stuff. These are the things I'm trying to grasp now.

PLAYBOY: How hard have you been training?

TYSON: Me and a friend are just working out. Getting in shape. I've been cautious. I have tried to make better decisions. I consult my wife about everything. She was mad that I fought too soon after I got out of prison. I got out in March and fought in August.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with your wife—that you fought too soon after leaving prison?

TYSON: I don't know.

PLAYBOY: Was prison worse than you thought it would be?

TYSON: It's something you get accustomed to. You can't wait to get home. I was just happy to make it through the day without being written up. Those were successful days. If you made it to the next day, the last count, *boom!* Another day you didn't get written up.

PLAYBOY: Were you ever attacked in prison?

TYSON: People will try you. They'll try the strongest. You have to be a man. They'll try anybody. They start by saying something funny, something sarcastic, to see how far they can go. But you nip it in the bud. You don't let anyone get away with saying anything funny or sarcastic. You have to demonstrate who you are right on the spot. That's what I do. That's who I am. I'm a settler. I'm in my glory in a place like that. Chaos all over. Yeah, they tried me a few times.

PLAYBOY: Did anyone pull a knife on you?

TYSON: They had them, but they didn't have anything I didn't have.

PLAYBOY: Did you see instances of sexual assault?

TYSON: All over the place. I didn't intervene. It wasn't my business. If I was getting fucked or raped, you think somebody would intervene? No. My job was to do my time, no one else's.

PLAYBOY: You spent time in solitary confinement. Was it particularly difficult?

TYSON: The hole was cool.

Don't tell me about no fucking women's lib. How can a bunch of pussy whipped men let their women parade around saying, "All men are pigs. Us against them."

PLAYBOY: You didn't mind the isolation?

TYSON: No. The box was my savior.

PLAYBOY: It's been speculated that you were driven sort of crazy in the hole—and that's why you bit off Holyfield's ear.

TYSON: No. The hole could never drive you crazy. I like to be alone. That's who I am. I need to be into myself, in order to deal with the issues that are happening around me.

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to the infamous night when you bit Holyfield. Why did you do it?

TYSON: It was the second Holyfield fight. I was angry more than anything else. I snapped. I was an undisciplined soldier. I wanted to hurt him. I never thought about what I was doing.

PLAYBOY: What were you angry about?

TYSON: Just angry. Just mad. Just thinking about life and about the first fight, the people harassing me. I never take a fight personally.

PLAYBOY: Were you thinking about the earlier loss against Holyfield?

TYSON: I was angry. He was butting me with his head. I was hurt in the first and second rounds. No one believed me until they saw the film. I blacked out. Then the second fight: Whoa, I had that feeling again. And then it clicked. I saw him looking at my eyes, and I said, "This motherfucker." George Foreman said Holyfield is the dirtiest fighter he's ever seen. That first fight I didn't know what happened. I wasn't even feeling the punches. You couldn't see them, you could hear them, but I didn't feel them. I was numb. I was getting hit and didn't feel them and couldn't do anything. He did the head butting intentionally. He knows he did and the ref knows he did. He did it intentionally.

PLAYBOY: Did you bite him out of anger or revenge?

TYSON: I wanted to kill him, bite him. I was just enraged and angry.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel afterward?

TYSON: I felt all messed up afterward. I didn't feel too cool about it. But it was over and I had to deal with it. I was upset that I did it. I never allowed myself to be angry in a fight before that. Never. I know I might appear to be angry, but I was never angry before in a fight. So I was embarrassed. I was shocked, scared. I didn't want to do that to him. I'd rather have him beat me.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel about Holyfield's reaction?

TYSON: He's a fighter. He's no fool. He understands what happens in our business. It happens.

PLAYBOY: How did the two Holyfield fights affect your place in boxing history? Where will you be ranked?

TYSON: Not too high. I have so many enemies. They control all that stuff. You know people don't give a damn about that stuff. They try to discredit me as much as possible. Fuck 'em. I know I fucked up my chance to be in the Hall of Fame, to be the kind of guy I always dreamed of being, but fuck 'em, fuck 'em, fuck 'em. The critics may use the Holyfield fights to deny me. But Ali lost fights. I don't give a fuck. My life is doomed the way it is. I have no future. I just live my life.

PLAYBOY: Doomed? Do you really feel that way?

TYSON: Oh, I'm going to make a lot of money, win titles. Good things are going to happen, but my social standing? Zero. I really feel bad about my outlook, how I feel about people and society, and that I'll never be part of society the way I should. After all my ordeals, I look at myself and people totally different.

PLAYBOY: Are you worried about the physical toll boxing has taken on you?

TYSON: No one else really cares, so why should I care? You should go down to Brooklyn, or Brownsville, or South Central, or Compton, and talk to those kids. "What do you think about being hit? Getting shot? Getting hit in the head?" They'll tell you, "I'm not going to get hurt. I'm going to kill me some motherfuckers." That's how I think. No one's going to hurt me, but I'm going to hurt

some people.

PLAYBOY: Haven't you learned that you can be hurt?

TYSON: I've got kids to feed, and a wife. You think I care about my risks? I don't think about my risks.

PLAYBOY: Does your wife worry?

TYSON: I have to do what I have to do, she has to do what she has to do. I'm sure she worries, but she knew the route she chose when she married me. She knew what I did for a living. She knew her life was going to be different when she married me.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you will again be a great fighter? Have you lost the drive that made you great?

TYSON: I've lost my desire for certain people in the fight business, but not my desire to fight.

PLAYBOY: Who in the fight business have you lost your desire for?

TYSON: People in Don King's posse. He is more visible than anybody else, but he's not the worst. He's not the worst, trust me.

PLAYBOY: Trainers? Managers?

TYSON: They're scum. They should stand on their mothers' shoulders and kiss my ass. They say I have no character. You don't accomplish what I've accomplished without character.

PLAYBOY: How would you now describe your relationship with King?

TYSON: Don King isn't the worst person who's fucked me. He probably fucked me more royally.

PLAYBOY: How about Bill Cayton, who helped handle your career after Cus D'Amato died?

TYSON: Listen, I have opinions about these guys, but I want to say it to their faces, not behind their backs. And I don't want any sympathy from anybody. All I get is more bombardment. Fuck 'em! I'm ready to fight anybody. Not physically, just whatever is necessary. I just want to fight someone. That's who I am. Fuck 'em! That's why I'm assertive and aggressive and take no shit. I'm ready to go any time.

PLAYBOY: To the ring?

TYSON: Wherever. Hell. Heaven.

PLAYBOY: Has it been hell?

TYSON: Yeah, because they're faggots, bitches, wimps, weak, and they're not the man I am. Can't they live their lives? What fucking lives do they have? They don't know who the fuck they are. They'd give anything in the world to be me. They would be like me if they had the fucking nerve.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe Don King ruined you?

TYSON: Who knows if he ruined me. Please. I'm going to be champ again. Are you kidding?

PLAYBOY: Do you blame King for much of what you've been through?

TYSON: I'm my own person. Mike does what Mike wants to do. That's why I sometimes get in trouble, because I just want to do what I want to do. I don't trust people enough to take most of their advice.

PLAYBOY: Do you trust anyone?

TYSON: My best friends, my family—anyone else, to hell with them.

PLAYBOY: Did you trust King?

TYSON: Let's move on.

PLAYBOY: What type of contract did you have with King?

TYSON: I'm sorry. I can't tell you.

PLAYBOY: You've been harshly criticized by your former trainer Teddy Atlas. What do you think of him?

TYSON: I love him anyway.

PLAYBOY: Even though Atlas is critical of you?

TYSON: You know why? Because he wishes he was with me. If he's such a great trainer, why didn't he make someone else like me? None of his fighters ever beat me. Why didn't he put any of his fighters in there with me? He had Michael Moorer. Let me tell you something. These guys don't like me because they wish they were with me. I don't care how many fights their guys win, they ain't Mike Tyson.

PLAYBOY: Atlas is the one who says you have no character.

TYSON: I did three years in prison, I was denied workouts, training, doing anything, and came back and still won a

Find the energy.

Vroom, vroom...klunk. A typical day can drain your natural energy reserves. It happens. With GINSANA® natural supplement, it can happen less often. Clinical proof says that the pure standardized ginseng in GINSANA energizes you by helping your body use oxygen more efficiently. So it helps maintain your energy level throughout the day. Think of it as fuel efficiency for humans.

Feel your Ginsana.™

The statements presented here have not been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration. These products are not intended to diagnose, treat, cure or prevent any disease. Pharmaton Natural Health Products affirms that the statements presented on these packages are supported by well-controlled clinical studies. Available in the vitamin aisle. Read and follow label instructions. ©1998 Boehringer Ingelheim Pharmaceuticals, Inc.

BOLDER flavor
SMOOTHER cut
BIGGER can

NEW!

Rooster®. It Lasts.

the bear don't compare

WARNING:

THIS PRODUCT MAY CAUSE MOUTH CANCER

U.S. TOBACCO REMINDS YOU
NOT FOR SALE TO MINORS
SMOKELESS TOBACCO

®Trademark of U.S. Tobacco Co. or its affiliates for its smokeless tobacco. ©1998 U.S. TOBACCO CO.

title. That's no character? Am I not one of the rare flowers that blossom in adversity? And I don't have no character? I bet if I was with him he'd say how great I am, because I'm one of the greatest fighters that ever lived. What is he going to say about me when I'm dead? All of them will say, "He fucked it up, but he was the greatest." Listen, you can't find Atlas' name in the paper unless he's talking about me. You can't find any of those guys in the paper. The only thing he's got to contribute to what he does in life is to talk about me, someone who redesigned boxing.

PLAYBOY: How did you redesign boxing?

TYSON: I took it back to its raw form. Kill or be killed. The winner gets it all. That's what people want. I gave everybody what they want. And they paid me for it. People are afraid I'm going to unmask them for what they are. Hypocrites. What do I do to offend people? I go to a restaurant and get into a skirmish with someone, and 30 people write petitions that say I was justified in what I did. Yet I'm the bad guy.

PLAYBOY: Were you frustrated when you were barred from boxing?

TYSON: People discourage me. I'm engulfed by a whole bunch of emotional stuff right now.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

TYSON: Just a lot of personal endeavors, nothing I can't handle.

PLAYBOY: Legal matters?

TYSON: That and other matters.

PLAYBOY: Is it distracting?

TYSON: I'm working my way out of it.

PLAYBOY: How do you respond to the critics who say you were overrated from the beginning?

TYSON: That's their opinion. The quickest way to fail is to try to please everyone. Make everyone happy. I can't do that. I accomplished a lot as a fighter at a young age. I plan to accomplish more. I just got to be happy. All about me as a fighter is being happy.

PLAYBOY: Are you plagued by self-doubt?

TYSON: I don't know if it plagues me. What produces the self-doubt is boredom and idleness, when you're alone, when you're with your thoughts. In the midst of action I never have self-doubt.

PLAYBOY: It has been written that you suffer from depression. Do you?

TYSON: Sometimes. That's the way I've been all my life.

PLAYBOY: Has your behavior ever been diagnosed as manic-depressive?

TYSON: I don't think I'm manic, just depressed sometimes.

PLAYBOY: Do you take medicine?

TYSON: I don't take medicine. Probably one day in the future.

PLAYBOY: Have you been in therapy?

TYSON: I talk to a doctor now.

PLAYBOY: Does it help?

TYSON: Yeah, it helps. I'm a little apprehensive about expressing my thoughts to a middle-aged Jewish man. But I like him. I had such a need to do it.

PLAYBOY: When did you go into therapy?

TYSON: I've been in therapy for a while, since I left prison. I had one guy that was a quack. What a problem. He was seeing dollar signs. He wanted to be a member of my boxing team more than he wanted to be my therapist.

PLAYBOY: How often do you see your therapist?

TYSON: It's nobody's business how often I go.

PLAYBOY: What do you take away from it?

TYSON: I get shit off my chest, whatever it may be. It feels a lot better than just exploding.

PLAYBOY: A lot better?

TYSON: Yeah. Listen, I don't know if I need therapy or if I want therapy. I know I have to go to therapy. It's cool. When people think of Mike Tyson in therapy, they think of the extreme psycho, the walking time bomb. I say to those people, "You don't know me. Fuck you! You can't define me. I know who I am and what I am." They have no idea who I am or what I am. They just go by what they see in the paper, what people say. What I am you can't see in statistics. Because you have to look inside my soul. They don't care. They don't really care enough about me as a person to see who I am and what I am.

PLAYBOY: What would you like people to see?

TYSON: I'm not looking for someone to tell me that I'm great. I'm just living my life the way I want to. I'm not hurting anybody.

PLAYBOY: Many people can't get past the Desiree Washington rape trial when they think of you.

TYSON: The fact is, nobody gives a fuck about Mike Tyson. It's easy to hate Mike Tyson, to do something to Mike Tyson and get away with it. Mike Tyson is just that kind of person. Even if he didn't do it, he's capable of it, right? People don't get arrested and convicted because of what they actually do. They get arrested for what they're capable of doing.

PLAYBOY: What's your version of what happened?

TYSON: She comes to my room, and takes off her panty shield, ready to fuck. I fuck her, suck her on her ass, suck all over her. I perform fellatio [*sic*] on her. Then you're going to tell me [*whispering*] I took some ass? I'm holding you down, sucking your ass? I don't care if you believe it or not. Look at the common sense behind it. Now, of course, I'm a scumbag. I'm used to being that. But the fact that I took somebody's ass, that's a real riot.

PLAYBOY: So you claim there was never a rape.

TYSON: A lot of young women don't know what they're getting themselves into. Then they find, Hey, I'm above my head in this shit. A lot of them think it's fun, a game, and they don't understand what they're getting into when they're with men. All they know is what they read. But they truly don't know what they're into when they lock themselves in a room and engage in sex with a man who knows how to handle a woman.

PLAYBOY: And Washington?

TYSON: I don't know. I think she's mean and vindictive. She had it planned from the beginning. That's what I think.

PLAYBOY: What are your feelings about women in general? How do you feel about NOW protesting your reinstatement based on the rape conviction?

TYSON: I don't give a fuck about them. I've never done anything to those people. If I gave them some money, they'd say, "He should be reinstated, he's a great guy." Don't tell me about no fucking women's lib. How can a bunch of pussy whipped men let their women parade around in a crusade saying, "All men are pigs. Us against them." Fuck you! I've done nothing to them. I've had problems with particular women who they might not like either if they knew them. Tell them I said fuck you. What about me? I got three daughters. What are they saying? That I'm fucked up, so my daughters are fucked up, too? That I don't care about women? That I'm going to abuse my daughters? I'm just a scoundrel? If I see a woman in a vulnerable situation, I'm going to take advantage of it, right? Is that what they're saying? Fuck you again. You don't know me. I've done nothing to no one. Just because I got accused of it, it all looks my way. Ask any woman on the street, an experienced woman, about my situation, what she's read, what she's seen, she can't understand it. How can you understand that?

PLAYBOY: Do you expect other people to believe you're innocent?

TYSON: I expect the worst to happen to me in my life. I expect people to fuck me and treat me bad. That's just what I expect. I fight it. I try to do something about it. I'm not going to let anybody walk over me. I expect that one day somebody, probably black, will blow my fucking brains out over some fucking bullshit, that his fucking wife or girlfriend might like me, and I don't even know she exists. Some bullshit will happen. I expect that to happen in my life. No one gives a fuck about Mike Tyson. If someone accuses Mike Tyson of a horrible crime, they say, "Yeah, he's capable of that, Mike probably did it." Nobody's fighting a crusade for my black ass.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised by the trial and your sentence?

TYSON: What can I say? They fucked me. I been fucked most of my life. What the fuck can I do? I paid the money. Big fucking deal! What the fuck can you do if it happens to you? Am I the only person? What the fuck can I do?

PLAYBOY: You're obviously very angry.

TYSON: Please, sir, I'm not personally mad at you. That's just the way I talk. I

RAZZBERI
Genuine Russian Flavored Vodka
STOLICHNAYA
Stoli® Razberi
RASPBERRY FLAVORED RUSSIAN VODKA
LEONID GORE
STOLI
RAZZPUTIN
1 1/2 OZ.
STOLI RAZBERI VODKA
3 OZ.
CRANBERRY JUICE
2 OZ.
GRAPEFRUIT JUICE
LIME SLICE
AUTHENTIC RUSSIAN VODKA FLAVORED WITH ALL-NATURAL AROMATIC ESSENCE OF FRESH RASPBERRIES.
STOLI® RAZBERI RASPBERRY FLAVORED VODKA. PRODUCT OF RUSSIA. 35% ALC./VOL. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. ©1998 CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., FORT LEE, NJ. WWW.STOLI.COM

ISIS cellular phone
I was really bummed I couldn't
Especially when they sent
Myna musical pager

VELO 500 Handheld PC

Philips Communication Collection

No matter where you are or where you are going, stay totally connected. The Philips NINO™ puts e-mail, scheduling, dates and numbers in the palm of your hand. For even more performance there's the amazing Philips VELO™. The fastest handheld PC*. Need to be there 24/7? The Philips Myna™ pager lets you create your own musical or tone alerts. And when you're ready to check in, the Philips ISIS™ cell phone gives you up to six hours of talk time**.

I've got to admit it's getting better.

www.PhilipsUSA.com

join my friends on their bike trip. me an e-mail every 20 miles.

NINO 300 Palm-size PC

* April, 1998 Test by CNET: The Computer Network **with the optional high-capacity battery. Talk and standby times are network dependent and differences between networks may exist. © 1998 Philips Electronics North America Corp.

PHILIPS

Let's make things better.

put my life in someone else's hands, what can I do? I don't know anything about law. So they put a grim reality on my life. But I was born in a den of iniquity. I was born in guck, mud. Humiliation. I used to be tortured, brutalized. Any bit of hope was destroyed. That's where I come from. A guy may get on the honor roll. Fuck him! He's a fucking mark! He's a sucker. If he ain't out there getting money at age 12, he doesn't have a couple thousand in his pocket, not wearing the finest clothes of the day, well fuck him! Fuck him! I don't give a fuck if he dies! That's where we come from. Every now and then you run into some good people who ain't gonna let somebody kill some white boys who are asking for directions and are grabbed, pulled out of the car, robbed and beaten. Some good people come out, get on these motherfuckers' asses and say, "Motherfuckers, these are people! You let these people go their way." Then again, there are people who say, "Kill 'em. Kill them white motherfuckers. Kill 'em. I hope they fucking die! They kill and beat us every day." You see, these people are hurt and bitter in their hearts. But they're good people. Their pain and bitterness overfuckingwhelms them. Then when it's over they feel bad because somebody was hurt. The first thing they see is that we were killed like animals, like in Canarsie in the late Seventies. We had no rights. Motherfuckers kill us, get only five, maybe ten years.

PLAYBOY: You said you were born in a den of iniquity. Is that how you characterize your childhood in Brownsville?

TYSON: We all have hard lives. It's the way the wind blows. You go into the heart of Brownsville, looks like World War Two hit it. The buildings aren't stable. Here, they'd put up a new one. In Brownsville they leave it, then it falls and kills people. Who gives a fuck? No one gives a fuck.

PLAYBOY: What was it like at home?

TYSON: Apartment. Very small. Four, five people sometimes, sometimes more. Other people would stay over till they got situated. It was hard. Paying the bills: water bills, light bills. Light goes off, heat goes off, water goes off. Have to pay somebody to go down there to handle the mechanics.

PLAYBOY: Was there always food on the table?

TYSON: We got home so tired we didn't care if we ate or not. They had a free lunch program at school and we'd stand in line for it: sandwich, an orange, banana or pear, and juice and milk.

PLAYBOY: What do you remember about your father?

TYSON: He always had Cadillacs. Who knows what he was doing back then. He was a gambler probably. Always a hip guy. Everybody knew him and talked about him. No responsibility. He was just a cool guy. All the women loved him.

PLAYBOY: Some reports claim that he was a pimp.

TYSON: I don't know what he did. He was very handy with women. Back in 1991, 1992, me and him started talking to one another.

PLAYBOY: What did you talk about?

TYSON: He was always trying to explain what happened between him and my mother, but I wasn't interested. By that time I'd been through a relationship and had children and realized that people just don't get along sometimes. And sometimes kids suffer. It just happens. I always loved my father. I never held anything against him.

PLAYBOY: What did your mother think of your father?

TYSON: Never said much about him, because she knew I loved my dad. He died when I was in prison.

PLAYBOY: Your mother raised you and your brother and sister, right?

TYSON: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: Did you miss having your father around?

TYSON: All the time. A woman can't teach a man how to be a man. You need a man to do that.

PLAYBOY: Is that partly why you got in trouble as a youth?

TYSON: It's rare in that neighborhood to see a guy who gets straight A's in school, who goes to school every day. Instead, you see a guy like me—in trouble all his life. Everybody says, "He'll be in prison for the rest of his life."

PLAYBOY: You obliged them.

TYSON: Yeah, but I didn't turn out the way they thought. They didn't think I'd make it to 16.

PLAYBOY: At what age were you more or less on your own on the street?

TYSON: About ten.

PLAYBOY: You have a high voice. Did kids make fun of you?

TYSON: The objective of man is to be tough. If anyone insults you, you got to fight. That's just the law of the street. Some people would make fun of me. I'd fight 'em.

PLAYBOY: Were you in many fights?

TYSON: Many. If somebody gets beat up real bad they don't want to use the system anymore. They get their knife, their gun, they want to fight. They want to hurt somebody. We have the animal instinct to survive. I got hit with bats, sticks, bottles across my face.

PLAYBOY: You've said that you are sometimes depressed. Were you depressed as a child?

TYSON: I don't remember. It wasn't depression back then. You know, you're poor, you don't have good doctors. You have poor doctors who say, "He's hyperactive" or "He's a special ed student. We'll put him somewhere else so he won't disrupt the other students."

PLAYBOY: Were you ever labeled violent or antisocial?

TYSON: Not really.

PLAYBOY: You were once described as borderline retarded, a term that is no longer used. Did the labeling affect you?

TYSON: I appeared to be retarded. I never thought I was, though.

PLAYBOY: When you look at yourself then, is it the same person you see now, only younger?

TYSON: Two different people. They wouldn't even hang out together. They'd never like each other, just feel contempt for each other.

PLAYBOY: Were you on welfare as a child?

TYSON: Yeah. And I hated it. It's humiliating, embarrassing.

PLAYBOY: Did you do lots of drugs?

TYSON: I did a lot when I was a kid. But it wasn't my thing. I never got hooked. If you get hooked on drugs, you must not have a thing to do in your life. You know how boring drugs are? Being high all the time? You know how fucking boring that is? I want motherfucking action. I need action.

PLAYBOY: You raise pigeons. What do they mean to you?

TYSON: It's something I've done all my life. Something like racing horses or gambling. Just something I do.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you once nearly hanged for stealing pigeons? The story goes that a noose was around your neck and you were going to be dropped off a building, but someone saved you.

TYSON: When I was younger that's what people did. What does that have to do with this interview?

PLAYBOY: It's your life.

TYSON: I don't like to talk about that.

PLAYBOY: You don't like to talk about your childhood?

TYSON: Every time you talk about Brownsville it sounds negative. It was happy, too. Nothing big, just going to the pool. Gambling without anybody getting killed or robbed over a dice game. Laughing. Cooking food outside and music. That was fun. May not be fun to you. It was fun to us.

PLAYBOY: Is it true you went back to Brownsville after you were a successful fighter, put on a ski mask and begged for coins on the street?

TYSON: I've done quite a few things in my life. Most of them I'm not proud of, some just happened.

PLAYBOY: You wound up at Tryon, a reformatory, when you were 13. What was it like?

TYSON: Just a bunch of bad kids no one cared about in a square box.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember those as terrible times?

TYSON: The best and worst times.

PLAYBOY: Is that where Cus D'Amato found you?

TYSON: He didn't find me. Someone, an ex-boxer, introduced me to him. Cus taught me how to fight. You have to understand: When I went there I had a bad reputation. I did some things I wasn't proud of when I was a kid. I was young,

GOT AN AT&T, MCI OR SPRINT CALLING CARD? GET RID OF IT.

HERE'S WHY:

Five Million VoiceNet Cardholders Already Save Like This.

Minutes	VoiceNet	AT&T®	Sprint®	MCI®
1 Domestic	17.5¢	$1.35	$1.35	$1.44
3½ Domestic	62¢	$2.55	$2.55	$2.79
3½ UK to US	97¢	$11.12	$9.60	$10.60
3½ US to Japan	$1.72	$13.82	$10.76	$12.16

1. Only VoiceNet gives you one low 17.5¢ anytime-rate for all 50 states.
2. Super-low international rates.
3. No 95¢-per-call surcharges, no prepayment and no monthly fees like other guys charge.
4. No rounding-up-to-the-next-minute-after-you've-hung-up like the Big Three do. (VoiceNet only charges you six seconds at a time.)
5. "By far, our best choice is the VoiceNet card."
—The Wall Street Journal Report, 12/7/97

Limited Time Offer:
Get 10 FREE Minutes. Join Over 5,000,000 Cardholders and Call

1-800-VOICENET

Department # 234

Visit us at www.1-800-VOICENET.com/playboy

No monthly fee. Just a one-time 99¢ account activation fee. Service terms subject to VoiceNet policies and all applicable tariffs. After the first 30 seconds, calls are billed in six-second increments. Ten-minute credit requires activation, expires 4/30/99, has a maximum value of $1.75, limit one per family. Your credit card may be charged automatically upon non-payment. We reserve the right to deny any application based upon information obtained from a consumer credit report. Comparative rate quotes above as per FCC tariffs in effect at 7/98 for inter-state/international calls. Rates exclusive of taxes/universal service & pay phone fees. VoiceNet is a subsidiary of Econophone, Inc. ©1998 VoiceNet Corp. AT&T, MCI, and Sprint are registered trademarks of their respective companies.

Take Your Temporary VoiceNet Card

[This temporary card activates at 6 pm EST the next business day]

Call Now 1-800-VOICENET
Dept.# 234

VoiceNet
The Best Calling Card In America™

Step 1 Dial 1-800-500-9029, wait for prompt

Step 2 Enter code (your own phone number plus 4 digits you choose when you order your card)

Step 3 1+(area code)+phone number

like 11. I was big and strong and all I had at the time was my power. If there was any kind of altercation at Tryon, there was no, like, "Let's talk about it." When you start your life out bad, it perpetuates so much you just can't be any worse. So they shipped me to this other institution, where you are basically locked up most of the time. And that's where I learned to box. I wanted to be the best; I wanted to be somebody.

PLAYBOY: Was D'Amato an important teacher?

TYSON: Basically, he knew I was a raw kid and he tried to cultivate me. Do the right thing, say the right thing. That's not who I am. My biggest problem in life is that I never learned to play the game. There are people who want to live in the sunshine 24 hours a day every day of the week, but that's not realistic. You have to deal with some rain. You have to suffer to know what the sun's going to feel like.

PLAYBOY: D'Amato took you to Jimmy Jacobs. Is that how you wound up in your first professional fight?

TYSON: Somebody saw me train and he told Jimmy about me. That was a good man, Jimmy Jacobs.

PLAYBOY: Did you——

TYSON: I don't understand. I'm no fucking animal. Don't interview me like I'm some maniac that might explode at any minute. I think you've got the wrong impression.

PLAYBOY: What makes you think we've got the wrong impression?

TYSON: Maybe it's me, because I'm real bitter and defensive. Maybe it's not you at all. I'm just always ready to attack. I know how pervasive the idea of me is out there. Please, sir, don't take it personally. I'm a very hateful motherfucker right now, a hateful individual. I'm really pissed off at the world. [*Pause*] I'm always trying to be cool, take care of my children, not kill nobody, not say anything anymore. I always do my best to be cool. I know I'm going to blow one day.

PLAYBOY: Blow in what way?

TYSON: I know I'm going to blow one day. But I'm going to make sure that when I blow, my kids are fine. There's not much more of this shit I can take. I'm going to blow one day. I try very hard, I'm doing a very good job, sir. I'm doing a very good job. I'm just really angry these days. Really, really angry. This whole year has been a total retrospect of my life.

PLAYBOY: How much did prison contribute to these feelings?

TYSON: Fuck everybody. Fuck going back to prison.

PLAYBOY: Is this interview upsetting you?

TYSON: I'm just living my life. I have kids who are going to be great artists, big stars one day. I'm producing them on my label, Mike Tyson Records. That's an awesome project. But I want to fight. That's what I was born to do. I get carried away sometimes. I get mad, I lose fucking fights now and then. I'm just a nut like that. But that is truly what I do.

PLAYBOY: Is your mood getting worse these days?

TYSON: It gets worse and worse. When I'm by myself, I'm deep in retrospection. When I'm with my wife, she's so bright, she keeps me up, keeps me from thinking. I don't have time to think about getting angry. Like right now, I'm calming. We're sitting here in the park. This is incredible. No one's coming by. I like looking at people. You know what I like looking at more than anything? Young kids in love. Of course, I never want to see my daughter hugging and kissing a guy in public. But if I was objective, I'd say it was a great scene. I never had that when I was young. I was never involved with girls. See those two young kids, holding hands? They don't know anything about love, but there's still that feeling. I just like to watch it because it's innocent.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel that way with Robin Givens?

TYSON: I could have. I don't know. I may have felt that way.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever think about that marriage?

TYSON: I wonder how she's doing, is she OK. I have no wish to meet her. But I know how it feels to get fucked over, and I don't want anybody feeling like that. Listen, I wasn't the best husband in the world. I'm no fucking angel. I was a boy then, 20 years old, when you have two young kids who shouldn't be married in the first place. The whole world's looking at you. Every time something happens in your life it's on the front page or the television. You're a young boy—and you think you can handle that?

PLAYBOY: Are you tough to live with?

TYSON: Oh, yeah. I don't see how my wife does it. I'm a difficult person to live with.

PLAYBOY: Do you get any easier to live with as you get older?

TYSON: It gets more intense. I have no one to blame but myself. Even though many people contribute to it, I have to carry the weight of the fool alone.

PLAYBOY: Has your fame made it harder or easier?

TYSON: I don't know anything about fucking fame.

PLAYBOY: How about money?

TYSON: Money's just a false sense of security. Money's just to help your family and loved ones. I don't trip about no fucking money.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you used to slip diamonds under Robin Givens' pillow?

TYSON: I don't know. I'm capable of doing that shit.

PLAYBOY: We read that you bought her a Porsche when you went out for a bottle of milk.

TYSON: Yeah, when somebody's with me, they're with me. I want to make them feel complete. When I'm not around, I want them to feel OK. My wife, you see, wants to understand boxing, but I don't want her to get infected by that bug. See, she doesn't need to get involved in my life, because that's not cool. She doesn't need to be infected by the people I associate with. I attract scumbags. They may be sophisticated, good at what they do, but they're still scumbags, because there's big money involved. They want that money and will do anything to get it. I don't care how they may appear.

PLAYBOY: How interested in politics are you?

TYSON: All black people are into politics whether they like it or not. People in control say, "We're going to give them welfare. Take away welfare. How hard are we going to work these blacks? How much will they take?" They know how much we'll take, how many people they can kill before we retaliate. Nothing changes. They kill us. Abuse us. And we burn our neighborhoods down! Show our rage by taking it out on one another. Why are we killing each other? Because we're mad at what you did to us. We burn down the store that gives us credit. Now we can't get credit from nobody. Guy gives us credit for ten, 15 years. Now we got nothing. We're deeper in the hole. I don't like Newt Gingrich. I think he's a racist and an intellectual bigot. But as a man I respect him. I guess I'm more a socialist than anything else. I'm not about taking from anybody, or giving to anybody who doesn't deserve it. To be sincere and honest, welfare is worse than crack can ever be. Welfare had a worse effect on us than dope ever did. It made us dependent. You want to see a rebellion? Take away welfare, tell people they have to work. You know how easy it is to get a freebie? You don't have to do anything but lie on your fat fucking ass and have children, just get screwed by different men. That's how you lose your moral and ethic and work values. That's what it does to you.

PLAYBOY: Black athletes can play an important role in the lives of black kids in the ghetto—by showing those kids a way out. Did you ever feel you had that responsibility?

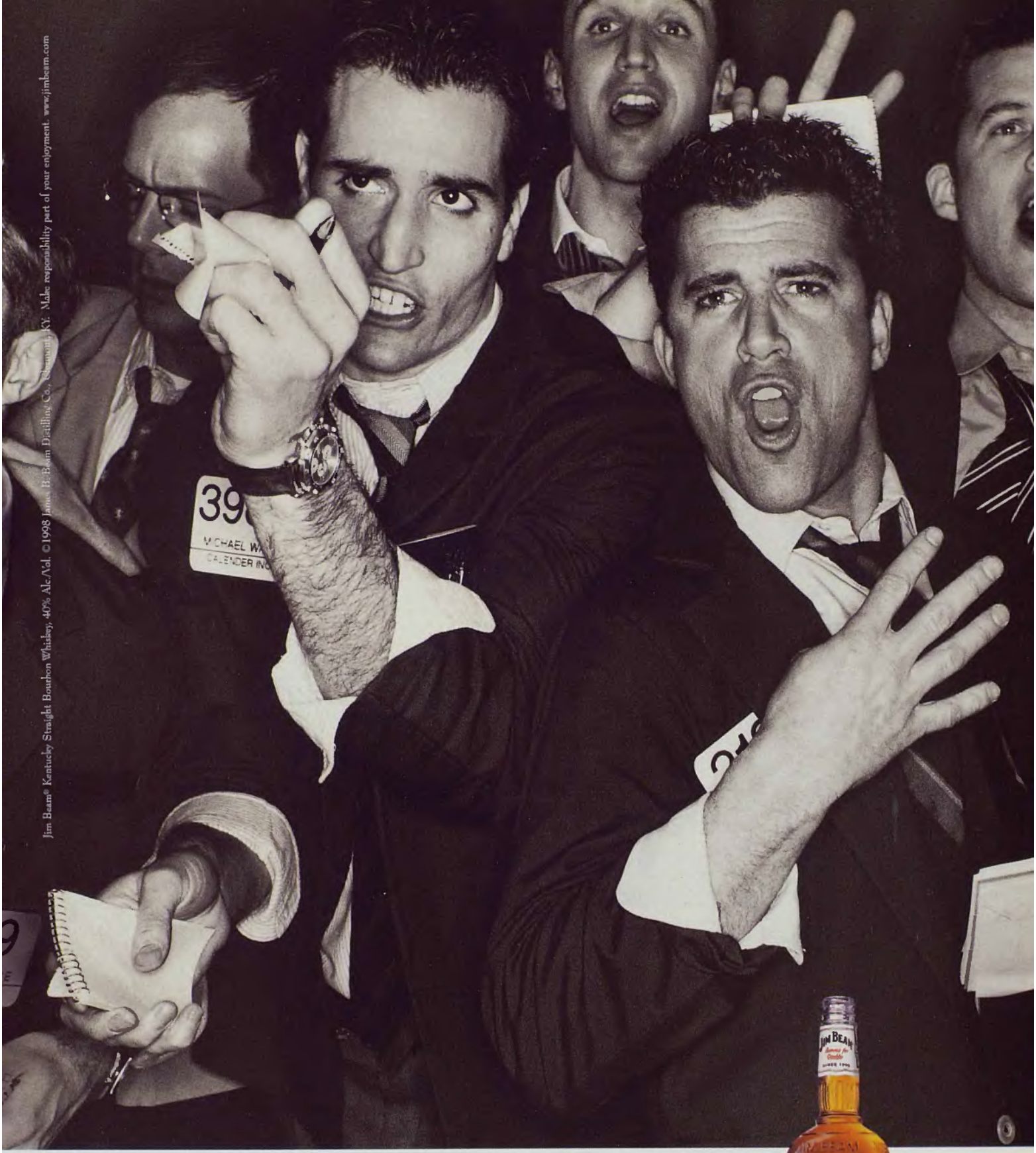
TYSON: Black athletes make a lot of money, but we don't know what to do with it. I don't care how many congressmen, how many bankers, lawyers, astronauts or great fighters we've become. We never broke the cycle, because we detest what we are. We're not smart.

PLAYBOY: Do you include such great athletes as Michael Jordan and——

TYSON: Why can't Michael Jordan do something about having some black ownership in the NBA? Why does David Stern have to own everything? Why are there no black owners?

PLAYBOY: Stern is the commissioner, not the owner of an NBA team.

TYSON: But David Stern is the boss. He's so despotic and so supreme. He appears as though he is the boss of the entire league. People turn to ice cubes if he's



Jim Beam® Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 40% Alc./Vol. © 1998 James B. Beam Distilling Co., Clermont, KY. Make responsibility part of your enjoyment. www.jimbeam.com

Get in touch with your masculine side.

If you're ready to quit smoking

OFF WITH THE PATCH...

ON TO THE NICOTINE-FREE PILL

ZYBAN beat the #1 prescription patch[1]

ZYBAN has been proven more effective than a nicotine patch

In a medical study using patient support materials and drug therapy, ZYBAN helped more smokers quit for 4 weeks than Habitrol® (nicotine transdermal system),* a nicotine patch. And unlike the patch and gum, ZYBAN replaces cigarettes with nicotine-free medicine.

You can break free from smoking

If you've tried to quit before and are still smoking, ask your health care professional about nicotine-free ZYBAN. It's a pill. Prescription medicine that can help reduce your urge to smoke and make quitting bearable.

What you need to know about ZYBAN

The most common side effects with ZYBAN include dry mouth and difficulty sleeping. Although uncommon, there is a risk of seizure associated with ZYBAN. (See "Important Warning" section in Information for the Patient on following page.) So it is important to talk to your health care professional to see whether ZYBAN is right for you. You should not take ZYBAN if you have a seizure disorder; are already taking WELLBUTRIN®, WELLBUTRIN SR®, or any other medicines that contain bupropion HCl; have or have had an eating disorder; or are currently taking or have recently taken a monoamine oxidase (MAO) inhibitor. It is important to let your health care professional know about any other prescription or over-the-counter medications you are taking. ZYBAN is not recommended for women who are pregnant or breast-feeding.

SEE YOUR HEALTH CARE PROFESSIONAL ABOUT ZYBAN

ZYBAN and the ZYBAN Advantage Plan™, a free counseling and personalized support program, are part of an overall plan recommended by your health care professional to help you quit smoking.

For more information, call **1-888-959-STOP (7867) ext. 26** or visit our Web site at www.zyban.com

BREAK FREE FROM NICOTINE
BREAK FREE FROM SMOKING

NICOTINE-FREE
ZYBAN™
bupropion HCl sustained-release tablets 150 mg

Reference: 1. Scott-Levin Source Prescription Audit (SPA) 9/97.

* Habitrol is a registered trademark of Ciba-Geigy Corporation.

Please consult Information for the Patient on the following page.

Information for the Patient

ZYBAN™ (bupropion hydrochloride) Sustained-Release Tablets

Please read this information before you start taking ZYBAN. Also read this leaflet each time you renew your prescription, in case anything has changed. This information is not intended to take the place of discussions between you and your doctor. You and your doctor should discuss ZYBAN as part of your plan to stop smoking. Your doctor has prescribed ZYBAN for your use only. Do not let anyone else use your ZYBAN.

IMPORTANT WARNING:

There is a chance that approximately 1 out of every 1,000 people taking bupropion hydrochloride, the active ingredient in ZYBAN, will have a seizure. The chance of this happening increases if you:

- have a seizure disorder (for example, epilepsy);
- have or have had an eating disorder (for example, bulimia or anorexia nervosa);
- take more than the recommended amount of ZYBAN; or
- take other medicines with the same active ingredient that is in ZYBAN, such as WELLBUTRIN® (bupropion hydrochloride) Tablets and WELLBUTRIN SR® (bupropion hydrochloride) Sustained-Release Tablets. (Both of these medicines are used to treat depression.)

You can reduce the chance of experiencing a seizure by following your doctor's directions on how to take ZYBAN. You should also discuss with your doctor whether ZYBAN is right for you.

1. What is ZYBAN?

ZYBAN is a prescription medicine to help people quit smoking. Studies have shown that more than one third of people quit smoking for at least 1 month while taking ZYBAN and participating in a patient support program. For many patients, ZYBAN reduces withdrawal symptoms and the urge to smoke. ZYBAN should be used with a patient support program. It is important to participate in the behavioral program, counseling, or other support program your health care professional recommends.

2. Who should not take ZYBAN?

You should not take ZYBAN if you:

- have a seizure disorder (for example, epilepsy).
- are already taking WELLBUTRIN, WELLBUTRIN SR, or any other medicines that contain bupropion hydrochloride.
- have or have had an eating disorder (for example, bulimia or anorexia nervosa).
- are currently taking or have recently taken a monoamine oxidase inhibitor (MAOI).
- are allergic to bupropion.

3. Are there special concerns for women?

ZYBAN is not recommended for women who are pregnant or breast-feeding. Women should notify their doctor if they become pregnant or intend to become pregnant while taking ZYBAN.

4. How should I take ZYBAN?

- You should take ZYBAN as directed by your doctor. The usual recommended dosing is to take one 150-mg tablet in the morning for the first 3 days. On the fourth day, begin taking one 150-mg tablet in the morning and one 150-mg tablet in the early evening. Doses should be taken at least 8 hours apart.
- **Never take an "extra" dose of ZYBAN.** If you forget to take a dose, do not take an extra tablet to "catch up" for the dose you forgot. Wait and take your next tablet at the regular time. Do not take more tablets than your doctor prescribed. This is important so you do not increase your chance of having a seizure.
- It is important to swallow ZYBAN Tablets whole. Do not chew, divide, or crush tablets.

5. How long should I take ZYBAN?

Most people should take ZYBAN for 7 to 12 weeks. Follow your doctor's instructions.

6. When should I stop smoking?

It takes about 1 week for ZYBAN™ (bupropion hydrochloride) Sustained-Release Tablets to reach the right levels in your body to be effective. So, to maximize your chance of quitting, you should not stop smoking until you have been taking ZYBAN for 1 week. You should set a date to stop smoking during the second week you're taking ZYBAN.

7. Can I smoke while taking ZYBAN?

It is not physically dangerous to smoke and use ZYBAN at the same time. However, continuing to smoke after the date you set to stop smoking will seriously reduce your chance of breaking your smoking habit.

8. Can ZYBAN be used at the same time as nicotine patches?

Yes, ZYBAN and nicotine patches can be used at the same time but should only be used together under the supervision of your doctor. Using ZYBAN and nicotine patches together may raise your blood pressure. Your doctor will probably want to check your blood pressure regularly to make sure that it stays within acceptable levels.

DO NOT SMOKE AT ANY TIME if you are using a nicotine patch or any other nicotine product along with ZYBAN. It is possible to get too much nicotine and have serious side effects.

9. What are possible side effects of ZYBAN?

Like all medicines, ZYBAN may cause side effects.

- The most common side effects include dry mouth and difficulty sleeping. These side effects are generally mild and often disappear after a few weeks. If you have difficulty sleeping, avoid taking your medicine too close to bedtime.
- The most common side effects that caused people to stop taking ZYBAN during clinical studies were shakiness and skin rash.
- Contact your doctor or health care professional if you have a rash or other troublesome side effects.
- Use caution before driving a car or operating complex, hazardous machinery until you know if ZYBAN affects your ability to perform these tasks.

10. Can I drink alcohol while I am taking ZYBAN?

It is best to not drink alcohol at all or to drink very little while taking ZYBAN. If you drink a lot of alcohol and suddenly stop, you may increase your chance of having a seizure. Therefore, it is important to discuss your use of alcohol with your doctor before you begin taking ZYBAN.

11. Will ZYBAN affect other medicines I am taking?

ZYBAN may affect other medicines you're taking. It is important not to take medicines that may increase the chance for you to have a seizure. Therefore, you should make sure that your doctor knows about all medicines—prescription or over-the-counter—you are taking or plan to take.

12. Do ZYBAN Tablets have a characteristic odor?

ZYBAN Tablets may have a characteristic odor. If present, this odor is normal.

13. How should I store ZYBAN?

- Store ZYBAN at room temperature, out of direct sunlight.
- Keep ZYBAN in a tightly closed container.
- Keep ZYBAN out of the reach of children.

This summary provides important information about ZYBAN. This summary cannot replace the more detailed information that you need from your doctor. If you have any questions or concerns about either ZYBAN or smoking cessation, talk to your doctor or other health care professional.

GlaxoWellcome

Glaxo Wellcome Inc.
Research Triangle Park, NC 27709

U.S. Patent Nos. 5,427,798 and 5,358,970

© Copyright 1997 Glaxo Wellcome Inc. All rights reserved.

RL-425

©1997 Glaxo Wellcome Inc. All rights reserved.

Printed in USA BUP305R0 January 1998

angry at them.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think there's no black ownership?

TYSON: Because there's not enough protest for it.

PLAYBOY: Has Dennis Rodman helped or hurt basketball?

TYSON: I like Dennis, he's OK. I met him a couple times. I never thought of him as a fag or freak or nothing like that. He's cool.

PLAYBOY: Does it bother you that he separates himself from the team, doesn't show up for practices, doesn't sit on the bench and walks out on games?

TYSON: Does that interfere with him getting 15 rebounds? He's doing his job. As long as it doesn't interfere with him doing his job, cool.

PLAYBOY: What did you think when he posed in a wedding dress?

TYSON: That was cool too. He wasn't hurting anybody.

PLAYBOY: Do you like his hair?

TYSON: He's not bothering anybody.

PLAYBOY: For all his bad press, Rodman seems to have a sense of humor and seems to be enjoying his success. Throughout this interview, you have sounded down, even self-destructive. Are you?

TYSON: Nothing's going to happen to Mike Tyson. People want it to happen. They want me to rot away, to say, "He was great, but he rotted away." People love to see that. What did Scott Fitzgerald say? Show me a hero and I'll show you a tragedy? People want tragic stories. Because they are jealous. Like when people talk about Princess Di. And Jackie Onassis. They're jealous. It kills their fucking hearts. People hate the fact that these people are considered perfect. They want to prove otherwise. Perfection's not granted to me. Fuckers like you will make sure I'm far from perfect. Reporters, that is. Nothing personal, sir.

PLAYBOY: OK. Let's talk about boxing. Do you agree that the sport is in trouble, particularly the heavyweight division?

TYSON: I can't help it if the game's in bad shape. The people pick somebody; they can make a superstar of anyone. Then once they make someone a star, they don't like him no more. They think he's too big for his britches. The reason I am who I am is because of you. It's not all about being the best fighter and beating everybody; it's about being the people's choice and the people's champion. The belt symbolizes what you are, but the people define what you are.

PLAYBOY: Obviously the people gravitated toward you when you began.

TYSON: Like I said, I've never seen myself as a superstar or a major star. It's other people who say it.

PLAYBOY: Who are your favorite boxers from the past?

TYSON: I like Joe Louis, Joe Frazier, Rocky Marciano, I love them all. They all have something. I love Sonny Liston! Liston's orgasmic. Oh man. It's incredible to watch him, to watch him train. Liston, I'm an ultra, ultra, ultra heterosexual man. But Liston is orgasmic. He's somebody who physically destroys you. Oh man. Liston is just a monster to watch. Ali is better, but the performance is not like watching Sonny Liston. I would love to watch Liston rip a man apart, then watch Ali subdue and humiliate him. Sonny Liston ripped your soul apart.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you once visit Liston's grave and place flowers there?

TYSON: Yeah, I did that. I put flowers on Joe Louis' grave, on old Joe Gans' grave in Baltimore. That's an old slave cemetery there. Got on my knees, cleaned the gravesite up. Over 100 years old, that site. Used Ajax. Cleaned the whole thing up. He had a lion headstone. I put orchids on Sonny's grave. When you look at Sonny, you know he was a tough motherfucker. You know he was a man. I don't know if the Mob had him, but if he worked for the Mob, you can bet your ass he got paid. Because he was Liston. I know him just as a fighter. He had a great jab, put your teeth in back of your head. You know Al Capone was a fighter too, right? A heavyweight, had about six knockouts. Those gangsters had balls of steel.

PLAYBOY: What do your diehard fans, the ones who are still with you, see in you?

TYSON: Rebelliousness. I don't really believe I'm a rebellious individual, but that's what they see.

PLAYBOY: You're not rebellious?

TYSON: I just express myself. Maybe it seems I'm rebellious.

PLAYBOY: Are you misunderstood?

TYSON: Yeah. But the truth is, I'm pretty simple. People think I'm some big, glamorous star, that I walk into clubs and leave with five girls at my side. No. I'm just a normal guy. I'm not a superstar, no megastar. Not the icon like they think. On one hand they hold me up as some superstar. On the other, they think I'm barely civilized. But I am. They expect me to be a wild man, uncontrollable. I'm sure you were warned before you came to talk to me: "Be careful when you go over there, he might flip or something." They want you to believe that. I know who I am. I'm not a villain. I don't take much shit from people and probably I'm quick to curse somebody and be belligerent on television or in public. So that perception is out there. But it's not that I'm not good. I may misbehave, but I'm good. I have good intentions. The fact is, people don't like me. But if you're telling me, "Mike, you're a crazy motherfucker, you're an animal," I'll crack you in your fucking face.

PLAYBOY: Is that how you're taking these questions?

TYSON: I'm not pointing directly to you, I'm just saying people in general. They could say this or write that, but they will never say it to my face. The press enjoys my misfortunes.

PLAYBOY: You said you're not a villain.

NEW!
PASSPORT 7500
K . . . .
Passport's high-brightness display shows a precise bar graph of signal strength.
Auto
AutoSensitivity provides optimized radar detection while reducing false alarms.
Breakthrough performance in a new radar and laser detector from Escort
If you think you've seen it all when it comes to radar detectors, think again.
7 IMPORTANT NEW FEATURES
• Breakthrough laser range from new 5-sensor long-range laser detection circuitry.
• New 4-bit A/D converter increases radar range.
• EZ-Programming lets you instantly set 10 features for your driving style.
• AutoSensitivity reduces annoying false alarms.
• Ultra-bright display provides crystal-clear readout of signal strength and programming.
• New ExpertMeter tracks up to 8 radar signals.
• Optional SmartCord MuteDisplay provides the ultimate in discrete warning.
TAKE A NO-RISK TEST DRIVE
New Passport 7500 is the most advanced detector in the world. Try it in your car for 30 days with a money-back guarantee. Call today.
Also Available
If you prefer a cordless detector, our test-winning SOLO Cordless is an incredible value at $199.95
Call Toll-Free
1-800-852-6258
ESCORT
5440 West Chester Road • West Chester OH 45069
Department 3007N8
PASSPORT 7500 .....$229.95
SmartCord $29.95
Plus shipping and handling
OH residents add 5.5% sales tax
30-day Money Back Guarantee
©1998 Escort Inc.

TYSON: I'm a different kind of villain, if you're going to call me a villain. I'm just like John L. Sullivan. He was a villain, but he was a villainous hero. People associate villains with bad guys. But a guy like Sullivan is a villain and doesn't like anybody—the good guys or the bad guys. Would you believe that Rocky Marciano wasn't a popular champion when he was fighting? People thought he was a fake, that he fought bums. But when he died they made him a superhero.

PLAYBOY: After all this, do you blame the press?

TYSON: I don't care what they do as long as they respect me. The only people I want to love me are my wife and my family.

PLAYBOY: Do they respect you?

TYSON: They have to. I demand that. I demand that. Do you see any other reporters around? You're here because you've done nothing wrong, and you've done nothing to disrespect me. Do you see [*New York Post* columnist] Wally Matthews in my house? He better not come close to my house.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a personal problem with him? He has written some tough things about you.

TYSON: I don't have a problem with nobody personally. Unless they violate me personally.

PLAYBOY: You mean physically?

TYSON: That too. I haven't killed nobody. I haven't done anything to nobody. They treat me so bad that they make me feel horrible sometimes. I know who I am. I don't have to define who Mike Tyson is. I'm a father. I'm a brother, I'm a son, I'm many things. I've been many things. I've been a convict. I've been a street hustler. So what is it that they think I am?

PLAYBOY: You didn't mention the label "rapist." That still brands you.

TYSON: Yeah. People really hate me because of where I come from. Also, they see me in my cars and feel I'm rich. And I'm a fairly decent-looking guy, I'm all right. I have a beautiful wife. Smart wife, a doctor. That irritates people. I can't help it if she's a doctor and I love her and she loves me. I mean, everybody strives for something in life. You know what I mean? Everybody strives to better themselves in life. People hate me because I want to better myself.

PLAYBOY: Ali was famous for an enormous entourage that traveled with him. You seem to have fewer people around than you used to.

TYSON: I don't have as much money as I used to. I'm not in the mix, maybe that's the word. I'm not in the spotlight as much anymore. Matthews called me a "rapist recluse." I'm not a recluse. My fans see me. They see I'm in the community. They see me in stores, they see me around. I hang out with my family.

PLAYBOY: Do you still hang out in clubs?

TYSON: No, no. I have a small record label. And to really get in the mix you should go to clubs, but I don't go.

PLAYBOY: You've been involved in the rap music scene for some time. Apparently you were good friends with Tupac Shakur. What do you remember most about him?

TYSON: Misplaced loyalty. He was around people who were into drugs, but that wasn't who he was. He was a good person. He got a lot of bad rap—I've never seen a good rapper with a good image. They're good guys, though.

PLAYBOY: Did you and Tupac have serious talks?

TYSON: Yeah, we spoke. I was older than him and I was always telling him to be cool, be mellow. I'm thinking I'm trying to be the cool guy, trying to chill him out. But in reality, I never listened to what the man had to say.

PLAYBOY: What exactly were you trying to tell him?

TYSON: Just about being a man. We talked about people hurting him, not treating him good. He couldn't understand why, when he was doing bad, somebody couldn't help him.

PLAYBOY: Did Shakur seem violent?

I never got hooked on drugs. If you get hooked on drugs, you must not have a thing to do in your life. You know how boring drugs are? I need action.

TYSON: I don't know nothing about that. He shot somebody. He got shot too. So I don't know if he's violent or if it was self-defense. Who knows?

PLAYBOY: Who are the artists on Mike Tyson Records?

TYSON: I have Protege from Baltimore, R&B. We're in negotiations for a woman named Donnie, a sensational singer. I have a singer named Turane Howard who is going to be splendid. I have a rap group.

PLAYBOY: Is your record label designed to provide an income when you no longer fight?

TYSON: It's fun. I just want to take some kids and help them, make them singing sensations. It's hard work, but it's got to be done.

PLAYBOY: What else interests you?

TYSON: I just want to get more associated with my family. My wife is going to open a little clinic. I got a couple of houses.

PLAYBOY: In Las Vegas. Ohio. Bethesda. It's been reported that your house in Connecticut is worth $22 million. If you needed the money, would you sell it?

TYSON: I don't think so. I'm going to give it to my kids. I was there the other day and I was thinking, God, maybe I should give this house to my kids. They've all stayed there with their friends. My first two are eight and nine now, and ten years from now they'll be in college somewhere and they'll probably stay at that house during the summer.

PLAYBOY: Do you worry about losing the house and the rest of what you have?

TYSON: The press writes that I'm broke, and it's their best day ever. The reality is, I'm not going to be broke in my life. I'm Mike Tyson. How long you think it would take me to make $100 million?

PLAYBOY: So it's other things that worry you.

TYSON: My life.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been suicidal?

TYSON: No.

PLAYBOY: What about the car accidents, the motorcycle accidents?

TYSON: You think I'm going to kill myself on a motorcycle? If I wanted to kill myself, I'd take a motorcycle at 160 miles an hour and run into a Mack truck. I don't want to die.

PLAYBOY: You could have died in one of those accidents.

TYSON: At 20 miles an hour? If I had wanted to kill myself, I would have killed myself ten minutes before, when I was doing 130 miles an hour.

PLAYBOY: Were you ever badly hurt in an accident?

TYSON: I hurt my leg and my ribs. A rib cracked and punctured my lung.

PLAYBOY: You once drove your Rolls-Royce into a tree.

TYSON: See, the road was gravelly, and the car spun out. And I hit the tree. I lost control and hit the tree. If I wanted to kill myself, trust me, there's easier ways to do it. Especially in the rural Catskills, in New York. If I wanted to do it, I would go in the woods and do it and never be found. Some of those places have probably never been explored. But you don't read about me killing myself or doing something bizarre like that.

PLAYBOY: We'll never read that?

TYSON: You'll never read that, because it's not my fault I'm this way. Write a letter to God. "God, why did you bring this black convict into the world? Why did you do that, God?" He's the reason I am what I am. Blame the big boy. Blame God.

PLAYBOY: We read that a hawk once killed 98 of your pigeons. How did you feel?

TYSON: You can't imagine what was in my head, what I was going to do to that hawk. I waited for him a long, long time. Finally I trapped him. I had him, right there in the trap, but I just stared at him. He was huge and powerful and intimidating and ominous-looking. I didn't have enough nerve to do anything. I couldn't kill him. I opened the gate, let him out, watched him fly away.

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He's a man who wants maximum return from his workouts and expects the same from his magazines. That's why he reads PLAYBOY. It blends great entertainment with smart information for the active guy. In the past 12 months, PLAYBOY men have spent over $630 million on athletic wear—that's more than was spent by the men who read *Sport* and *Sporting News* combined. More than 2 million boxing enthusiasts read PLAYBOY—it packs a wallop. (Source: Fall 1997 MRI.)

♂ PLAYBOY'S ♀

COLLEGE SEX SURVEY

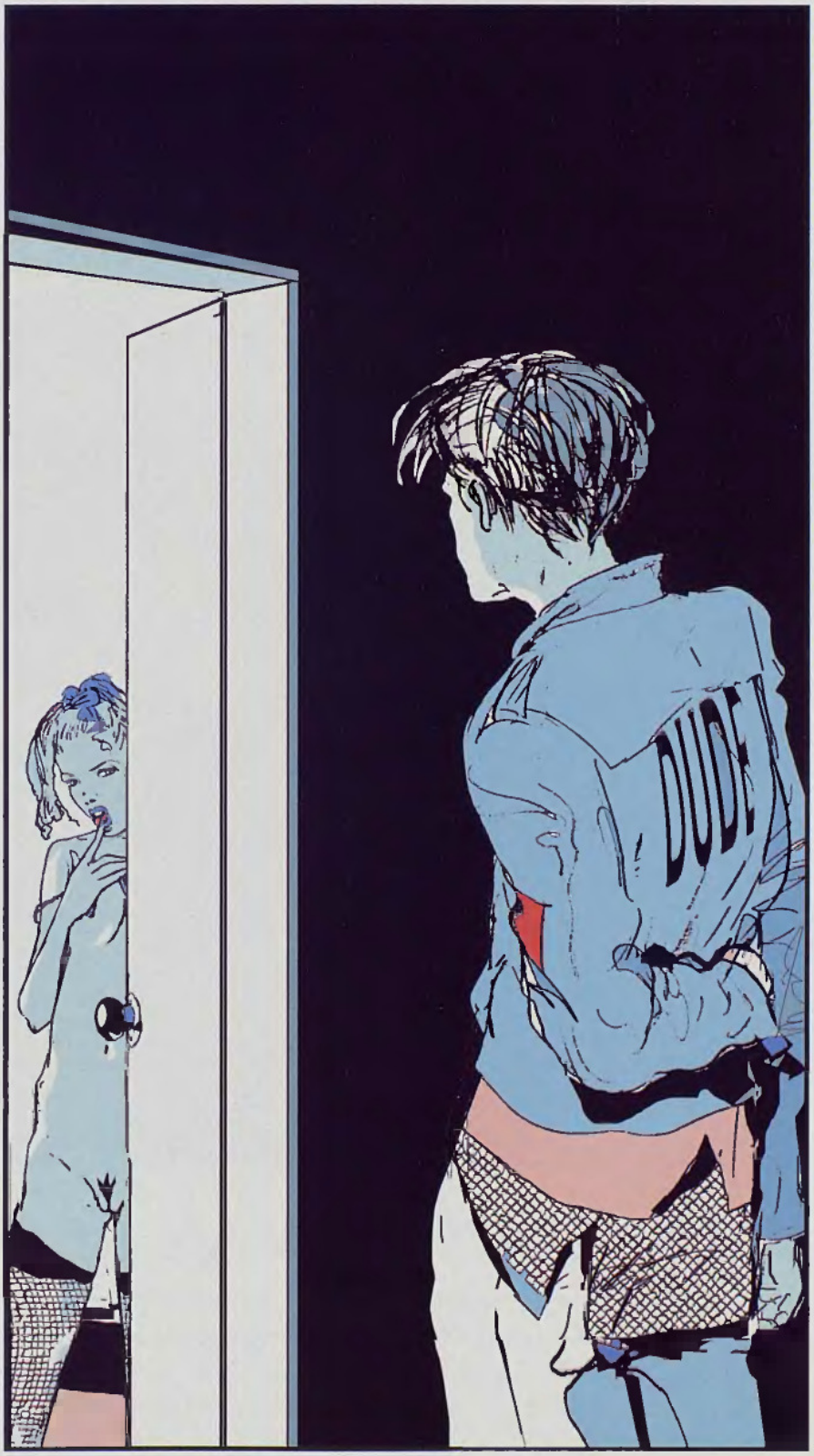
LOVE AND LUST 101

It's the same old nightmare. A deadline approaches and we have to turn in a final paper on college sex habits. Where did we leave those notes? Here they are. The highlighted words jump out: Cuddle. Finger sex. Romance. Special. Dormcest. Floorcest. Quiver. Doggy style. Cancún. Dry Sex. Gentle. Slow. Stranger. Rough. Champagne. Blindfold. Cuffs. Sweat. Blanket. Strawberries. Beer Goggles. Whiskey Dick. Pussy farts.

More notes: On the kitchen table. Against a wall. On a speedboat. In a tent. In a sleeping bag. On the 50-yard line. In the shower by candlelight. In the parents' bedroom. While driving into town naked. On a beach, swimsuits pulled aside.

Oh, the college daze. This year's sex survey is a vivid reminder of those lazy, crazy days when the sex was superhot and the responsibilities were few and far between. In the real world you can't just blow off work to stay in bed all day discovering sex. And once again we are reminded that architecture is everything. The intimacy of dorm life, sitting around in pajamas at all hours of the night, turning homework into pleasure breaks—these are the ingredients of a good time. (Checking our notes, we see that dormcest and floorcest indicate new taboos against having casual sex with people you see the next morning at breakfast.) It's an odd mix. The ever present roommate and the risk of discovery might make for memorable, furtive sex (see "In Their Own Words," opposite page), but privacy becomes its own aphrodisiac. Lovers mention the joy of having the parents' house to themselves, a hotel room for 48 hours, the roommate gone home for the weekend and the mattress thrown on the floor.

Two years ago we published the first round of PLAYBOY's *College Sex Survey*. We discovered that many students were spontaneous, sophisticated and more than a little kinky. The original questionnaire had 152 items and ten essay questions. This year, we decided to use a streamlined questionnaire—86 items and ten new essay questions. We contacted a dozen schools and sent out more than 2000 questionnaires. (The study was conducted through an



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ISTVAN BANYAI

In Their Own Words

Q: Describe the last time you had sex. What did you do? Where? With whom? How did it make you feel?

"I was with a co-worker I've been seeing for two months. We made dinner, then started a fire and got on the floor in front of it. He put a blindfold on me and poured honey all over my breasts and vagina and performed oral sex. I tickled him with a long feather and used a vibrator to massage his body. Then I gave him head. We finally had sex doggy style." Female, 33, large Midwestern school

"My ex-boyfriend is my best friend. His girlfriend has cheated on him and hurt him many times. Three weeks ago we were watching porn and I said, 'I haven't had sex in a long time. Can I give you a blow job?' He said, 'Well, we are friends, so I guess it would be OK.' Right before he finished he got on a guilt trip. I told him it was OK and we finished. I told him I was just trying to prove to myself that he didn't love her. Afterward, I felt used." Female, 20, rural Northern state school

"I was at a party on New Year's Eve. I was very drunk. I had on my beer goggles and started hitting on every girl at the party. One girl there had a crush on me. By the end of the night we were in bed. The next morning I woke up alone and naked. I don't remember much about what happened. I just hope that I was good." Male, 22, rural Northern state school

"It was with a virgin, a guy I've been seeing for about a month. It felt good to be his first, but I also felt like a thief. I knew I could train him to do exactly what I wanted every time. Of course, there were one or two drawbacks to being the more experienced partner. He got off really fast, but I didn't get off at all." Female, 20, rural Northern state school

"The last time I had intercourse I was raped. I was too drunk to move. It was with a new friend. It made me feel empty and used." Male, 19, large Midwestern school

"I had sex witb my boyfriend in his brand-new house. It was great because that house will one day be our house. It wasn't exciting sex, just sentimental sex." Female, 20, large Midwestern school

"I was naked. As my partner undressed, I caressed his penis, then gave him a blow job to make it get harder. Then he lifted me onto the dresser and gave it to me. I felt sensuous and relaxed." Female, 22, private Southern school

Q: What's the best sexual experience that you have ever had? What made it memorable? What did you do? With whom? How did it feel?

"The mirror made it memorable. We were in the dining room of our apartment. The lights were dimmed and it was a hot, sticky night. I was facing the table, holding on to it for support. I had my knee bent with my foot on a chair. He was behind me. We were fused at the genitals. He pulled my hair, or held on to it, rather, for a few seconds. I turned my head to glance into the mirror. We looked so sexy together like that—him pressed into me, holding a handful of my long, wavy blonde hair. My mouth was agape. I came twice after seeing that." Female, 26, large Southern state school

"Making love to my fiancée on the hood of my truck in the summer rain as steam rose up around her. It was passionate." Male, 20, rural Northern state school

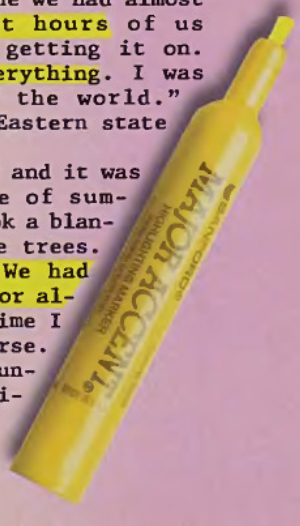
"I had a threesome with two 18-year-old girls I knew little about. There was lesbian action, X-rated movies, toys, oil and whipped cream. It was the only time I've lasted more than five hours and come more than four times. Afterward, I felt guilty." Male, 21, large Midwestern school

"I was 18 years old. I cuffed my boyfriend to the bed, put a blindfold on him, gave him oral sex and then rode him. He was moaning. It was memorable because I had all the control." Female, 19, Eastern state school

"Two years ago, I masturbated a girl I had met that day. It was on a bus, and about 40 people knew what was going on. She had six orgasms and was loud. I felt like a god." Male, 19, large Midwestern school

"The best was making a video of me and my girlfriend. It took us a whole weekend to make, but when we were done we had almost four great hours of us naked and getting it on. We did everything. I was on top of the world." Male, 20, Eastern state school

"I was 17 and it was the middle of summer. We took a blanket out to my backyard, under some trees. We talked, then smoked a joint. We had wonderful sex, under a full moon, for almost two hours. It was the first time I reached orgasm by having intercourse. Smoking the joint made every touch unreal." Female, 19, small Eastern private school



intermediary—professors did not know this was a PLAYBOY project.) We discovered that the climate has changed. One professor said he could give the survey to students only if they were in separate male and female classrooms. Three schools would not permit students to answer questions that touched on "the private and personal."

Our final sample was drawn from seven schools—large, small, public, private—in California, Oklahoma, Mississippi, Louisiana, Pennsylvania, Michigan and New York. Here's what we found.

TENDENCIES

First, we confess that we were influenced by the news. As we compiled the questionnaire, Monica Lewinsky, the most famous college graduate of recent times, owned the headlines. Parents complained the coverage forced them to explain terms such as oral sex to their young children. So we threw in a question at the last moment: When did you first learn about oral sex? Twenty-four percent of the male students and 12 percent of the female students knew the basics by grade school; 58 percent of the men and 43 percent of the women acquired the knowledge when they were in junior high school; 17 percent of the men and 41 percent of the women learned about it when they were in high school. One percent of the males and four percent of the females professed being ignorant until they were in college.

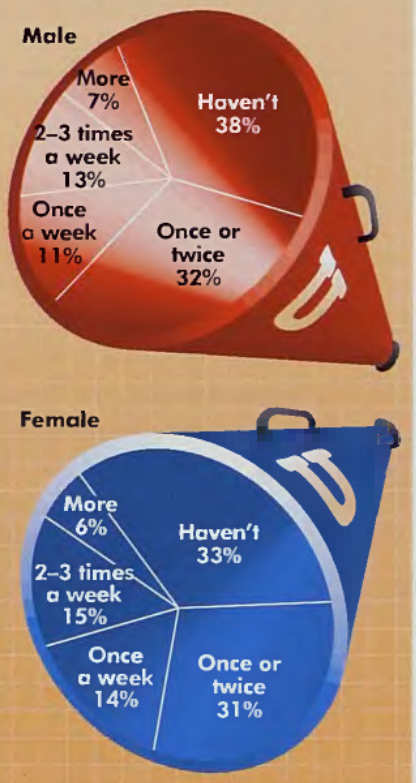
These figures indicate that more than half of high school girls and eight out of ten high school boys are aware of the kind of sex that requires knee pads or, to put it another way, the kind you can do without risking pregnancy. Some commentators might decry the

What You Would Teach the Opposite Sex

- "Nothing. I'm a lesbian." Female, 21, Eastern state school
- "Hands everywhere." Female, 23, small Eastern private school
- "Don't ask us, 'Did you come?'" Female, 23, large Midwestern school
- "Spend some more time while you're partially clothed. Don't just strip naked and dive onto the girl." Female, 20, Southern private school
- "Be louder, moke more noise, yell. Put sound into sex." Female, 19, rural Northern state school
- "It's OK to be rough when touching my body. Nipples are tougher than you think, and a light caress doesn't do much. Also, woking up to someone who's rubbing his genitols along your bockside in order to stimulote himself is not sexy." Female, 22, lorge Southern stote school
- "When a womon wants to have on orgosm during oral sex, don't be so crazy. Focus. If your tongue is everywhere but where it needs to be, forget it." Female, 33, lorge Midwestern school
- "Trim your fingernails." Female, 20, Southern private school
- "Don't touch my balls. Don't lick them. Don't suck or caress them because it doesn't do anything. It wastes valuable time that could be spent on the organ next door." Male, 19, Eastern state school
- "Men are basically two eyes, a penis and a stomach. Wamen think about how they feel, how we feel, where the relationship is going, etc. Men are thinking, I'm hungry and I wonder if we're going to have sex. We don't think about our emotions very often." Mole, 26, Eostern state school
- "Enjoy being noked more. Women seem to be more self-conscious about their bodies than men are." Male, 20, Eastern stote school
- "Swollow." Male, 18, rurol Northern stote school
- "Men are always horny and there's nothing we can do to stop it." Male, 21, large Midwestern school
- "Blow job: Leorn it, live it, love it." Male, 20, Eastern stote school
- "Not all men go out to find on eosy hump. There is o difference between making love ond hoving sex, ond, yes, men con understand that." Male, 21, large Southern stote school

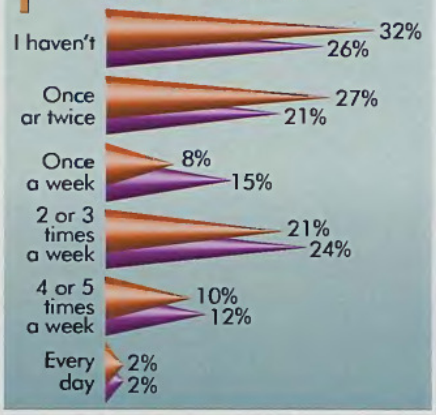
SEX BY THE NUMBERS

Q: In the past month, how often have you engaged in oral sex?

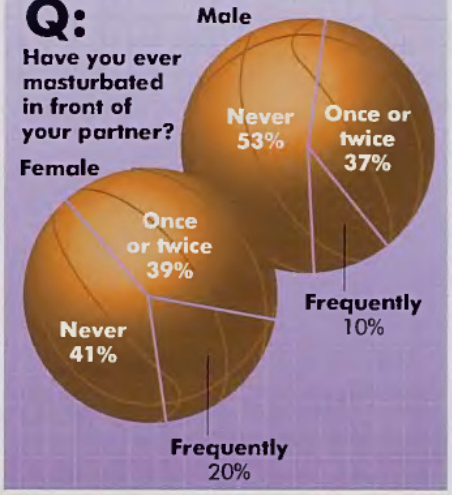


STATE U.

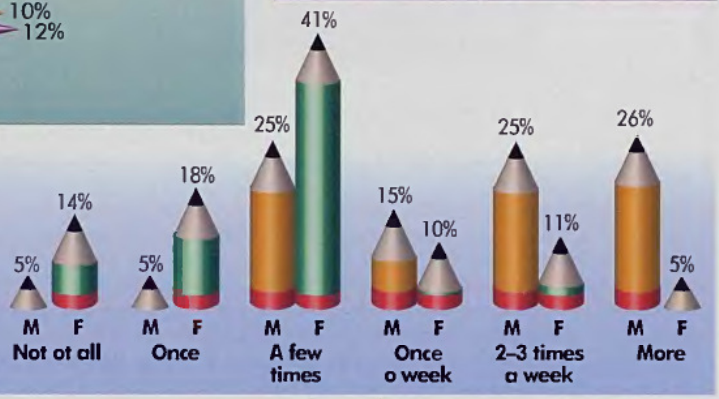
Q: In the past month, how often have you had intercourse?



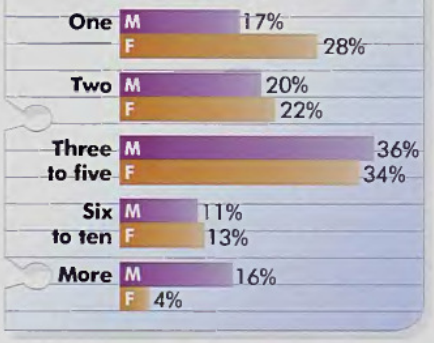
Q: Have you ever masturbated in front of your partner?



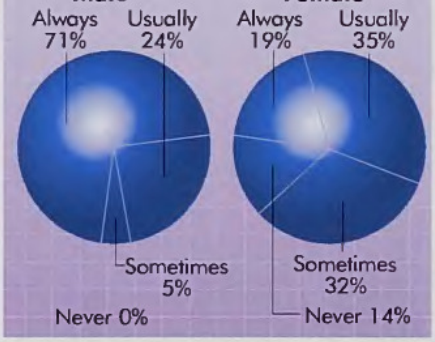
Q: In the past month how often did you masturbate?



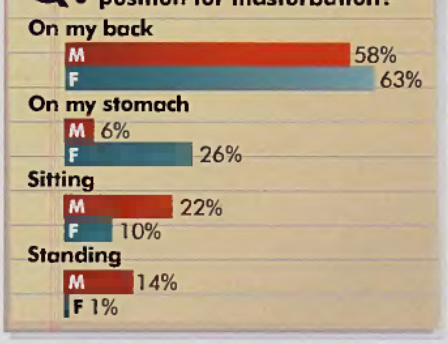
Q: With how many partners have you had oral sex in your life?



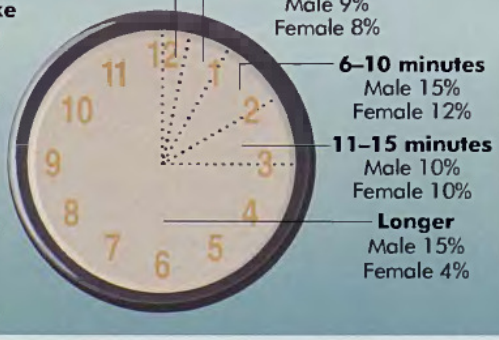
Q: How regularly do you reach orgasm during intercourse?



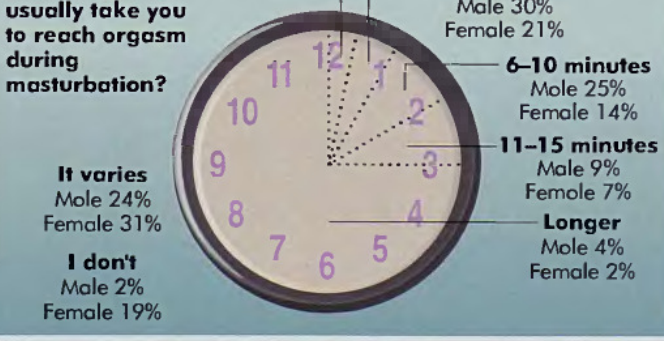
Q: What is your favorite position for masturbation?



Q: How long does it usually take you to reach orgasm during intercourse?


2 minutes or less Male 2% Female 0%
2–5 minutes Male 9% Female 8%
6–10 minutes Male 15% Female 12%
11–15 minutes Male 10% Female 10%
Longer Male 15% Female 4%
It varies Male 48% Female 49%
I don't Male 1% Female 18%

Q: How long does it usually take you to reach orgasm during masturbation?


2 minutes or less Mole 6% Female 7%
2–5 minutes Male 30% Female 21%
6–10 minutes Mole 25% Female 14%
11–15 minutes Male 9% Female 7%
Longer Mole 4% Female 2%
It varies Mole 24% Female 31%
I don't Male 2% Female 19%

CHARTS BY CAROL ZUBER-MALLISON

"My boyfriend and I were having sex in his apartment. We fell out of bed and I hit my head on the nightstand. It knocked me out cold!" Female, 19, Eastern state school

"This is a little embarrassing. One night my ex had eaten spicy chicken wings before we went to bed. He was fingering me, and all of a sudden I felt an intense, burning pain like I was on fire. I had to run stark naked and douse myself with water." Female, 20, large Southern state school

"I was having sex with my boyfriend on the floor of the bathroom. I was on top. We had been drinking. While I was having sex with him, he passed out. He went limp, and though I shook him and told him to wake up, he wouldn't! I left him in the bathroom with his underwear around his ankles." Female, 20, rural Northern state school

"We were having sex on a bunk bed with another couple below. The bed broke and collapsed on top of them." Female, 20, rural Northern state school

"I was having sex in a hot tub when a guy came out and asked if he could videotape us." Female, 19, rural Northern state school

"I faked an orgasm and the guy felt like a big stud, even though he wasn't putting in any work." Female, 19, large Midwestern school

"My boyfriend and I were having sex and his mother walked in on us and asked what we wanted to have for dinner." Female, 19, rural Northern state school

"My dog jumped onto the bed with me and my boyfriend and started licking my boyfriend's penis." Female, 22, Eastern state school

"My friend on the other side of the quad called me because my girlfriend was yelling my name so loud." Male, 25, Eastern state school

"My chick was giving me a hand job, when she started to fall off the bed. She used my cock to hang on." Male, 20, large Southern state school

"I put baby oil on my water bed (without sheets) and after undressing ran into the room, jumped on the bed and slid off the other side and into the wall. Talk about slippery when wet." Male, 19, large Southern state school

"I was on the bottom and we were using the pull-out method. He pulled out and was kneeling, not holding his genitals, and sperm shot over his shoulder, hit the wall and dripped down. That was a pretty difficult stain to explain." Female, 22, large Southern state school

"I once tied up this guy and he broke his brass bed trying to get to me, because I was teasing him." Female, 33, large Midwestern school

"It happened in my fiancé's truck. I got so into the sex that I accidentally broke his tachometer. I snapped it right off the floor where he had screwed it in. We still joke about it." Female, 19, Eastern state school

"My partner had his penis pierced and was unable to perform because he was so sore." Female, 20, large Western community college

"The water in my water bed shifted when I was sitting on the edge of the bed. My penis was caught between the mattress and the sideboard. My girlfriend at the time thought it was too funny. I was not amused. No. Not in the least." Male, 26, Eastern state school

loss of innocence. Our view is supported by the statistics: The earlier the students become sexually literate, the more responsible are their sexual choices.

The Monica effect made us look at another set of questions. We were surprised two years ago by the amount of flirting between students and teachers or other adults in positions of authority. More than half of the men and 40 percent of the women surveyed had flirted with someone in the hierarchy; 16 percent of the men and nine percent of the women had had sex with a person in authority. In this study the amount of flirting had dropped by ten percent for women; only seven percent of the men and four percent of the women had had sexual dealings with a teacher.

TECHNOLOGY AND SEX

We discovered several trends in sexual entertainment. New media may be replacing old media:

- X-rated videos, it seems, have become less popular. Two years ago almost all of the men and women had watched a porn video; today most men but only three quarters of the women had seen an X-rated flick. Half the males in 1996's survey said they watched frequently; now only a quarter say so. The number of female viewers has dropped from 15 percent to six percent. In our first survey two thirds of the men and women had watched an X-rated video with a lover; in this year's group barely half had.
- On the other hand, certain sexual technologies have grown. In 1996 only 20 percent of the men and 15 percent of the women had had a sexual chat with someone online; those figures are now 33 percent and 23 percent, respectively. Two years ago a third of the men and ten percent of the women had downloaded sexual images from the Internet; today 57 percent of the men and 18 percent of the women have done so.
- Almost three quarters of the women have pierced ears; 35 percent of the males sport ear studs. Some 15 percent of the women have other body parts pierced (the navel is popular); six percent of the males have a ring through something other than their ears.

TRENDS

The headlines can affect sex. Last time out we were surprised at how many students had taken an AIDS test—39 percent of the males and 35 percent of the females. This time only 26 percent of the males and 29 percent of the females report having been tested—a slight but important drop. Three quarters of the females and 60

Hot Flashes, Turn-Ons, Fantasies

"I am blindfolded. My hands and legs are tied to a bed. I have no control. A male performs oral sex and intercourse, bringing me to orgasm both times. The arousal is in the painless but forceful way he ties me up and blindfolds me." Female, 20, large Midwestern school

"I am aroused by the thought of a quickie at a place with a lot of people, like in the bathroom at a party. I would like for it to be rough, maybe with me standing against the bathroom counter. There's something about having all those people just outside the door that really turns me on. It's because of this that I always wear very short skirts to parties!" Female, 20, large Midwestern school

"I want to have a threesome with two women, one wearing a strap-on. The strap-on woman and I would have oral and anal sex with the other girl. The climax is when the women and I have orgasms at the same time." Male, 25, rural Northern state school

"I imagine myself being seduced by two other women in lingerie. They are touching each other softly, removing clothes, and notice me peeking around the corner. They encourage me to participate. I close my eyes and they remove my clothes and do all sorts of things to me, including kissing and fondling. We then move to the bathroom and take a long bath. The climax would be the women performing oral sex on me and then allowing me to do the same to them." Female, 20, rural Northern state school

"It would be me with Claudia Schiffer. We would both be horny and satisfy every need for each other on the beach of some deserted island. It would last for weeks." Male, 22, rural Northern state school

"Making love to another woman. Something about breasts amazes me. They are so beautiful and it is exciting for me to think about caressing and touching them." Female, 20, large Midwestern school

"Either my girlfriend or Courteney Cox lying naked on my bed. She wants to have sex with me badly. She's begging for it." Male, 19, large Southern state school

"I am a sex therapist and a couple comes to see me. While I'm counseling the man, his very sexy wife enters the room. I sit on the desk and tell them what to do. Then the woman comes to me and starts rubbing me. We undress, kiss, lick, rub our breasts together. Her husband, who has been having erection problems, tries to join in. We lick and suck him—taking turns—and eventually make him come all over our tits. We rub it in and then lick it off each other." Female, 22, large Southern state school

"For some reason, I always fantasize about the same sex. I don't believe I'm bisexual, but the thought arouses me sometimes. I dream about being with another woman and putting on a show for a lot of guys. She is orally pleasing me while they watch. They are so aroused by us." Female, 19, large Southern state school

"The thought of a mystery man has always been especially exciting to me. My fantasy could be fulfilled in a number of ways. One would be that I somehow cover his face—not for the purpose of hiding his identity but to prevent him from seeing me. It would arouse me to give him a lap dance but not let him touch me with his hands. I would use his body for my pleasure, rubbing against him in any way I could, making us both crazy with excitement but not letting him control or touch my body." Female, 20, rural Northern state school

"Many Greek god–like men are waiting for a chance to get near me. I'd be drinking white wine. Everyone would be happy. We'd all be sweaty. I would take each one in my mouth. They would all go down on me. I would let the best one fuck me first, maybe bring in a woman. The men would watch me go down on her, getting them all hotter for me. Climax: one man kissing me, one fucking me, one sucking each breast, men fondling men. Everyone would have an orgasm and I'd have ten." Female, 19, Eastern state school (a self-described bisexual virgin)

By the Numbers on Fringe Activities

- 33 percent of the men have shaved their pubic hair for a sexual reason; 50 percent of the women have done so.
- 52 percent of the men have gone skinny-dipping with the opposite sex; 43 percent of the women have done so.
- 18 percent of the men and 20 percent of the women have used a blindfold during sex.
- 47 percent of the men and 30 percent of the women have used a mirror to watch themselves during masturbation or sex with a partner.
- 30 percent of the men and 32 percent of the women have tied someone up or have been tied up during sex.
- 49 percent of the men and 38 percent of the women have spanked or have been spanked as part of sex.
- 77 percent of the men and 76 percent of the women have showered with a lover.
- 16 percent of the men and 21 percent of the women have used a vibrator with a lover.
- 18 percent of the men and 11 percent of the women have had a threesome.
- 57 percent of the men and 18 percent of the women have downloaded sexual images from the Internet.
- 33 percent of the men and 23 percent of the women have had a sexual chat online.
- 77 percent of the men and 61 percent of the women have "talked dirty" to someone over the phone.
- 19 percent of both the men and the women have posed in the nude or have taken nude photographs of a lover.
- 5 percent of the men and 6 percent of the women have videotaped themselves.
- About a third of the men and a quarter of the women have used marijuana to enhance sex.
- 12 percent of the men and 6 percent of the women have tried hallucinogens to enhance sex.
- 6 percent of the men and 15 percent of the women have pierced something other than their ears.

percent of the males say that if a cure for AIDS were found, nothing would change about their sex lives. These figures are almost ten percent higher than they were two years ago. This confidence may stem from a blend of conservatism and romance.

The single most dramatic change? The percentage of virgins (those who have never had intercourse) has almost doubled. In our previous survey we found that only 6.5 percent of the men and six percent of the women were virgins. Today, 15 percent of the males and females say they are virgins. Most of the women claim that they are saving intercourse for marriage; the men say that they haven't found the right person. But virginal doesn't necessarily mean innocent or asexual. Today's students touch and tongue their way to orgasm without considering it real sex.

These students are roughly divided between those who date around (47 percent of the males and 35 percent of the females) and those who are in a steady relationship (31 percent of the males and 45 percent of the females). No matter how they label themselves, the majority (54 percent of the males, 70 percent of the females) have had sex with only one person in the past school year. Fidelity is in: Only 26 percent of the males and 29 percent of the females admit to cheating on a partner. Of those who have, the motive for straying was simple: Four out of ten say they met someone they couldn't resist. The second most popular excuse is drunkenness. Two years ago campus sex resembled a soap opera. More than a third of the women took on new lovers to distance themselves from a relationship, almost as many to end a relationship. Those figures have dropped to 17 percent and 10 percent, respectively. When we asked students if they would marry the person they are now seeing, 52 percent of the men and 64 percent of the women said yes.

This suggests that romance still guides arousal, that for some, sex is still premarital.

Q: How do you know when you're in love?

"I am always happy, I love being with him all the time, and his stupid habits don't bother me. I get tingles in my stomach whenever we're together." Female, 19

"You don't! It sneaks up on you and hits you in the back of the head like a hammer." Male, 21

"You stop focusing only on yourself. You put that person first. You look at another man and think, Nope, my baby's better. You can be yourself, morning breath and all." Female, 22

"The little things he does make my heart flutter and my knees shake. I love him as a friend, intellectually and romantically." Female, 20

"You hurt when you aren't around that person. You miss his personality, not just the sex." Female, 19

"You are ready to put someone else's life before your own. You are ready to avoid being selfish. You and the other person are connected on emotional, intellectual and physical levels." Female, 20

"I know I'm in love with my boyfriend because I can't get him off my mind. He's the first thing I think of when I wake up and the last thing before bedtime. I would do anything for him, I can't live without him and all I think about is when I can see him again." Female, 19

Maybe it's love. Maybe it's great sex. When we compare singles who are dating around with those who are in steady relationships, the advantages of monogamous sex are obvious. Half of the single daters haven't had sex in the previous month. Only seven percent of the men and 11 percent of the women in steady relationships have gone without. To put it another way: More than a third of those in a steady relationship report having sex two or three times a week. The same goes for oral sex: Half of the unattached men and two thirds of the unattached women have gone without.

Couples in steady relationships, building on trust and comfort, are more likely to bathe or shower together and to have frequent oral sex. Women in steady relationships are more likely to swallow.

Guys who say they are single and dating around are often dating their computers: They are more likely to download X-rated images from the Internet or have a sexual chat online than are guys in relationships. They are far more likely to masturbate at least two or three times a week, although both are equally likely to masturbate to fantasies of famous people. Topping the charts are Pam Anderson, Julia Roberts, Carmen Electra, Drew Barrymore, Demi Moore and Jenny McCarthy. (There is no noticeable difference between single women and those in steady relationships when it comes to fantasy: Leonardo DiCaprio, Brad Pitt and Tom Cruise are the most popular faces on the pillow.)

But when the singles have sex, they are far more likely to use condoms than those in steady relationships.

THE PURSUIT OF FEMALE ORGASM

Q: What does an orgasm feel like for you?

"A tightening, a full-body cringe and then a release. It feels almost like being high. Almost." Female, 20

"It feels like a combination tickle, tingle and shiver. Then I feel very open, almost like I'm floating." Female, 21

"Like rubbing Anbesol on my genitals." Female, 20

"It feels like I want to scream and tear my nails into my boyfriend." Female, 20

"My whole body feels warm. My legs twitch uncontrollably and I feel like I can run through a wall." Female, 20

It's not on the official curriculum, but college is where many women learn to achieve orgasm through intercourse. Over and over again, women cite as their best sexual experience the night they first reached orgasm.

(continued on page 162)

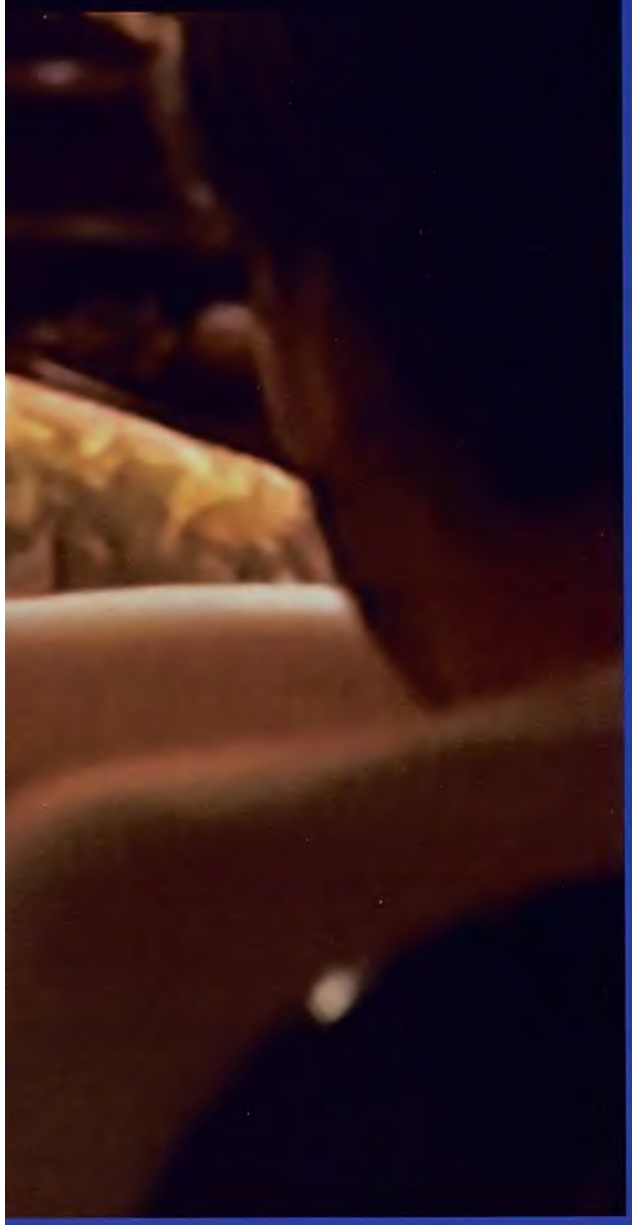
"What's the big deal, Richard? . . . This dorm is coed and so am I."

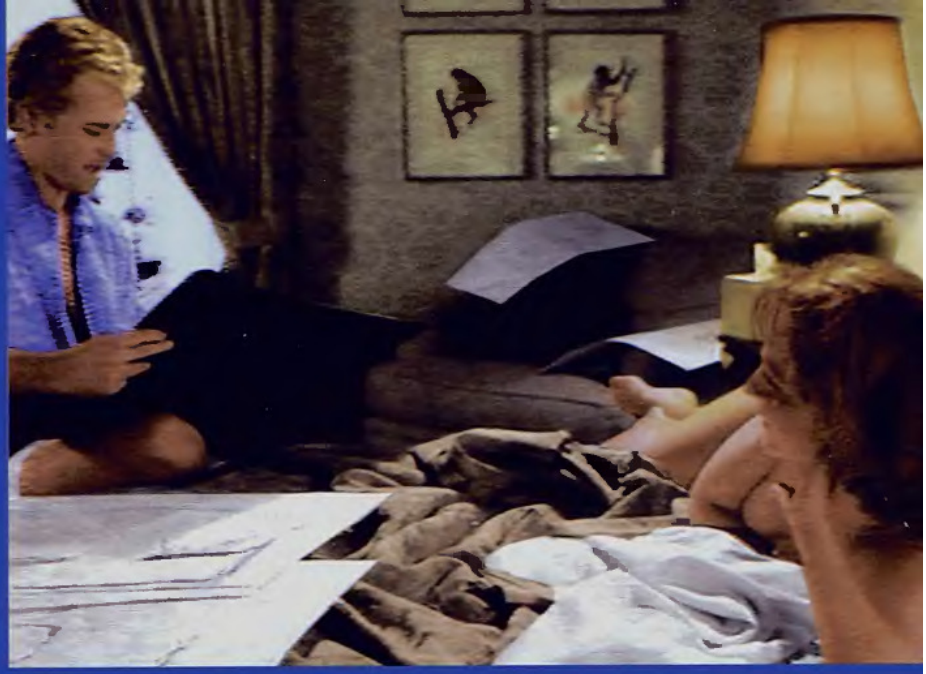
SEX IN CINEMA

for the steamiest in film today, pick up a paintbrush—or head for foreign shores

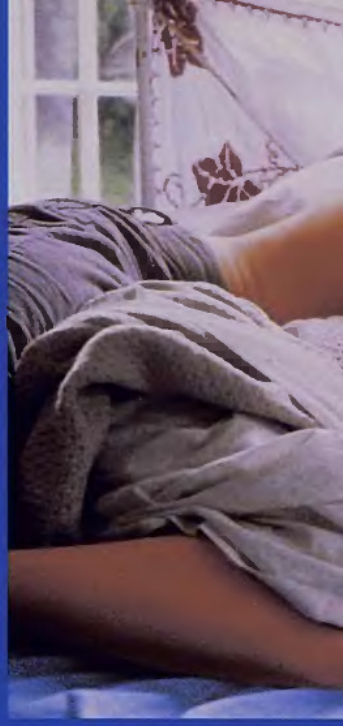
text by **BRUCE WILLIAMSON** Anyone looking for an explosion of lust on Hollywood's big screen in 1998 has almost certainly been disappointed. Thrill seekers might do better seeing New York sloshed away by a tidal wave (as in *Deep Impact*) or stomped to death by Godzilla. Oh, there's still sex and mass destruction in cinema. It's just more romantic than racy these days, even in a family-oriented hit such as *Titanic*, which features Kate Winslet posing nude for movieland's man of the year, Leonardo DiCaprio. When they share carnal knowledge in the backseat of a vintage automobile below deck, the heat is expressed rather tamely by a hot hand thrust against the car's rear window. Posing in the buff also was the way to go in the glossy remake of *Great Expectations*, with Gwyneth *(text continued on page 92)*

1998





LIVELY ARTISTS "If it's art, it's OK" is Hollywood's criterion for nudity these days, starting with the blockbuster *Titanic* (above and left), in which Leonardo DiCaprio sketches Kate Winslet. The painterly peeks continue (right, from the top) with Greg Kinnear and Helen Hunt in *As Good As It Gets*, Ethan Hawke and Gwyneth Paltrow in *Great Expectations*, and a prospective student who happens upon this nude modeling session at New York's Cooper Union art school in *Whatever*.



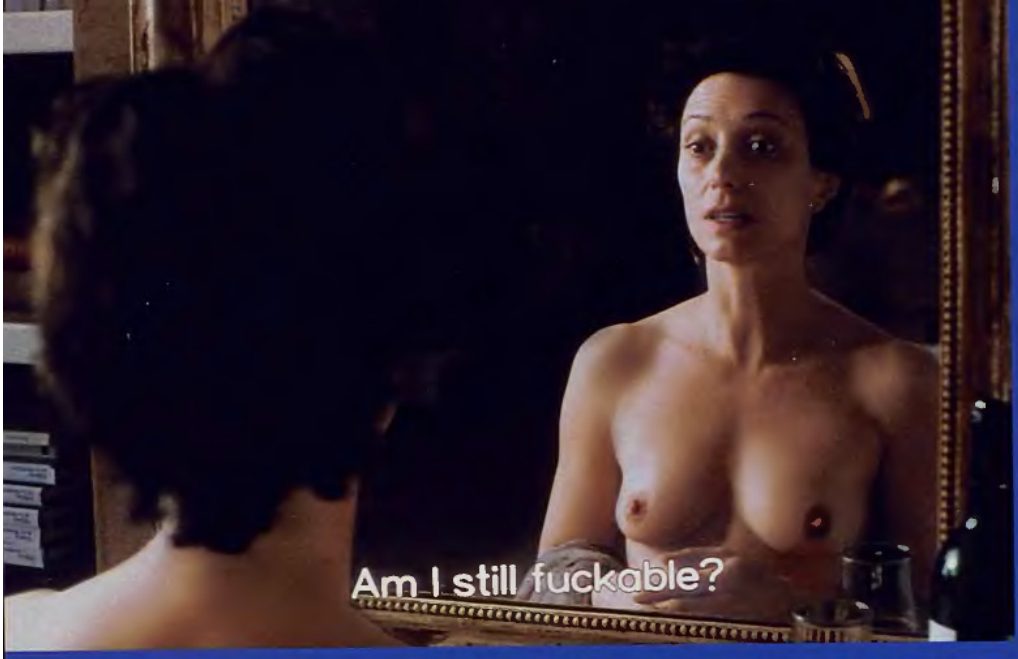
MIXING IT UP Various gender blends keep the action lively on-screen. From Playboy Films come *Embrace the Darkness* (above left, with Jennifer Ludlow as the target of vampires Kevin Spirtas and Angelia High) and *Testing the Limits* (left, with Scott Carson, Brandy Davis and Lorissa McComas enjoying an erotic weekend). *High Art* (above) stars Ally Sheedy, playing a once-promising but drugged-out photographer, and Radha Mitchell as the young magazine editor who becomes her lesbian lover. In the French-language *Dry Cleaning*, a lively transvestite played by Stanislas Merhar seduces both Charles Berling (below) and his wife (portrayed by Miou-Miou).

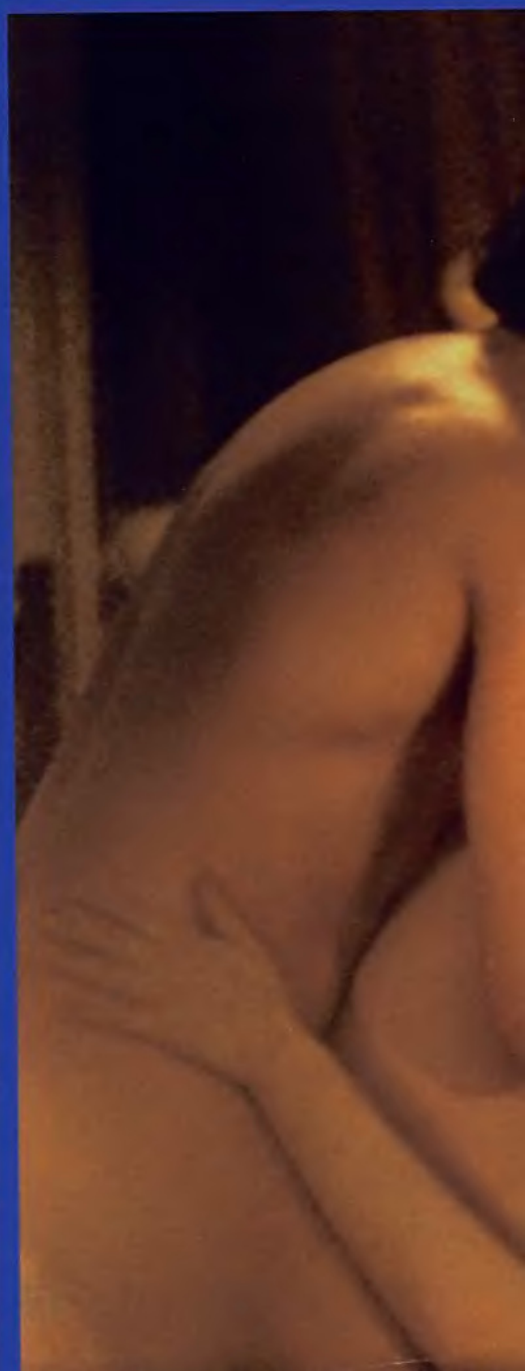
MAKING THE SCENE The musical milieu of the Seventies and Eighties inspired these retro looks (from the top): *The Last Days of Disco*, with Chris Eigeman as a lecherous club staffer and Jaid Barrymore (who showed up toting her PLAYBOY layout for an interview with director Whit Stillman) as Tiger Lady; *Velvet Goldmine*, with Jonathan Rhys-Meyers, Ewan McGregor and Eddie Izzard among the habitués of Britain's glam-rock world; and *54*, with Ryan Phillippe as a player and Salma Hayek as a married hatcheck girl at Manhattan's Studio 54.

FUN AND GAMES In *Senseless* (above left), Marlon Wayans signs up for a medical experiment that gives him enhanced senses. Things go wrong when he loses feeling during a heated moment with a schoolmate (Kenya Moore, an ex–Miss USA). Antonio Banderas' sword slashes luscious Catherine Zeta-Jones' bodice in *The Mask of Zorro* (above right). **LOCATION, LOCATION** Let's get out from under those boring old sheets: In *Welcome to Woop Woop* (below), sex-crazed hitchhiker Susie Porter kidnaps con artist Johnathon Schaech and nails him on the bare ground of the Australian outback; in *The Newton Boys* (bottom left) Julianna Margulies and Matthew McConaughey frolic in a vintage bathtub; and in *Starship Troopers* (bottom right), hot-to-trot space cadet Dina Meyer and classmate Casper Van Dien flirt in a coed shower.

READY FOR TAKEOFF

Another surefire way to insert nudity into today's American films is to set a scene in a strip club. Above, Thomas Jay Ryan, in the title role of *Henry Fool*, mingles with exotic dancers Melanie Vesey and Denise Morgan. Customers at a lesbian strip bar watch Maureen Fischer perform in *Pecker* (left), while in the thriller sequel *Species II*, an interested astronaut, Justin Lazard, ogles dancer Felicia Deel.





WORTH THE TRIP Foreign films are once again the last bastion of hot sex. Witness France's *Post Coitum,* with Brigitte Roüan asking herself an age-old question (top left), and *Artemisia* (below), a biopic in which a 17th century female painter learns about anatomy by spying on an orgy. Denmark's Lars von Trier's *The Idiots* (center left) features Knud Romer Jørgensen, Louise Hassing, Luis Mesonero and Jens Albinus romping in the altogether; Britain's *The Wings of the Dove* stars Helena Bonham-Carter in her first all-nude sex scene (with Linus Roache, bottom left); and Spain's Pedro Almodóvar teams Liberto Rabal and Francesca Neri in *Live Flesh* (right).

Paltrow stripped to be sketched and ogled by Ethan Hawke. Except for the 1997 holdover *Boogie Nights*—Paul Thomas Anderson's ode to the pornochic era of yesteryear—the late Nineties have looked restrained, with more voyeurism than flagrant exhibitionism.

In general, the subdued tone of recent mainstream releases is exemplified by Robert Redford's prudent screen version of *The Horse Whisperer*. While Nicholas Evans' novel was blatantly sexual, Redford omits any philandering between his character and that of co-star Kristin Scott Thomas, who play out their unconsummated love with hungry looks and sunlit Western scenery. Hollywood's cautious attitude toward dangerous subjects is evident in the fate of Adrian Lyne's remake of *Lolita*, finally out after a couple of years on the shelf. Major U.S. distributors were scared off by its encounters between a youngish dirty old man (Jeremy Irons) and a ripe-and-ready teenybopper (15-year-old Dominique Swain, rumored to have had a body double for the risqué scenes). When released in England, the film left most critics cold and untitillated.

Even so, the folks who make movies don't let you forget that, one way or another, "It's all about sex." So says Ben Stiller in *Your Friends and Neighbors*, a dark but not terribly explicit comedy about couples coupling, cooing and playing musical beds. It's from director Neil LaBute, whose previous work was the controversial *In the Company of Men*. As usual, there is plenty of conventional grappling by twosomes: Charlize Theron and Johnny Depp in *The Astronaut's Wife*; Patricia Arquette and Billy Crudup doing it in the grass under headlights in *The Hi-Lo Country*; Deborah Kara Unger vis-à-vis Mel Gibson in *Payback*; and Jennifer Lopez with George Clooney in *Out of Sight*. But let's face it, a flash of nudity or a quick shot of couples in bed or out in the barn is no longer news. There's at least a little fun mixed with the tomfoolery in *The Mask of Zorro*, when Antonio Banderas engages luscious leading lady Catherine Zeta-Jones in a fencing match and uses the tip of his foil to cut off her blouse. Sprightly satire also takes the sting out of sex in *Basketball*, starring those *South Park* wags Trey Parker and Matt Stone in various stages of nudity accompanied by *Baywatch*'s Yasmine Bleeth, Jenny McCarthy and 1997 Playmate of the Year Victoria Silvstedt.

More action, still decidedly discreet, is provided by a threesome in *Wild Things*, with Matt Dillon as a horny high school guidance counselor abed with students Denise Richards and Neve Campbell. Yet the movie's most striking bit is a peekaboo shower shot of Kevin Bacon. *The Blood Oranges* features Sheryl Lee and Charles Dance as a pair going to hell with themselves in the tropics by seducing another married couple (Laila Robins, and Colin Lane as a one-armed photographer who likes to shoot natives in the buff). *The Last Days of Disco* depicts soft-edged decadence with just one caught-in-the-act moment between Jaid Barrymore and Chris Eigeman. Virtually the only 1998 film to alert our moral guardians was *Two Girls and a Guy*, which alarmed the MPAA's ratings board with a steamy episode of cunnilingus between a deceitful Robert Downey Jr. and Heather Graham.

Gay sex and straight-and-gay sex come across as timely subjects in *The Opposite of Sex* (Christina Ricci gets naked and seduces Martin Donovan's male lover). In *The Velocity of Gary*, Vincent D'Onofrio abandons sultry Salma Hayek (hard as it is to believe) for Thomas Jane, though Jane subsequently catches D'Onofrio flagrante delicto with Olivia d'Abo, playing a porn queen. Homosexuals come out in droves, too, in the holdover hit *In and Out* (Kevin Kline kissing Tom Selleck is probably the highlight). Iconoclast John Waters' latest is *Pecker*, though the suggestive title is simply the name given the hero (Edward Furlong), a Baltimore photographer who gains fame for his raunchy pictures of strippers, misfits and lesbians in a low joint called the Pelt Room. *Love and Death on Long Island* takes a sympathetic view of John Hurt as a British novelist obsessed with an American B-movie hunk played by Jason Priestley. *I Think I Do* depicts Alexis Arquette and Christian Maelen as closeted, slow-burning college roommates who don't acknowledge their latent lust until five years after graduation. Lesbians have their day again in *High Art*, with Ally Sheedy as a gay photographer who lures magazine editor Radha Mitchell into her stoned, sexed-up circle of friends.

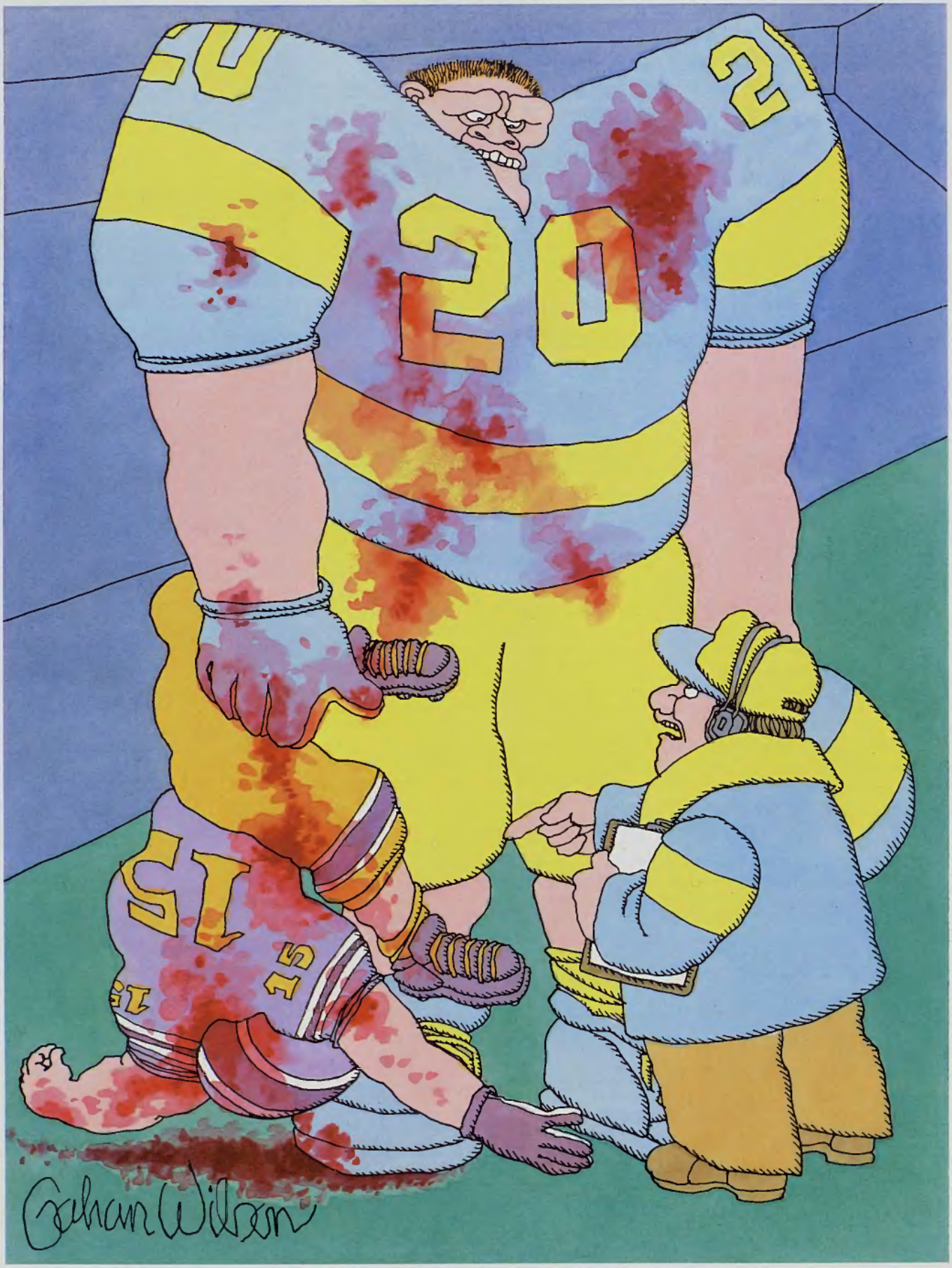
Leave it to the English, though, to handle coming-out films with flourish. The new *Velvet Goldmine* is American director Todd Haynes' tribute to Seventies glam rock, starring Christian Bale as a journalist who masturbates to photos of a Bowie-like rock star, while Jonathan Rhys-Meyers and Ewan McGregor portray flamboyant pop icons who dig each other offstage and on. Another erotic blast from Blighty is *Wilde*, starring Stephen Fry as the playwright imprisoned for frolicking with his titled young lover (Jude Law) and a few so-called rent boys. *Love Is the Devil* is a highly impressionistic, unflattering portrait of the artist Francis Bacon (Derek Jacobi), who falls in love with his favorite male model (Daniel Craig), formerly an alcoholic burglar.

Heterosexuals have their day in *The Wings of the Dove*, with Helena Bonham-Carter's attention-getting nude scene opposite Linus Roache. In *I Want You*, Rachel Weisz catapults three men into a sexual frenzy in a seaside English town. Oscar nominee Minnie Driver (of *Good Will Hunting*) bares more than her soul in another lusty period piece, *The Governess*, portraying a young woman hired to be a child's tutor, but who winds up taking nude photos of her lord and master, Tom Wilkinson. That same Wilkinson is one of the working-class males who take it all off in *The Full Monty*, the stripteasing hit made in Britain. There's more male nudity and mooning in *Waking Ned*, a British comedy that made a splash at this year's Cannes Festival, about collecting a dead lottery winner's award.

Australia's raciest contribution to sexy cinema this year might be *Welcome to Woop Woop*, from the people who brought you *The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert*. This one deals with the misadventures of an American con man (Johnathon Schaech) who is drugged, raped, kidnapped, shanghaied into marriage and lugged off to an outback shantytown by an oversexed bimbette (Susie Porter). The waning wickedness in most mainstream American films can be explained in any number of ways. Four-letter words and taboo subjects no longer shake up people the way a movie's graphic images do. But times change, the pendulum swings, and bluestocking guardians of public morality have an impact on our nervous movie industry. Furthermore, ambivalent attitudes toward sex are as American as apple pie. Overprotective agents and high-powered publicists add to the chaos by insisting on no-nudity clauses in the contracts of major stars and even minor actors. Performers themselves tend to consider "serious" roles that aren't "sexy" (while Sharon Stone, for one, graduates from *Basic Instinct* to sterner stuff, let's remember that Marilyn Monroe, young Marlon Brando and many previous sex symbols made serious cinematic subjects irresistibly sexy).

It's not surprising, then, that the hottest waves of carnal knowledge originate on foreign shores. From Italy, *Artemisia* is a dark, sizzling biographical drama about Artemisia Gentileschi (Valentina Cervi), the pioneering Italian artist who liked to paint male nudes and invited trouble by claiming the kind of sexual freedom usually reserved for men. Still to come, among a host of erotic Italian epics that may or

(concluded on page 148)



"You have to give him back to his team once you're through playing with him!"

PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST WINNER

a little advance

by Karl Iagnemma

my girlfriend was rich. i'd never before been in a house where even the air smelled rich

I once dated a girl who took me home for Christmas. This was when my hair was in long dreadlocks and I was working nights at 7-Eleven. The job wasn't as bad as you might think. I read magazines all night, and everything was free. The surveillance cameras didn't work. My boss was too cheap to fix them.

I'd been living like that, in a holding pattern, for about two years. During the day I worked on my sculpture, which I'd long ago begun to hate. It was a collection of rusty car parts piled together in the shape of a cow. Once I'd had a concept of what it meant, but now it was just a shitheap in the corner, a monument to failure. My apartment was a small, rancid studio behind Herefordshire Preparatory School, and some days I'd stand at the window and watch them, the boys and girls with so much love around them, and it would sicken me to tears. Self-pity, I'd found, was like whiskey: You need more and more and then eventually it does nothing for you. I tried to stay optimistic. I'd wave down at the little people, and once one of them waved back.

And then I met Carol. She was tall and pale, swan-like, with a cloud of fine white hair. She smelled like lemon and soap and baby powder. It was what I imagined angels must smell like.

Carol had a white-knuckle appetite for sex. She loved to touch my dick. She was like a little girl with a pet hamster. I remember reading about people who fasted for weeks, then had shimmering, wondrous visions. Sex with Carol was like that. It was like burrowing into the part of my brain that holds smells and colors. It was like jumping off a waterfall.

She asked me home for Christmas after we'd been dating for a month. "Question," she said. She placed a single finger on my chest. "What are you doing tomorrow?"

It was Christmas Eve and we were holed up in my dingy room, under the covers, naked. Carol's skin was smooth and slightly moist.

"Working."

"Call in sick. I told my mom I was bringing you home for Christmas. Switch with someone."

The year before, I had worked a double shift on Christmas day. I'd sat behind the counter with a stupid Santa hat on my head and read *Four Wheeler Magazine* and once in a while sold a gallon of milk. At about midnight a young Chaldean kid walked up to the counter and said "Hey, Santa," and stuck a small pistol out through the fly of his baggy jeans. I couldn't move, and then I realized that the gun was plastic, a toy, and suddenly this joke was terrifically funny, until I saw that his friend had the real gun pointed at my head.

I asked her, "Are you serious? Because I'll come if you're serious."

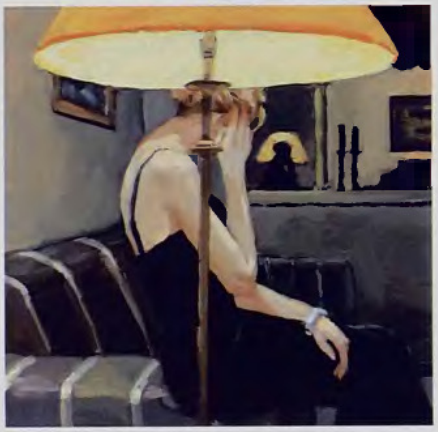
She seemed to think about it for a second. "Yeah, I'm serious. But don't get your hopes up. You haven't met my family."

"Don't talk to me about families. I could tell you a few stories about families, believe me." Carol shook her head. "We're not dysfunctional or anything. That's the funny part: We're completely normal."

I climbed out of bed and pulled on a newish pair of jeans. "Let's go to the store. I'll talk to Rahman."

Rahman hated giving time off. When I came into the store he had

ILLUSTRATION BY DIEN-JEN RU



The runners-up: Students from Marshall Arisman's class at New York City's School of Visual Arts' MFA illustration program competed to illustrate Korl Iagnemmo's winning story. From top left, running clockwise, the works of student artists on this page ore from Larry Hampton, Hema Agnihotri, Joel Priddy, Yuka Sekiyo, Ned Gonnon ond Gregory Sand. The winner, whose illustrotion is on poge 94, is Dien-Jen Ru.

the Slurpee machine pulled apart and was working on it with a Crescent wrench. After I told him my story he pulled a rag from his back pocket and wiped his hands carefully, and said, "No."

"My mom's cooking this goose," I explained. "I'll bring you some pumpkin pie. I promise."

He shook his head. "No. OK? The answer to your question is no."

"Don't be such a fucking Grinch. Come on."

He crossed his arms over his chest and shook his head. "Rahman," I said, "it's Christmas." But Rahman was Muslim. He didn't care. He turned back to the Slurpee machine and gave it a long, stingy stare.

"All right, Rahman. You win. Merry Christmas." I put my name tag on the counter and kicked the door open and walked out into the frozen parking lot like a champion.

•

Carol picked me up at seven, and after we cleared the city limits she explained what she wanted me to do. "Just be yourself," she said. She was wearing a tight black T-shirt that said BITE ME. "These people are so uptight, it's like they're about to explode. You should hear the way my grandpa tells my mom he loves her. *I love you!* Like he's barking at her." Her lips curled into a tight grin. "And then there's my brother—I can't wait for him to see your hair. God! He's going to have a conniption."

"I don't know," I said. "I have this tendency to piss people off when I'm being myself. I can't help it."

"So what if you do? Don't worry about it. It'd be good for them."

I shook my head. "I just have bad luck with Christmas."

She glanced over at me. "Jesus Christ, Joel. Relax. Please?"

Carol talked tough even though she clearly wasn't. She had a certain frailness. With her leather Harley jacket and flannel shirt and lacy fuck-me-now lingerie, she wore a gold charm bracelet: little hearts and seahorses. She worried about lactose and saturated fat, and at night she ground her teeth; it sounded like she was chewing marbles.

But I didn't mind that. Carol had the kind of beauty that wasn't just in her face, but in her hands and shoulders and neck, her voice. She was just 19. I was 24 with no job, no car and a mouthful of smoky yellow teeth. It was hard to see why she was attracted to me at all. But she honestly believed I was an artist, and in artists a degree of ugliness can be considered sexy.

I'd known Carol only a month but already I'd begun to think about her at unexpected times. Staring at the toaster in the morning, or copping a smoke in the back room at work, I'd find myself thinking about her laugh or her graceful fingers or her shiny red fingernails. It was embarrassing how much I thought about her. I hadn't had a girlfriend in over a year and knew I was very lucky. Every time the phone rang I felt a tiny wrinkle of fear; I expected it to be Carol telling me how sorry she was, that things just weren't working out. *You're really a great guy, Joel.* I'd heard this several times before and it was basically the same every time. *I'm still going to call you, OK?* Some mornings she'd show up at my apartment at nine and hurry to class three hours later, and that evening, standing at the refrigerator in my underwear, I couldn't be sure if she'd really been there, or if I'd dreamed her.

•

Carol's house was enormous. It looked like a gigantic gingerbread house, with a layer of snow spread like frosting over the roof and shutters and chimney. There was a man standing on

(continued on page 167)

"Ideas are what excite me, Professor. Just the thought of sleeping with Brad Pitt drives me crazy."

PLAYING THE ODDS AT ONLINE CASINOS

by mark hudis

it's the biggest thing to hit the web since sex—and the most controversial

For some reason, you have $200 to burn. You found it in an old coat. Your fool brother-in-law paid you back for bailing him out of jail. It makes no difference—a windfall is a windfall. Now, in the privacy of your own home, at 1:15 in the morning, you check to make sure the wife and kids are asleep, hop onto the Internet and blow the 200 bucks on electronic blackjack. Congratulations. You have become a criminal.

Thanks to the ever-paternal U.S. government (motto: Have Fun—We Dare You), online gambling—a.k.a. nambling—is about to become illegal. Not illegal as in blowing up the Chrysler Building, but just illegal enough, the government hopes, to quash a burgeoning industry that will generate hundreds of millions of dollars in revenues by the end of this year. The man behind the buzz kill is Senator Jon Kyl (R–Ariz.). Kyl sponsored an amendment to outlaw gambling on the Internet, ostensibly to protect children from unregulated gaming. Unfortunately, the government doesn't discriminate, so neither children nor consenting adults will have access to Web casinos.

Or will they? The government has had a difficult time accepting the nature of the World Wide Web and expends copious amounts of energy trying to regulate something that can't be regulated. Of course, the feds mean well—sort of. Kids need protection from handguns more than they do from Internet gambling, but Kyl is strangely quiet on that subject. State legislatures have also targeted cybercasinos. Cynics will tell you that the government's real agenda has more to do with generating tax dollars. Every dollar

RESEARCH BY MARK STUART GILL

gambled on the Web is potentially one less dollar that will be played on Powerball. And wait until the big names of American gambling—Harrah's, Caesars Palace, Hilton—decide to get into Internet gambling. They pay taxes and

sportfanatik.com

contribute to campaigns. If nambling is illegal now, don't expect it to stay that way for long.

So who are today's big winners when it comes to Internet gambling? Probably people like Warren Eugene. "It's a $10 billion–a-year cash cow just waiting for the guy with the milk bucket and warm hands," says Eugene, the 37-year-old founder of Internet Casinos Inc. and paterfamilias of a small but growing group of young gambling moguls. With a $5200 investment in August 1995, Eugene launched Internet Casinos (casino.org). He claimed his online gambling business took in more than $40 million in 1997. Eugene is just one of many young businessmen hoping, through nambling, to wrangle a percentage of the world's disposable income into his own bank account. Judging from the response so far, the world is receptive. Nor is he particularly worried about the Kyl bill or other legislation. "Casinos owned and operated offshore are untouchable," he says, adding that even if the bill passes, "you will be able to play comfortably at foreign-owned casino sites."

•

Sure, sure. You're not a gambler. You drink milk. You go to the gym. You loved *The Horse Whisperer*. But when you finally decide to get in touch with your inner degenerate and give nambling a try, here's what to expect. First, you'll have to choose a casino. To help yourself wade through the slotsam and betsam of online casinos, find one of several casino clearinghouse Web pages, such as wheretobet.com, and choose from one of several dozen electronic dens of sin with names like Royal Flush, Super Craps and USA Jackpot.

Most casinos offer some or all of the games available in a real casino, including blackjack, craps, poker, roulette, keno, sports wagering and slots, so the difference between each site is slight and, ultimately, cosmetic. Graphics, sound and the casino's "theme" (Hollywood, jungle, medieval) are the only real hooks. Once you've

gamblersanonymous.org

settled on a casino, you'll most likely have to download software from the site. If you're living in the stone age and own a modem slower than 28.8, the download process will take approximately eight months, so you might want to order pizza and rent the director's cut of *Gandhi* while you wait. Those with a 28.8 modem will find download times in the much more manageable 15- to 30-minute range. Lucky sons of guns with 56K modems will be up and losing, er, winning money in less than ten minutes. Once the

blackjack.com

software transfer is complete, 99 percent of the casino's information, including graphics and sound, is stored on your computer's hard drive. Layouts are generally two-dimensional representations of standard gaming tables, and other graphics generally include the spin of the roulette wheel, the flip of the cards, the tumble of the dice and stacks of chips just waiting to be bet. The only data that need to be sent over the Net are the actual gambling data, that is, specific cards drawn, dice numbers rolled and money won or lost. This information, about two bytes' worth,

Your Guide to CYBERCASINOS

the winners and losers, and everything else you need to know

If you're lucky, a cybercasino might bankroll little Brittany's college education. If you're unlucky, it'll cost you six figures in credit card debt and land you in the slammer and your wife will leave you for a personal trainer named Nick. We can't keep you from losing or being cheated (or getting a visit from the SWAT team), but we can keep you from being bored. For your gambling pleasure, here is a list of our favorite cybercasinos, and of sites to avoid.

Best Casino Clearinghouse Sites

wheretobet.com

Excellent clearinghouse site that offers hot links to the top 100 user-ranked sites for all betting categories, including sports book, poker, gambling news and information, and horse and sports handicapping. The directory includes brief descriptions of the casino or site with pertinent information such as free-play availability, download times, country of origin and how money transactions work.

gambling-links.com

A terrific listings site which offers reviews of cybercasinos and nambling-related sites, such as news wires, handicapping tipsters and, yes, even *Rolling Good Times Online*.

Best Practice Sites

Internet Casino (casino.org)

Warren Eugene's brainchild and the original cybercasino offers an easily accessed practice mode for all its games. It also boasts the coolest welcome sequence of any online casino: a first-person, *Doom*-like walk through the halls of a virtual casino.

Omni Casino (omnicasino.com)

A terrific practice site. Easy download, interface and playability. Full range of practice games includes craps, baccarat, blackjack, slots and others.

Sites to Avoid

gambling-web.com/playhere.htm

Ostensibly a casino clearinghouse site, this beauty of a marketing tool lists nearly a dozen casinos, which, upon closer inspection, are all run by the same company. The themes are different, but the gaming's the same. Not a horrible site, but if you're looking for casino variety—and when you're perusing a clearinghouse Web page, you are—this isn't for you.

Safari Casino (safari-casino.com)

A site we'd normally recommend. The graphics are sweet, the music is sufficiently jungle-like, the interface is easy and it offers a swell practice mode. Safari Casino says a percentage of all profits helps fight wildlife extinction, and even offers a contest to win a free safari—basically ploys to make you feel better while acting like a pathetic loner in your living room. The problem? Because Safari has been spooked by recent Justice Department developments, American namblers are allowed to gamble only in practice mode.

Our Favorites

First Live Casino (firstlive.com)

Cool video streaming. Nearest thing to actual casino gambling on the Web.

The Gaming Club (gamingclub.com)

Nice graphics, good sound, solid gameplay.

Omni Casino (omnicasino.com)

An all-around great gambling site.

Internet Casino (casino.org)

Good variety, practice mode and good gaming.

"No kidding? . . . That's <u>our</u> song they're playing, too!"

takes less than 0.0007 of a second to transfer. Most cybercasinos, sad to say, are terribly cheesy. The graphics, often touted as "gorgeous" and "state-of-the-art," are actually basic and something a third grader could paint.

The only casino to actually make improvements on the traditional online casino design (if one year in existence a tradition makes) is First Live Casino (www.firstlive.com). This little beauty does its darndest to overcome notoriously slow Web video transfer and bring live dealers and gaming to your screen. Instead of two-dimensional representations (or unsatisfying, cartoonlike three-dimensional images) of rolling dice or spinning roulette wheels, First Live Casino uses actual dealers, dice, cards and wheels, and sends a video stream from its home base right to your computer. Unfortunately, First Live Casino is the exception. Most other cybercasinos, even decent ones such as Omni Casino (www.omnicasino.com), rely on lousy graphics, perhaps because obsessive gamblers are notoriously unconcerned with aesthetics.

If you ignore the interfaces, nambling is fairly satisfying. For the faint of heart or uninitiated, several sites offer "practice areas" that allow potential cardsharps and dice fixers to use fake cash to bone up on the games of their choice. Once comfortable with the rules and the interface, users can trade the fake cash for real money, which is when the fun begins. It's certainly when the palms start to sweat and Daddy locks the door to the study.

Typically, a nambler opens a real-cash account with a cybercasino by typing in basic background information and transmitting the form along with a deposit. You can do this with a major credit card or by wiring money via Western Union. In return, you get a personal ID number and a password that gives you access to your account and the ability to place bets 24 hours a day. Some sites promise to send couriers to deliver big payoffs, but in most cases, your winnings are sent to you or credited to your casino account or your credit card within 48 hours. Losses are deducted from your balance, and when you run out of money, you're free to charge additional "credits"—naturally—to your casino account.

Of all the games available online, only blackjack and sports wagering retain some of the feel of a real-life gambling experience. While the other games offer correct payouts and the same bets as actual casinos, nambling is a solitary experience. You sit in your robe (or, fine, naked), click on electronic "chips," wait for a decision to be reached and either win or lose money. There is no cheering or high-fiving when you roll an 11 at the craps table. No hugging of beautiful, elegant women sipping cosmopolitans, no slipping into your best James Bond impersonation when the roulette wheel stops on black 17. But blackjack, which is won or lost individually and usually in silence even in real casinos, feels complete. Sports wagering mimics a call to an actual bookie, though the tough-guy accent is absent and you don't have to cup the receiver so your idiot boss won't overhear. Also, sports nuts are allowed more varied wagers online than they are with most self-respecting bookies.

"My local guy offers straight meat-and-potatoes betting," says Steve, a New York metropolitan–area real estate agent in his 30s. "All I can bet on are games and total points. One hundred dollar minimum. That's if I can get the guy on the phone. The online books are open 24 hours and give lots of different propositions. Online bookies are also big on nontraditional events: Nascar racing and golf, for example.

There are, however, deeper and potentially profitable differences between actual casinos and cybercasinos. In space, no one can hear you scream; in cyberspace, no one can hear you not declare taxable income. At the Rio in Vegas, if you hit a $2000 jackpot on Double Down Slots, you'll be the proud owner of a crisp new W-4 federal income tax form as well. When nambling, it's up to you to report all winnings to the IRS. But you being the patriot you are, that's probably not even worth mentioning.

For card counters, nambling is as close as it gets to free money. With no pit boss to make you sweat and louse up the delicate electronics of the card counting microcomputer you have on your desk, you're free to use whatever unbeatable system you brag about to the boys on the unemployment line. Several cybercasinos, if they're not lying, even tout one-deck shoes that up your winning odds even further.

If they're not lying. But what if, horror of horrors, they are? Online gambling is presently unregulated by the federal government, so what's to stop the unscrupulous from rooking would-be rookers? Consider this: Last year, a San Antonio man named Tom Thompson started playing keno on a site called Funscape's Casino Royale. After he spent four months racking up losses, Thompson's ship came in—a one-day payoff of $193,728.40 on June 9, 1997. Thompson claims he received confirmation of his win, but the company denies it. Funscape even accused him of hacking its system. Thompson sued for triple damages, but, according to his lawyer, Charles Kaufmann, when the site moved offshore and the prospect of collecting his winnings became more problematic, Thompson settled for a fraction of his original claim. And the incident is not unusual. Take the Bobby-Ewing-in-the-shower-it-was-all-a-dream cautionary tale of the Cannons, a couple from Ohio. Sampling several online casinos, the husband-and-wife recreational gamblers stumbled upon a site they really liked called Fallon's, operating out of Panama. After two weeks of playing poker, slots and roulette at the casino's free practice area, the Cannons did well enough to think they'd be able to pay off $3000 in credit card debt using nothing but their computer and Lady Luck. If memory serves, that's how Cornelius Vanderbilt did it.

"We didn't know if it was legal in Ohio," the Cannons admitted. But they signed up to play with their Visa card, bet $25 on poker and lost. Two days later, they bet $50 and won. It took five days for the charges to show up on their credit card account, for a net gain of $25.

The Cannons started nambling a couple of hours a night at the Fallon's site, once even hitting a $2000 slots jackpot. After six weeks, they were up $400. But when they checked the balance on their Visa, which had a credit limit of $6000, the operator told them they owed more than $13,000. Visa had extended their credit limit as a courtesy without telling them. According to the Cannons' records, Fallon's had charged a single $50 loss to their account 71 times in a row. Not only that, but their winnings had been uncredited. Once, they won $250 and were credited $86. Another time, they won $500 and were credited $8.86. There was no telephone number or street address for Fallon's on its Web page, only this ominous sounding e-mail address: pitboss@fcasino.com. The Cannons' complaints brought a reply by e-mail promising that the situation would be resolved and explaining the monetary discrepancies in vague terms. Apparently, Fallon's' software program had been too sophisticated for its bank's computer system. "We don't want to give a definite date, but the bank's attorneys and ours will be meeting very shortly," said the e-mail.

The couple never heard from Fallon's again. All they had was meager proof—copies of the software files of the games they'd played. After another month, the Fallon's Web address no longer worked. Fortunately, Visa agreed to erase all of the Fallon's-related items—wins and losses—from the couple's credit card.

(concluded on page 150)

SEX AND MAN AT YALE

article By
Mark Oppenheimer

I'll never forget the night in mid-September 1992, during my freshman year at Yale, when my roommate and I found ourselves talking with two girls, one an Andover graduate and one from the deepest South, in a wainscoted dorm room. The question on the table was: "What is the kinkiest thing you have ever done?" Three of us gave our lame answers, and then it was Miss Andover's turn.

"I go down on myself," she said.

So Yalies were not just the bright company I had been seeking: They were also strange, alien people with special gymnastic gifts. They could do multivariable calculus and translate Cicero, but they could also give themselves oral sex. Not only that, I discovered. My sophomore year, a classmate became notorious for screaming her own name while masturbating alone in her room. My junior year, I learned about the female a cappella singing group whose members were known to pleasure their boyfriends with Astroglide lubricant. These were high times.

Swimming against this tide of sexual adventure is a frail, grasping cautionary note. Yalies have very little sex. They'll tell you so. "I'm not experiencing any indecency," said Jeff Kaplow, the roommate of Elisha Dov Hack, one of four orthodox Jews who

when it comes to bonking, consider the unique charms of the boola-boola position

sued Yale for the right to live off campus before junior year. (A federal judge dismissed the suit last summer.) Hack had claimed in *The New York Times* that the sexually charged dorm atmosphere interfered with his religious life. Kaplow disagreed: "It's not as much fun as Elisha makes it seem." A T-shirt from a few years back joked about the Yale Coed Naked Involuntary Abstinence Team. Yale is a culture in which sex toys, dirty talk, homosexuality and oral sex raise no eyebrows, but intercourse is a big, big deal. People will talk about sex all day; hundreds of students, male and female, attend the annual orgasm talk, a lecture by a professional sex educator, sponsored by the Yale Women's Center for the heightened pleasure of students everywhere. There are homosexuals and socialists and even one self-proclaimed campus dominatrix, but monogamy is the steady rule.

I asked some current Yale students to help me figure out the state of affairs. What they told me confirmed what I had observed: Relations between the sexes at Yale are at once conservative and liberal.

To understand how that can be, one must first accept that men and women can be just friends. "I think the women's movement has a lot to do with it," Blanca Fromm, a star of the 1997 women's soccer team, told me. "Women have become more comfortable with their bodies. And men are holding their tongues. We can say 'vagina' now, which we wouldn't have said in the Fifties. We've just grown up more comfortable with the opposite sex."

Coeducation, that ally of feminism, has also wrought change. When Yale first admitted women, in 1969, they were sequestered in their own residence hall. Soon they moved into men's buildings but had their own floors and bathrooms; that is still the situation for freshmen, who live on the Old Campus. Sophomore year things change. There are no coed rooms or suites, but the floors—and thus the bathrooms—are often coed. My senior year, the first person to see my matted hair and facial stubble every morning was the girl who lived across the hall.

Geography has changed the culture. A suite of four boys might become friendly with the four girls who live off the same stairwell, perhaps on the same floor; you all might study together and take your meals together in the dining hall. Friendships take root, and you become family. Except that you are not, of course, family, and maybe after a while one of the boys and one of the girls make a point of sitting next to each other during those study sessions. The other six shoot knowing looks at one another. In the privacy of their respective suites, the boys and girls each tease their own. Late one Wednesday night, you all head out to Yorkside Pizza for slices and pitchers of beer. And later, when all the others have retired to bed, the boy and girl, helped along by the beer, finally kiss. A relationship has begun.

So the fact of friendship has inevitably changed what comes next. It has not obviated dating, but has drawn some alternate routes on the map, without erasing the old ones. Men and women still party on weekends, mostly in the living rooms of their suites. Residents of a suite decide to throw a party, and they find a 21-year-old senior to buy a keg at Quality Wine. They mix a vodka and Kool-Aid punch, crank a mixed tape with some Eighties retro tunes and wait for the Saturday night crowd to funnel in. Alcohol does its work, and the dancing leads to making out. Maybe they find a bedroom, maybe just a dark corner.

Connor Martin, a junior from Middlebury, Vermont, says that these days few Yale relationships start with the traditional date. There is a new model, one she describes as "friendship and mutual interest leading to random hookup with drunkenness, developing into a relationship over time. That's a fairly common pattern. Twice for me the hookup led to a relationship, twice it didn't. But always there was a friendship beforehand." The hookup is the common currency of Yale bedrooms. As for what the hookup is, well, parents just don't understand. In a recent letter to the *Yale Alumni Magazine*, Richard Olsen, class of 1971, got it all wrong with this line: "The content and reader response bear ample testimony that casual sex ('hooking up') is fine with just about everybody." Hooking up, yes—but casual sex, no. "Hooking up is anything from touching to sex," says Jennie Han, a junior from southern California. "It's like California-speak; we use the term all the time and assume that people will know what we mean." Rafael Pardo, who graduated in May, was on the unlucky end of that spectrum. "Most random hookups I have are just kissing, touching of breasts," he told me. "But clothes do not come off."

Nobody I talked with could agree about dating. "I was never asked on a date, not in four years," one female recent graduate told me. Her male friend differed. "All three relationships I had started with a date," he said. Friendships can lead to more, parties can lead to hookups, but dating hasn't disappeared. Dances provide perfect opportunities to get to know someone. For the traditional Screw-Your-Roommate dance, roommates set each other up on blind dates. In theory, you don't know who your date is, and your roommate devises an idiotic scheme to bring the two of you together before the dance. If there is no dance any time soon, the "coffee date" is another easy first step.

The final wisdom on dating comes from a classmate: "Of course there's dating at Yale," she told me, "because whenever I'm lonely, it's because all my friends have been asked on dates."

•

Even the lonely get some eye candy. Yalies have an unusual need to be nude, which I think is a vestigial WASP eccentricity—Princeton has the same tradition. "It's not like this at other schools," says Martin. "Yalies get naked for the most random reasons. *Satan's Playhouse*, put on by the Dramat Children's Theater to raise money, was just all naked people—naked people being carried on spits, naked people standing behind glass. A few years ago they had a naked macarena on the Old Campus. And then there are the Finals Fairies. During finals, the Pundits"—Yale's senior society of pranksters—"go naked through Cross Campus Library and give out candy."

"Nudity comes easily to people at Yale. Students like to be free," says Pardo, a star at the hip sport of ultimate Frisbee. "No inhibitions. It's a way of casting off what little order there is at Yale. The police won't bust you, though they might tell you to go inside—you know, 'You might catch a cold.'

"In the ultimate Frisbee community," Pardo says, "there is a tradition called the Land Shark." (For etymology, see Chevy Chase's classic *Saturday Night Live* skit.) "A person is carried around naked with a Frisbee stuck in his ass—to make him look like a land shark. This happened at Frisbee Nationals two years ago. People wanted a Land Shark, so one of the guys said he'd do it. He drops his pants right there, and four guys pick him up and parade him around with a Frisbee in his ass. The next year, I said if people wanted a Land Shark, I would do it. Then again this fall, at a coed party, people demanded a Land Shark, so I said OK."

Hardy souls, Yale students today. Yet I have been witness to courage of a rarer and truer sort. Future Freshmen Days is a rite of spring, the week when the high school seniors who have been accepted for the following year's freshman class come to visit, to hear Yale's sales pitch, to be talked out of ruining

(continued on page 160)

"I don't understand it either, dear, but they claim it's workmen's compensation."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

miss november is a college girl who has her eye on the bad guys. she's also an arresting beauty

TAYLOR MADE

DESPITE WHAT you see in these photos, Tiffany Taylor does not spend most of her time languishing amid beach dunes. In real life, the 21-year-old from Maryland is too busy studying criminal justice, moonlighting at Hooters and looking after her leopard gecko and seven ferrets to sit still for long. We met Tiffany at Okno, an achingly hip Wicker Park restaurant, in Chicago,

Tiffany shmoozes the regulars at Hooters but keeps her modeling life low profile. "People ask, 'Haven't I seen you in a magazine?' and I'm like, 'Nope!' I don't flaunt it." The way to Miss November's heart: food. "One restauront I love has white pizza thot's to die for. They have great flounder, rockfish and rum cake, too. Oh, and chocolate-covered strawberries!"

during a break in a week of location shooting.

Q: Unlike a lot of Playmates, you don't want to be an actor. Why not?

A: I don't like the Los Angeles party scene. I've seen too many people my age who look like they're 30 because they do drugs and party all night. I'm a real homebody. I suffer withdrawal when I miss *South Park*.

Q: What else can't you live without?

A: Sleep.

Q: Where do you get your ambition from?

A: When I was ten, my parents went through a bad divorce. I had my own lawyer and had to testify in court so my dad could have custody of me. I'm a strong person because of what I went through. I take care of myself.

Q: What's your typical day at college?

A: I roll out of bed late and go to class looking really scary, wearing what I slept in. I'm a teaching assistant, and there's always an idiot who hasn't gone to class and wants me to tell him what will be on an exam. I'm like, "I don't know, dork, get your head out of the bar!"

Q: Did your decision to take up law enforcement have anything to do with the show *Cops*?

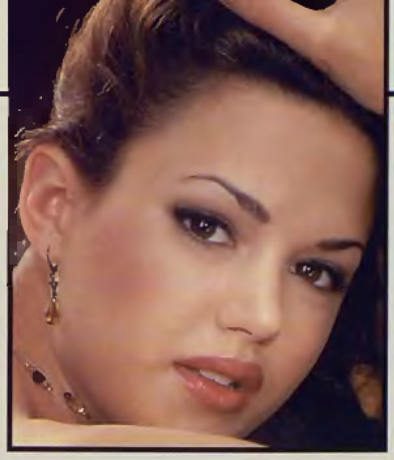
A: [*Laughs*] No. I knew I wanted to help people.

Q: Do you feel comfortable handling a gun?

A: Sure. I grew up with guns. My dad is into hunting and shooting clubs. My boyfriend is a cop. When I met him, he asked me to go shooting with him. It was a great pick-up line.

Tiffany on posing nude: "I'm more self-conscious wearing a bathing suit at a pool than I am standing naked in front of a camera. A picture always looks better anyway. You can't see all the little flaws."

MISS NOVEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Tiffany Taylor

BUST: 36" WAIST: 25" HIPS: 35"

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 115

BIRTH DATE: 7.17.77 BIRTHPLACE: Leesburg, Virginia

AMBITIONS: To be happy and successful in every aspect of my life.

TURN-ONS: Men in uniform (especially cops!), kindness, getting cards and flowers for no reason.

TURNOFFS: Rude drivers, bad tippers, people lacking ambition or the desire to improve themselves.

YOU CAN NEVER HAVE ENOUGH: Ferrets, Coca-Cola, good loving, time to sit back and relax.

I'M ALWAYS: Driving fast, dining out, playing with my babies (my 7 ferrets).

I'VE LEARNED: That everything happens for a reason and in the end everything works out for the best.

MY PHILOSOPHY: Keep Smiling.

quality time with 2 of "the kids"

with friend and fellow model Alexah Adams

I have no room in my life for buttheads!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Doctor," the embarrassed man said, "I have a sexual problem. I can't get it up for my wife anymore."

"Mr. Thomas, bring her back with you tomorrow and let me see what I can do."

The next day the worried fellow returned with his wife. "Take off your clothes, Mrs. Thomas," the medic said. "Now turn all the way around. Lie down, please. Uh-huh, I see. OK, you may put your clothes back on." The doctor took the husband aside. "You're in perfect health," he said. "Your wife didn't give me an erection either."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: After almost four years of mourning, Sally was still depressed over losing her husband. Her daughter finally persuaded her to go out with a man she knew at work. The date was a hit. After they'd been dating for six weeks he asked her to join him for a weekend cruise. As they undressed on the first night, she stood nude, except for a pair of lacy black panties. He was totally naked.

"Why the panties?" he asked.

"My breasts are yours to fondle, my body is yours to explore, but down there I'm still in mourning."

The following night the same scenario ensued. She stood there with the lacy black panties on and he was naked—except for a black condom. "What's with the black condom?" she asked.

"Well," he explained, "I thought I'd pay a condolence call."

Bumper stickers of the month:

WARNING: DATES IN CALENDAR ARE CLOSER THAN THEY APPEAR

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS—AND $20 TO ACT THEM OUT

An old farmer was hauling a load of manure when he was stopped by a state trooper. "You were speeding," the cop said. "I'm going to have to give you a ticket."

"Yep," the farmer said as he watched the trooper shoo away several flies.

"These flies sure are terrible," the trooper complained.

"Yep," the farmer said. "Them are circle flies."

"What's a circle fly?"

"Them flies that circle a horse's tail," answered the farmer. "Them are circle flies."

"You wouldn't be calling me a horse's ass, would you?" the trooper angrily asked.

"Nope, I didn't," the farmer replied. "But you just can't fool them flies."

Soon after his wedding, Chuck laid down the rules for his bride. "I'll be home when I want," he said. "I expect a great dinner to be on the table, unless I tell you otherwise. I'll go hunting, fishing, boozing and cardplaying with my buddies, and I don't want any hassles from you. Those are my rules," he concluded. "Any comments?"

"No, that's OK," she said. "Just understand that there will be sex here at seven o'clock every night—whether you're here or not."

I woke up this morning feeling so bad," one fellow told another, "that I tried to kill myself by taking a thousand aspirin."

"Oh really? What happened?"

"After the first two," he said, "I felt better."

A man called in to a local radio talk show and told the morning guys that after 20 years of marriage his wife had finally given him an ultimatum: Until he quit smoking his cheap cigars, he wasn't going to get any sex.

"How long do you think you'll be able to hold out?" they asked.

"Oh," he replied, "probably until my girlfriend dies."

What is every blonde's ambition in life? To be like Vanna White and learn the alphabet.

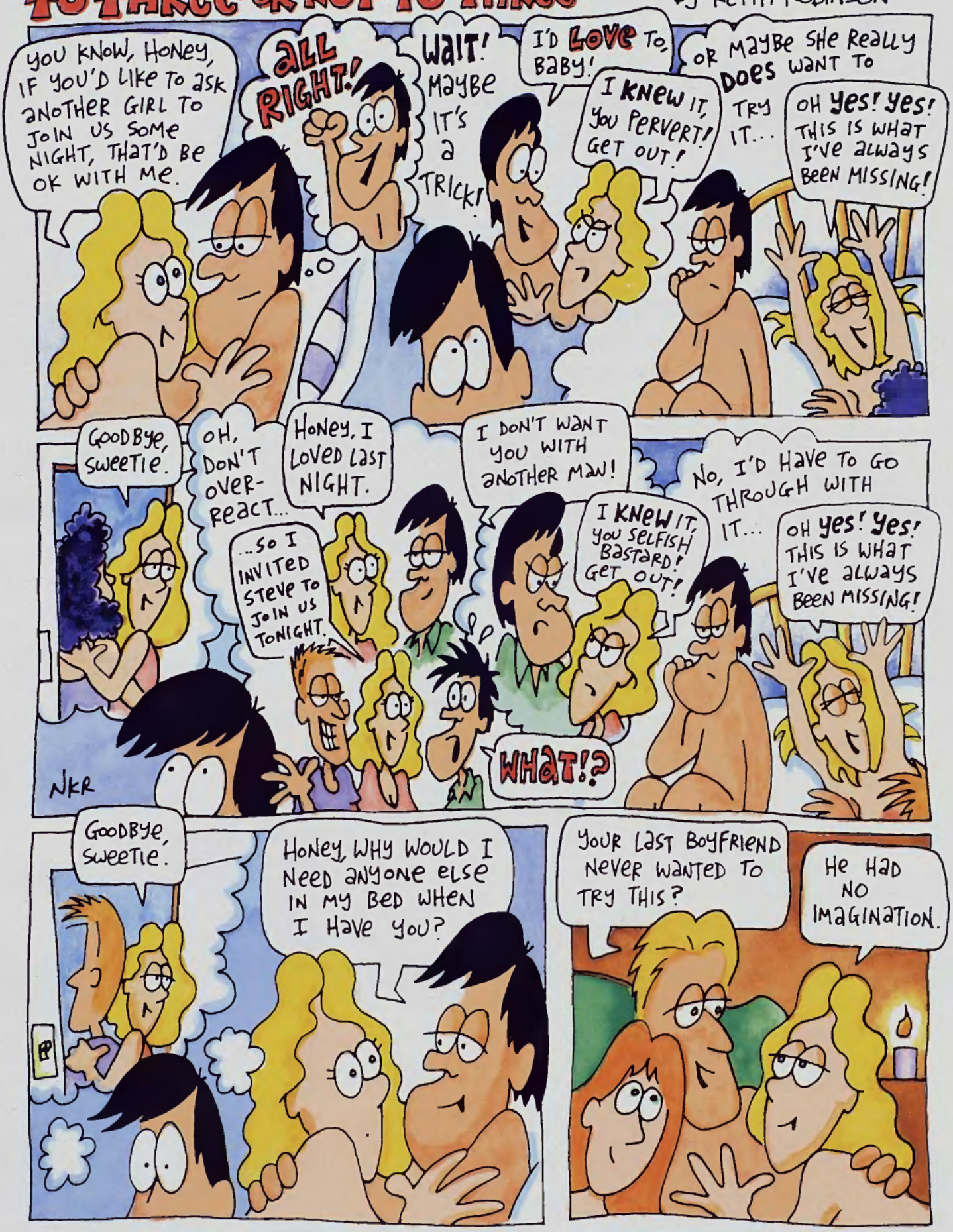
PLAYBOY CLASSIC: "I read in the morning paper that there may be future cutbacks in our retirement benefits," the man told his wife, "so I stopped by the Social Security office downtown to check my records. They had misplaced my file, but I convinced them I was over 62 by showing them all the white hairs I have on my chest."

"If you had only dropped your pants," his wife shot back, "you could have qualified for disability."

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.*

TO THREE OR NOT TO THREE

By Keith Robinson


You know, Honey, if you'd like to ask another girl to join us some night, that'd be OK with me.
All right!
Wait! Maybe it's a trick!
I'd love to, baby!
I knew it, you pervert! Get out!
Or maybe she really does want to try it...
Oh yes! yes! This is what I've always been missing!
Goodbye, sweetie.
Oh, don't over-react...
Honey, I loved last night.
...so I invited Steve to join us tonight.
I don't want you with another man!
What!?
I knew it, you selfish bastard! Get out!
No, I'd have to go through with it...
Oh yes! yes! This is what I've always been missing!
NKR
Goodbye, sweetie.
Honey, why would I need anyone else in my bed when I have you?
Your last boyfriend never wanted to try this?
He had no imagination.

ROAD RAGE

under jimmy hoffa, the teamsters were tough enough to cripple the country.

now his son wants to give them another chance

The seduction of James Phillip Hoffa began several months before the election that's expected to make him president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters.

Last March the son of legendary Teamsters president and all-around thug James Riddle Hoffa flew from Detroit to Washington, D.C. to attend the 113th annual Gridiron Club dinner. The setting was the ballroom of the Capital Hilton, two blocks from the White House. The white-tie affair is one of Washington's most tribal mating rituals between journalists and politicians. The club of 150 journalists performs for 500 bigwigs, with skits lampooning politicians and send-ups of the reporters. Every talking head, every hype artist, every Cabinet member is on hand. Even the president attends to roast and be roasted. Hoffa rented a tux and made the scene.

Just the prospect that the 57-year-old labor lawyer might become the next chief of the Teamsters union was enough to catapult him into Washington's power structure. Robert Novak, the crusty conservative columnist and this year's Gridiron president, invited Hoffa. He seated him with, among others, Clinton buddy Vernon Jordan, Federal Reserve Chairman Alan Greenspan, NBC's Tim Russert, CNN's Judy Woodruff and *Wall Street Journal* executive editor Al Hunt. "It should be an interesting table," Novak said shortly before the evening began.

Indeed.

Hoffa was the hit of that dinner. Vernon *(text continued on page 152)*

playboy profile

by Harry Jaffe

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK ULRIKSEN

JIMMY HOFFA'S Greatest Hits

Like father, like son? James Hoffa seems to share none of his father Jimmy's gangster qualities. A look back at Jimmy's career, based on news reports and *Hoffa*, the definitive bio by Arthur Sloane, shows how Jimmy helped build the Teamsters into a national powerhouse over 2 million strong. But it was a triumph marred by violence and corruption, with the government and the Mob alternating as friends and enemies.

• Jimmy Hoffa bragged about having an arrest record "as long as your arm." In 1937 he was convicted of assault and battery on a picket line. "Guys who tried to break me got broken up," he said. With baseball bats and tire irons.

• When another union threatened his Detroit turf in 1941, Hoffa called in reputed Mob figures Santo Perrone, "Scarface Joe" Bommarito and Frank Coppola for muscle and intimidation. It was the beginning of Hoffa's 30-year marriage to the Mob.

• Hoffa was charged with extortion in 1946 for forcing small grocers to buy permits from the Teamsters just to use their own trucks. He pleaded guilty to a lesser charge, paid a $500 fine and had to return $7600 he had collected for the permits.

• In the early Fifties Hoffa set up Paul "Red" Dorfman—an Al Capone associate—and Red's stepson, Allen Dorfman, to handle insurance contracts for Teamsters through the union's multimillion-dollar pension funds. Federal investigators later charged that the Dorfmans made more than $3 million in commissions, some of which allegedly wound up back in Hoffa's pockets.

• On March 12, 1957 Hoffa tried to buy confidential documents from the files of the Senate Select Committee investigating the Teamsters. It was a setup and the FBI photographed the exchange. Agents arrested Hoffa and he was charged with bribery and conspiracy. A jury later acquitted him on both counts.

• Heat from federal investigators began to rattle Jimmy Hoffa so much that he placed illegal wiretaps in the Teamsters' Detroit headquarters to spy on union members. A federal grand jury indicted Hoffa for lying about the wiretaps.

• In September 1957 Senator John McClellan's Select Committee investigating the Teamsters charged that Hoffa "has taken the part of employers and convicted extortionists against members of his own union." Hoffa blamed Senator John Kennedy, a committee member, and his brother Bobby, the committee counsel, for leading the "get Hoffa" forces and starting the Hoffa–Kennedy feud that lasted for years.

• Despite more heat from the courts and a challenge to his election, late in 1957 Hoffa installed himself in Teamsters headquarters, known as the Marble Palace, in Washington. He added a $50,000 tiled gym with a steam room and attending Swedish masseur. "Weight on the seat of my pants slows down my brain," he liked to say.

• When the McClellan committee issued a special Senate report in 1959, contending that Hoffa had "shamelessly abused his union members" and had used union funds "to pay off a long-outstanding debt to the Chicago underworld," Hoffa responded simply, "To hell with them."

• In May 1962 Hoffa called Teamsters field director Sam Baron into his office and belted him in the face, knocked him down twice and gave him a black eye. Hoffa believed Baron was ratting to federal investigators.
Baron pressed charges. Hoffa was arrested and booked, but the government decided not to prosecute him.

• Just how much did Hoffa hate the Kennedys? When John F. Kennedy was assassinated, Hoffa's reaction was "I hope the worms eat his eyes out."

• On March 4, 1964 Hoffa was convicted on two counts of jury tampering. Courts later added convictions for mail and wire fraud and misuse of union pension funds. Three years later, after all appeals had failed, Hoffa began serving a 13-year sentence. In December 1971 President Richard Nixon commuted Hoffa's sentence. Hoffa walked out of jail and began his campaign to regain control of the Teamsters.

• On July 30, 1975 Jimmy Hoffa went to lunch at a restaurant in a Detroit suburb. He was supposed to meet with Anthony "Tony Pro" Provenzano and Anthony "Tony Jack" Giacalone to mend fences. He was never seen again.

"Ain't nobody here but us coats."

BACK TO CAM

THE ALL-AMERICAN LOOK IS LOW ON PHAT AND HIGH ON PREP

The boy's in the hood. Outerwear is crucial on campus—unlike at dark, crowded parties, you're outside and in full view most of the day. On this page, he's wearing a nylon jacket by DKNY ($85) and a hooded sweatshirt by Champion ($50). Underneath it all is a Gap T-shirt ($11), and the pair of ubiquitous Chemical Brothers–inspired wrap sunglasses is by Ray-ban ($59). (She's wearing a T-shirt by Lucky Brand and a sweatshirt by Todd Oldham Jeans.)

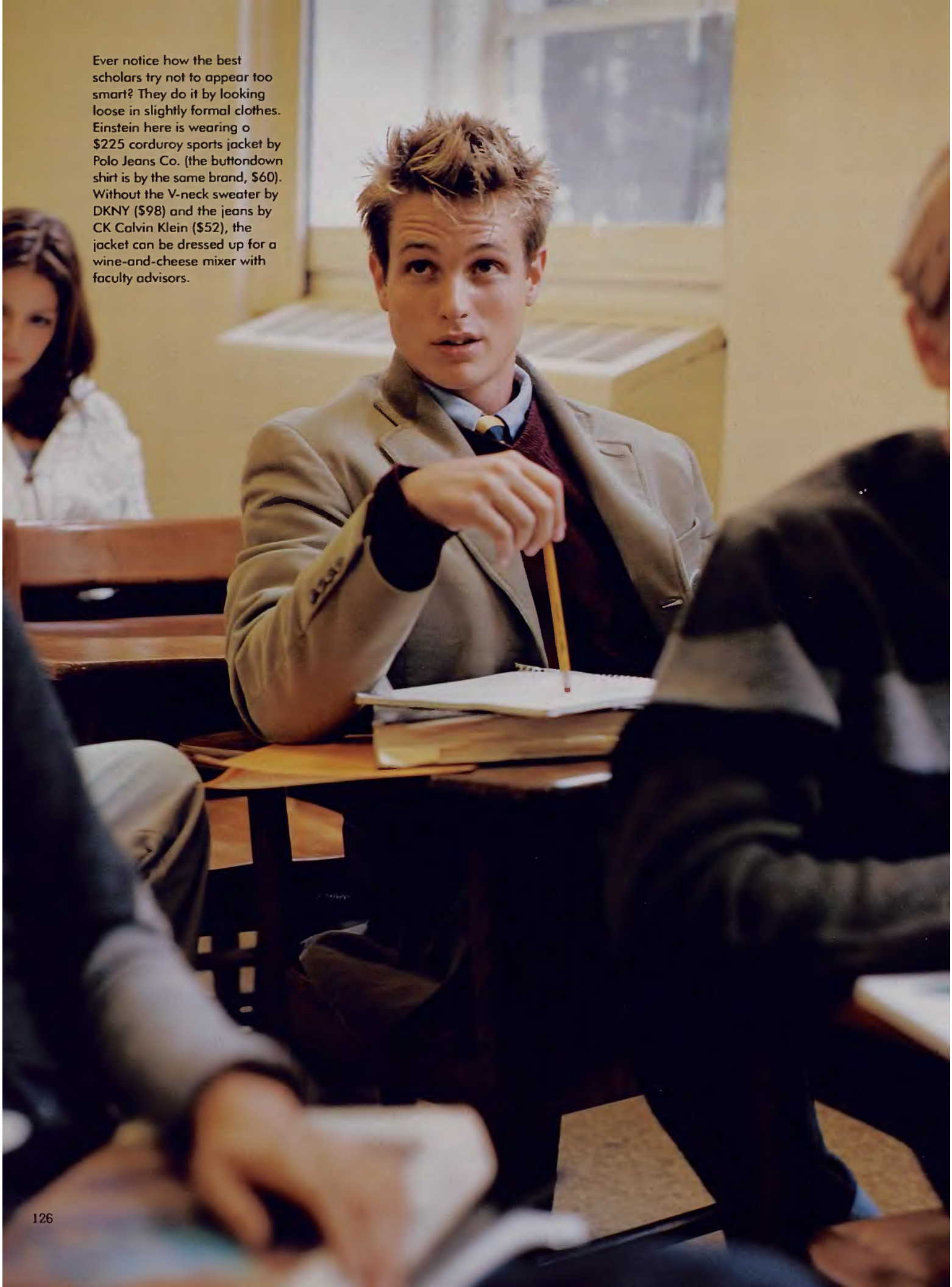
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JON MOE
WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 167.

PUS FASHION

BY HOLLIS WAYNE

BAG THE BOOKS and stow the syllabus. In college the challenge is learning how to flip—to make the grade in every scene from classroom to frat house. You need outfits that say you're cool and styling with stuff that rates among jocks and art history majors alike. Clothes-minded scholars will notice that this year history repeats itself. Classic gear like cargo pants and generic varsity jackets are back, with updated lines and modern fabric blends. The effect is reminiscent of Geology 101: earth tones with a touch of color. On an Intro-to-Philosophy style note, remember that a simple layer of clothing is what separates you from your classmates. You wear your best stuff just to get the chance to throw it on the floor of some navel-ringed honey's dorm room. In the moments that matter most, clothes are immaterial. But before you can take it off, you have to learn how to put it on.

OK, we know what you're thinking. Chonces are her motor is revving because she has a Vespa between her legs. The key here is to look like you'd be comfortable astride a Vespa—or at least know what one is. Go out and get this cattan turtleneck by 525 Made In America for $108. Splurge and spend $215 on cargo pants by D&G Dolce & Gabbana and $195 on lace-up boots by DKNY. (Her jacket is by Polo Jeans Co., her jeans are by CK Calvin Klein and her boots are by Chippewa.)



Ever notice how the best scholars try not to appear too smart? They do it by looking loose in slightly formal clothes. Einstein here is wearing o $225 corduroy sports jacket by Polo Jeans Co. (the buttondown shirt is by the same brand, $60). Without the V-neck sweater by DKNY ($98) and the jeans by CK Calvin Klein ($52), the jacket can be dressed up for a wine-and-cheese mixer with faculty advisors.

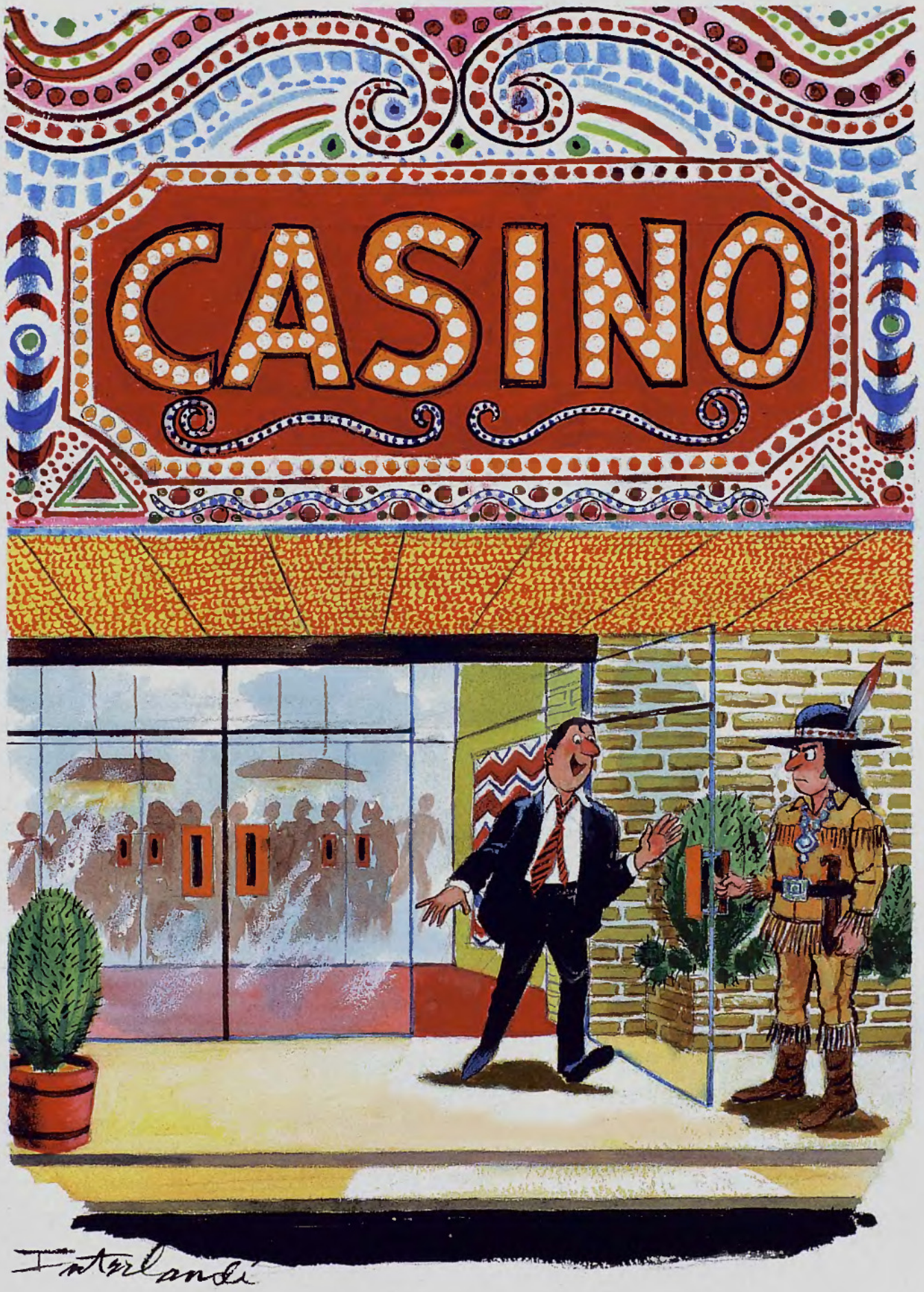
Work your accessories. A Fuji mountain bike tells frosh girls thot you're a student of the good life. This varsity jacket by Polo Jeans Co. costs $235, and, unlike Dad's, it doesn't weigh 40 pounds (thanks to its blend). The wool sweater is by DKNY ($98) and the T-shirt is by Gap ($19). If you don't have break-away pants, get this pair by Champion ($38). Also, thanks to ravers, running sneakers have made basketball shaes passé. This pair is by Fila ($70).

BIKE COURTESY OF TOGA BIKE SHOP, NYC

Build the right chemistry. This test-tube babe is a casual goddess. Her study partner is wearing a denim jacket by Diesel ($149), a plaid shirt by Old Navy ($24), a T-shirt by Diesel ($34) and cargo pants by DKNY ($73). His boots are by Dockers Footwear ($80). (Her shirt and pants are by Wink; the sneaks are by New Balance.)

WOMEN'S STYLING BY KATHY KALAFUT FOR PARRELLA MANAGEMENT
HAIR BY RHEANNE WHITE FOR ARTISTS
MAKEUP BY SCOTT BARNES FOR ARTISTS

Fashionable clothes make shifting gears easy. His vest from Eddie Bauer ($70) matches the sweater vest by 26 Red ($38). The shirt is by Polo Jeans Co. ($59) and the pants are by Old Navy ($30). The shoes are by Fila ($88) and the watch is by G-Shock ($120). (Her sweater is by Fake London, her skirt is from Gap and her boots are by Chippewa.)



"Boy, did I get scalped . . . just kidding!"

Y2K: WHAT'S REALLY GOING TO HAPPEN

MONEY MATTERS BY CHRISTOPHER BYRON

Well, pardon me all over the place, but is the so-called Y2K crisis really going to do to the world economy what Godzilla did to New York City? Will the inability of many computers to distinguish dates in the 20th century from those in the 21st century mean we'll be buried in cyber-rubble from the mother of all computer crashes at one second past midnight on January 1, 2000?

There's a fellow in Philadelphia named Ted Daniels who runs the Millennium Watch Institute, which tracks apocalyptic utterances linked to the approaching millennium. "We track them all, from New Agers to UFO believers to environmentalists to Christian fundamentalists," says Daniels. "And now we have the year 2000 computer scare too." Daniels says epochal change represented by a passing millennium creates a kind of New Year's Eve syndrome of erupting emotions. When such emotions collide with aspects of life that are unsettling, disturbing or incomprehensible, you're hip-deep in Chicken Littles.

Wired magazine carried a long and serious story about how presumably knowledgeable computer programmers have become America's new survivalists, saving food and ammo in rural hideouts. But this isn't the first time we've heard this sort of stuff from the computer Cassandras. Remember the much-feared Michelangelo virus? It had supposedly infected 25 percent of American computers and was destined to erupt on March 6, 1992, destroying the data in all of them. In fact, fewer than 20,000 actual cases were confirmed, and much of the hype came from companies trying to stimulate sales of their antivirus programs.

The actual bug in the Y2K scare is simple to understand: Back in the Sixties, when computer memory was costly and scarce, programmers saved data storage space by allocating only two digits to represent the year. The thinking seems to have been, Hey, it's 40 years to the next century. By that time all this computer code will have been replaced anyway, so who cares?

But it wasn't replaced, it just kept getting added onto. And now we are at the end of the century and there are computers all over the world running computer code that depends on two-digit date entries. On January 1, 2000 the year-fields in every one of those computers will click over from 99 to 00. For most computers that will be a non-event, but many others will have to execute program functions based on the changing date. These computers will mistakenly read the change not as the start of the year 2000 but as the restart of the year 1900.

There are plenty of jokes circulating among Y2K skeptics about what this means. One holds that computers will automatically retitle Stanley Kubrick's movie classic as *1901: A Space Odyssey*.

But there's a serious side to this, too. Any Y2K-infected computer of any company that, for example, sells a product to a customer in December 1999 and wants to compute interest owed on the sale in January, will subtract 99 from 00 and come up with –99, meaning 99 years of interest will be owed by the company to the customer.

Obviously, this problem can't be dismissed. But companies everywhere are now waking up to the fact that it's no joke. Since January, every publicly traded company in America has been required to report its Y2K debugging progress to its shareholders and to the Securities and Exchange Commission. Although many firms won't become Y2K compliant in time to head off problems, most will.

Nonetheless, even a small disruption next year could provoke a sell-off in the stock market and maybe even help uncork a recession. Wall Street economist Edward Yardeni, a vocal alarmist on the Y2K issue, says he now thinks the odds of a recession are 70 percent and rising.

But a recession isn't the end of the world, it's just a recession. The U.S. has lived through ten recessions since the end of World War Two. How to prepare for such an event? Begin by assuming that the stock market will continue to trade as normal, because it will. Next, start watching to see if the media begins to zero in on any particular company as a likely casualty of the alleged crisis. Companies in the air transport industry (e.g., Delta and USAir) are also said to be vulnerable—and so are shipping companies such as Fed Ex. If these companies in fact seem healthy yet their stock begins to get pounded over the Y2K issue, you're probably witnessing a fabulous buying opportunity.

If, in the meantime, you want to reposition your investments for recession, then get out of overpriced stocks in sectors such as the Internet. Look for the Dow Jones industrials sell-off that accompanies every economic downturn and put your money in businesses that do well in bad times as well as good: established media companies, consumer products companies with strong brand names and health care companies.

In a similar spirit, there's Merck, the drug giant, and it's been hard to go wrong with General Electric. GE has risen at a nearly 27 percent annual rate over the past ten years, breezing through the 1990 and 1994 stock market downturns as if they weren't there.

There's Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing, the company that produces everything from roofing granules to Scotch tape. When the economy is strong, 3M plods along, having risen at a 13 percent annual clip since 1988 (while the broader market climbed at an 18 percent annual rate). But when the economy turns weak, 3M holds up better than almost any stock you can name. This isn't a stock to get rich on, but it's a stock that will keep you from losing money in a slump.

That's how you make money in the stock market: Don't follow the crowd off a cliff. Just watch them go, then buy up for cheap everything they have left behind.

You can reach Christopher Byron by e-mail at cbscoop@aol.com.

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE BOSWICK

MTV
MUSIC TELEVISION

Dr. Drew Pinsky

mtv's sexual healer on dysfunction, disease and how to get laid on the first date

The late-night call-in show "Loveline" airs in 55 radio markets and on MTV. Its co-host Dr. Drew Pinsky has become something of a sex-advice lightning rod, especially among young adults. Who better to talk with the good doctor and assess the cut of his sexual jib than the Playboy Advisor, Chip Rowe? Dr. Drew seemed delighted. Adam Carolla, the comic who has been Pinsky's on-air partner since 1995, seemed hurt. Carolla's favorite magazine had come calling, and it wanted to interview only the voice of reason. How much fun is that?

Pinsky, 40, juggles a hectic schedule that includes tapings for MTV (the program is in its third season), the radio show (based at KROQ in Los Angeles), a general practice in his hometown of Pasadena and duties as a medical director in chemical dependency at a psychiatric hospital. After graduating from Amherst College in 1980, Pinsky obtained his medical degree at the University of Southern California. During his final year there, he volunteered to answer callers' questions at KROQ. That gig evolved into "Loveline," which first aired in 1983.

1

PLAYBOY: Let's start with the most compelling issue of our time. Is oral sex considered adultery?

PINSKY: Absolutely. The notion of oral sex is bizarre right now. There seems to be a growing understanding that intercourse is a higher level of connection. Women have learned that giving a man oral sex satisfies him for the moment, and there's no push toward intercourse. But oral sex is too intimate to be considered part of petting. When I ask high school students about it, they say, "That's just the way it is."

2

PLAYBOY: At parties, do people confront you with their sexual problems? Anybody ever say, "Let me show you my rash"?

PINSKY: Nobody has pulled down his pants. Once while I was pumping my gas, this guy who was about 20 said, "I was going to call you, and you've walked right into my life." He said he couldn't sustain his erection after he put on a condom. I told him to keep using the condom, that he would work it out. I realized I can't offer effective answers at gas stations.

3

PLAYBOY: What's the most underrated venereal disease?

PINSKY: When I started doing the radio show I was telling people about GRID, gay-related immune deficiency. It was just beginning to be known as AIDS. About five years ago my mantra became, "There's another thing waiting for you—hepatitis C." Seventy percent of people with hepatitis C will suffer chronic liver disease and as many as 20 percent of those may eventually develop cirrhosis. It increases risk of liver cancer. It's going to be big news.

4

PLAYBOY: Six years ago, you and your wife had triplets. How do you plan to handle the upcoming dose of puberty?

PINSKY: When their hormones turn on it's going to break my heart. You can't be a doctor to your family. Maybe I'll tune the radio to the show and at least get my sons and daughter to acknowledge that I understand the issues. I don't know. Talking about drugs is another tough issue. Parents should have zero tolerance of illegal substance use. You can't tell your kids what you did as a teenager. You don't lie—you just don't discuss it. I know it will be difficult. When Adam and I role-play on the radio and he plays one of my sons, I always cave.

5

PLAYBOY: Certain porn actors say they're like extreme athletes and that their sport is sex. Is there a pathology behind that?

PINSKY: Extreme athletes are addicts, even if they avoid substances. Crime, sex, shopping, gambling and extreme sports—those all affect the same part of the brain. Indulging is a way of coping with feelings that otherwise would be overwhelming and painful.

6

PLAYBOY: In sexual situations, when is ignorance bliss?

PINSKY: Almost always, because there's so much fantasy attached to sex. Unfortunately, there is a price to pay for ignorance. There's a reason mother nature created diseases that evolve out of indiscriminate sexual contact. Years ago, syphilis or gonorrhea would kill you. I'm not putting a moral or ethical label on these biological events. They happen. It's nobody's fault.

7

PLAYBOY: What makes you believe that most sex workers, including strippers and porn actors, were abused when they were children?

PINSKY: I've treated a lot of these people. I see the misery. I want people to understand that when they buy a porn tape or go to a strip joint, there may be a price to the person they're objectifying. Adam complains that he can't go to strip clubs anymore because he's talked to enough of these people to understand what's happening. This is part of my pathology. I want to rescue people, particularly women. That's not right. But as a physician, I can't help but comment on it. I'm not suggesting that people shouldn't express themselves. But they should know when they're doing that and when they're not.

8

PLAYBOY: Do most teenagers grow up as sexually repressed as their parents?

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL GRECCO

PINSKY: The teenagers I talk with have much less anxiety about sex. They are much less concerned about it, and hence there's less sexual acting out. We provided the same information to Generation X and they rejected it. Generation Y still sees me as the Man, but I'm less threatening and more silly to them.

9

PLAYBOY: Adam told us you slept with your wife on your first date. What's your move?
PINSKY: The first time I saw her she blew me off. It was like machine-gun fire. I felt totally dejected. The second time I saw her I said, "If you leave your boyfriend, call me. I want to date you." Guess what happened? My move was being assertive and clear.

10

PLAYBOY: What's the strangest question you've ever heard?
PINSKY: We just had it, on the radio. A zoophiliac wanted to know why people react so terribly when he tells them he's involved with his dog. He trained his dog to mount him, and he gives it blow jobs. He talked about the dog as a consenting life partner. It was a collie. Brutus. We'll never forget its name. The women on our staff were absolutely outraged. Men who called in were concerned that the guy would become an ax murderer. People were upset because they felt he was taking advantage of a defenseless animal. Adam and I had none of these reactions. We were just curious.

11

PLAYBOY: Statistics aside, are most people normal?
PINSKY: Most people have a pathology. The question is, does it prevent them from being happy? Even married people who engage only in missionary-position sex can be abnormal if they are stuck in that role. Those are the people Hugh Hefner was talking to when he said, "Express your sexual freedom." Normal is wonderment, being explorative, trusting and committed, and being able to have fun. It's not about needing drama, chaos or extreme sports.

12

PLAYBOY: Who has been your best guest so far?
PINSKY: Tom Arnold. Not only is he a nice guy, he's also undergone a lot of treatment. He is chock-full of pathology, and he doesn't have any problem dropping the celebrity veil. He is very effective when talking to kids.

13

PLAYBOY: You and your wife underwent fertility treatment so she could get pregnant. Did you agonize about bringing triplets to term?
PINSKY: Our obstetrician, who was a friend of mine and who became a better friend, said, "Don't do it. Don't have triplets." If you look at the data, marriage survival is low and illness is high among parents of multiples. We called several universities about selective reductions. Their ethics committees decided they would not reduce triplets to twins. We wrote down the pros and the cons, and the cons didn't weigh up to a life. The probability of having seven healthy babies—as happened in Iowa—is very low. The probability of being able to adequately parent seven babies at the same time seems to me to be zero.

14

PLAYBOY: Let's say people need a license to have children. Give us some questions for the exam.
PINSKY: Tell us about your childhood. No, that's not fair. That's saying if you were abused you're going to be a bad parent. I have more faith in people than that. How about: Do you understand the importance of your role in this child's development? How will you support yourself? Why are you having this kid?

15

PLAYBOY: You have said about *Loveline*, "When I was 15 a show like this sure could have helped me." We've seen photos on the Internet of you as a teenager. You could have used some help. What were you like then?
PINSKY: Horribly shy and clingy, to the point of repelling people. It was a painful time. I had no understanding of how relationships worked. I clung to my first girlfriend like a dust mite.

16

PLAYBOY: Why are some women bewildered when they discover that their husbands masturbate?
PINSKY: Because they're not men. If the majority of male sexuality were about intimate human contact, men wouldn't masturbate. Women are also bewildered when a guy has sex with them, then walks away: "Why doesn't he want to date me anymore?" Because he doesn't, because he's a man, because that's the way he's put together.

17

PLAYBOY: You've said that adolescence in America extends well into the third decade of one's life. What retards our maturity?
PINSKY: We live in a time of permissiveness, and people aren't compelled to mature. Combine that with dysfunctional families and you have adolescence extending on and on and on. [*Adam Carolla enters.*]

18

PLAYBOY: Since you're both here, why don't you diagnose each other.
CAROLLA: Drew likes to find the good in everybody, to feel their pain, instead of looking at it as I do, which is, "This person is a pain in the ass." Drew is—what's the word?
PINSKY: Codependent.
CAROLLA: Yes. Codependent.
PINSKY: I mean this in the most caring way, but Adam has a partially treated narcissistic personality disorder.

19

PLAYBOY: Who's more convincing when giving advice about sex, the doctor or the comic?
PINSKY: The comic, because people can relate to him. The minute I start talking, it's like Charlie Brown's teacher: "*Wha, wha, wha, wha, wha.*" I have to turn to Adam and say, "Would you tell them what I just said?" I was 24 when I started with the radio program. Now I'm a guy with gray hair, in a white coat, who kids don't want to listen to. The show is like a Trojan horse. It looks like one thing on the outside, and it allows me to be rolled through the gate.
CAROLLA: Drew speaks a language that makes sense to his colleagues but not to the stoners who call the show. For instance, he'll say "primary relationship" when he means your mom and dad.

20

PLAYBOY: Adam, has there ever been a time when you wanted to say, "Drew, shut the fuck up"?
CAROLLA: Last show [*laughs*]. There are his general ramblings, along with the regurgitation of information and then the swallowing of the regurgitated material and then the reregurgitation of the same material. Better still is when we run into former guests Drew doesn't recognize. He says, "How do you do? Nice to meet you." They say, "I was on your show three months ago." Drew's response is always, "Oh, you've put on weight."
PINSKY: But only when they have. It's usually muscular weight.
CAROLLA: But you don't get the muscular part in before the weight part.
PINSKY: Well, it's the truth. I only speak the truth.

Dave's Garage

TOPLESS IN SEATTLE

CARS BY DAVID STEVENS

FOR THE FIRST time in 35 years, Mercedes-Benz will offer three different convertibles for a single model year. Naturally, I couldn't say no when M-B invited me to go topless in Seattle in its 1999 SLK230 roadster (with a new manual gearbox), the CLK320 Cabriolet and the high-rolling SL500. In a day of motoring around Puget Sound and Whidbey Island I learned the following: (1) The sun does shine in Seattle, (2) Whidbey Island is America's best-kept scenic secret and (3) Mercedes' supercharged four-cylinder SLK roadster with five-speed stick is like a gentleman of many years who has just taken Viagra. Off come the button-down shirt and the blue blazer. On goes Diesel. An SLK with automatic (the only way you could buy one until now) would have nicely carved up the country byways on Whidbey. The manual-transmission version I drove dissected them. Zero to 60 in either model takes about seven seconds. You arrive smiling with automatic; you're grinning from ear to ear with stick. Whichever you choose—M-B expects 20 percent of SLK buyers to prefer manual over auto—topless touring is just a push button away with the SLK's fully automatic retractable hard top. The price: $40,000. Four thousand more buys you an AMG-designed sport package with larger wheels and tires and jazzy body cladding. Mercedes' other pocket-change convertible, the six-cylinder CLK320 Cabriolet (priced at $47,000), gives you the pleasure of a backseat plus other M-B creature comforts and safety features, including an automatic rollover-protection module concealed beneath the headrests. The SL? If you have $81,000 for the eight-cylinder SL500, or $127,000 for the 12-cylinder SL600, you don't need my advice on cars. Let's get together and talk about mutual funds.

Left and above: Daes Dave know how ta pick a Garage Babe af the Month, or what? Shayna Lee checks out the SLK230's retractable hard top and its engine compartment while our Dave crawls under the car.

•

SHORT DRIVES: Daewoo Motor America has introduced three new Korean-made models to the U.S. market with names odder than the cars. The Leganza CDX is a luxurious midsize sedan designed by Giorgetto Giugiaro. It's a good value at $14,500 to $18,700. The compact Nubira's styling is too anonymous for my taste. Nubira means "to go anywhere" in Korean, and with a power train developed in the UK and a German-built engine, it doesn't take a marketing genius to pick up on the spin. Price: $12,250 to $15,000. The subcompact Lanos ($8750 to $12,500) has a lot of pep and a roly-poly rear end that converts into a cavernous luggage area. It draws major gawking from Gen-Xers.

KEN GROSS REPORTS: The new BMW 3 Series is the world's best small import sedan. Resembling a slightly shrunken 5 series, the newest baby Beemer has been stretched for a wider track and useful interior space. The 128-mph 323i starts at $26,400; a 328i with options is about $40,000 and worth every pfennig. • With its sporty design and 250 hp V-8, Dodge's Dakota R/T truck goes as fast as it looks. It does zero to 60 in 7.3 seconds (enough to embarrass a lot of serious cars). • Chrysler's 300M sedan with optional suspension package (only $255) is the best-handling, most dramatically styled front-wheel-drive four-door you can buy—and it's only about $29,000.

•

Above: Daewoo's new superquiet Leganza CDX sedan combines luxurious European styling with a 2.2-liter engine, ABS brakes and AC for under $19,000.

RETRO REDO: Ed Malinski of Carlsbad, California suggests that somebody bring back the Muntz Road Jet, which was manufactured from 1950 to 1954 by Earl "Madman" Muntz, who was a flamboyant used-car salesman in the Los Angeles area. That's Malinski's car pictured below.

Malinski's Muntz Road Jet was designed by Frank Kurtis of Kurtis-Kraft and built in Evanston, Illinois. The engine is a Lincoln V-8, there's a small backseat and Malinski says the car is still a head-turner. He values his Muntz in the $25,000 to $30,000 range.

SEND RETRO REDO IDEAS TO DAVESGRG@PLAYBOY.COM.

Samantha White, Nancy Bannon, Alissa Wahl - FLORIDA STATE

GIRLS OF THE ACC

FROM THE GEORGIA PINES TO THE MARYLAND COUNTRYSIDE, MEET THE PRIDE OF THE EASTERN SEABOARD

POINT YOUR Web browser to www.theacc.com and hit return. Within seconds you'll be greeted by a parade of colorful logos from the nine member schools of the Atlantic Coast Conference, the scrappy eastern flank of the NCAA. The ACC site offers a chat room for fans, links to the universities and the latest conference poop.

But where are the girls? If you're a true ACC devotee, you know that the women are incomparable—sweet as blackstrap molasses, sharp as Georgia pine needles and as beautiful as a cloudless Carolina sky.

Maybe we can help here.

When PLAYBOY first dropped in on the ACC in September 1983, we dubbed the women "the cream of the crop." Our revisit in April 1990 proved our point. But things have changed since then. For one thing, Florida State University joined the lineup in 1991, adding a whiff of the ocean to the conference known for its forests and rolling green hills. FSU also upped the conference's beauty quotient.

Clearly we had a mission. To get a more detailed picture of the new and improved ACC, we sent Contributing Photographers David Chan and David Mecey. Did these guys ace their assignment? Would we be running this if they hadn't?

Kelly Williams, Neha Patel, Nikki, Adina Reed, Stephanie LeAnn - GEORGIA TECH

Lacing up to toke you on a spin through the Atlantic Coast Conference are (opposite, from left) Florida State's Samantha White, Nancy Bonnon and Alissa Wahl. Samantha is a former FSU cheerleader who would like to work for a popular magazine (hmm); Nancy plans to parlay her college education into a career in advertising, and Alissa enjoys traveling, horseback riding, karate—and being a Hooters girl. Above, meet a feisty quintet making their own splash at Georgia Tech. Front row, from left: Neha Patel skydives, rides motorcycles, plays guitar and adores getting back rubs. Her prime peeve: calculus; Adina Reed is majoring in chemical engineering and will pursue a career in marine biology. Back row, from left: Kelly Williams also studies chemistry—that is, when you can drag her off the softball field; the mononamed Nikki is a beach and animal lover who plans to enroll in medical school and become a plastic surgeon; and textiles major Stephanie LeAnn likes strawberries, reading and flag football. Her plans for the future? Simple: "to have a happy life."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID MECEY AND DAVID CHAN

Kelly Edmond - MARYLAND

Hege Holloway - DUKE

Kelly Edmond (above left) studies community health education at the University of Maryland and is an amateur photographer and Ben & Jerry's fiend (her fave flave: Cherry Garcia). Kelly hopes one day ta open a health clinic far low-income minority women. Norwegian-born Hege Halloway (above right) studies biology at Duke University. Her lave of travel—"ta experience new people and cultures"—has taken her to the Middle East, Asia and now America. The bad news? After graduation, it's back to Europe for Hege. "My talents will amaze you," says North Carolina State psych major Salina Faith (below), citing a repertoire that includes singing, dancing and skiing (snow and water). A native of Phoenix and an honors club member, Salina is currently deciding whether to be a psychiatrist or to be a Japanese translator.

Salina Faith - NORTH CAROLINA STATE

Emily Wade - WAKE FOREST

Say hey to a great pair of Emilys from Wake Forest: Emily Wade (above) intends to become a famous singer. Until then, she'll continue her gig belting out the national anthem at the Demon Deacons' home baseball games. Emily Woodall (right) volunteers at a local hospital in preparation for a career as a physician's assistant. Although Melissa Blizzard (above right) of the U. of North Carolina plans to earn a Ph.D. in psychology, don't peg her as a nerd. Her passions include scuba diving, tennis and confident blond men.

Melissa Blizzard - NORTH CAROLINA

Emily Woodall - WAKE FOREST

Brandee Potts - NORTH CAROLINA

Sooring obout in antique airplanes is Brandee Potts' ideo of fun (obove). Otherwise, the UNC journolism ond communicotions major is content hanging out with family or dining on sushi. "I get bored if I stay in one place too long," laments Tina Luciono (right), a Virginio native and morketing mojor at the U. of Maryland. Her solution: She hos ottended four different colleges.

Tina Luciano - MARYLAND

Kathryn Sedam - VIRGINIA

The University of Virginia's Kathryn Sedom (above) likes foreign affoirs, politics and Republican men. And, oh yes, she's also o wine connoisseur—so be prepored to tolk nose ond vintoge. Moscow native Sasho Belle (below), also from Virginia, is whot we would coll well rounded: She ice-skotes, ploys the guitor, speoks four languoges ond works ot o fitness center.

Sasha Belle - VIRGINIA

Cameo Nunez - FLORIDA STATE

Jennifer Kehm - MARYLAND

FSU nursing student Cameo Nunez (left) is overflowing with affection. Says the St. Louis native: "I love animals, the oceon and guys in boseball uniforms." Her only beef: people who gossip. Jennifer Kehm (above) is a U. of Maryland psych major who kickboxes, travels and may try out to be a Baltimore Ravens cheerleader. She's olso on animal rights activist who insists: "I would rather go naked than weor fur."

Penelope Strong - FLORIDA STATE

Larissa Perez - FLORIDA STATE

Penelope Strong (above), a native of England, is a finance major from Florida State. Her favorite kind of guy is one who laughs at her jokes. Least favorite? "Someone who blow-dries his hair." Fellow Seminole Larisso Perez (left) tells us she danced in a Super Bawl halftime show and "can do the human pretzel." Her gaal is "to became a geneticist and a Playboy Playmate." Taylor Murphy (belaw) studies biamedical engineering at Duke and plans ta be a dactar. She alsa likes hiking and skiing, though anatamy seems to be her thing.

Taylor Murphy - DUKE

Veronica Traub - CLEMSON

Summer Jehs - NORTH CAROLINA

Kathryn Von Badins - MARYLAND

Clemson engineering student Veronica Traub (abave left) swims competitively, craves Mexican faad and enjays the beach. Her ambition: "to become the next Sharan Stane." Althaugh UNC psych majar Summer Jehs (abave center) likes to sing and dance, she has a real zeal far NCAA basketball. "I like it better than shapping. I knaw all the stats—and I want Dick Vitale's jab when he retires. I shauld have been a bay." Nat even close. Zoology major Kathryn Von Badins (abave right) rides horses on U. af Maryland's equestrian team. After graduatian, she's headed far med ar vet schaal. Below, meet North Carolina's comeliest army of Bug scrubbers. Frant raw, fram left: Brandy Marie, a valleyball gaddess fram NC State, and UNC jaurnalism majars Amy Biggerstaff and Kim Ziegler. Back raw: UNC's Sarah Stattlemyer, wha's in prelaw, and NC State's Koshala Myers and Dana Faisan—bath dance enthusiasts, bath irresistible. By the way, nice car.

Brandy Marie, Sarah Stottlemyer, Koshala Myers, Dana Faison,
Kim Ziegler, Amy Biggerstaff - NORTH CAROLINA STATE and NORTH CAROLINA

Mia Mor - MARYLAND

Jenna Langston - GEORGIA TECH

Brianna Lorenz - WAKE FOREST

For U. of Marylond's Mio Mor (top left), the ideal lifestyle would be traveling the world. The Isroeli-born math education major (who, by the way, builds furniture) says that when it comes to men, she oppreciates "intelligence, honesty ond a real nice smile." Soy cheese, boys. "I love Atlanto," remarks Georgia Techie Jenna Langston (left), a management major and future lawyer. "I've lived there all my life. My family and I are very close." Says Wake Forest's Brianna Lorenz (abave), "I like amusement parks, don't like slaw drivers in the left lane and want to be happy. I have a brother and a cat named Crazy and I can sing with my mouth clased." Anything else? Book-worm Kathleen Hancock (oppasite, top), a jaurnalism major from UNC, is a self-described smartass wha enjoys Robert Frost's poetry and Aerosmith, and avoids Milton, math ond tomatoes. Her dream is "to be disgustingly rich and successful." Good Sauthern home cooking is the way to the heart of Michelle Smith (right), a social science major fram Florida State. But be warned abaut your approach, gentlemen—Michelle tends ta avaid people with attitudes.

Kathleen Hancock - NORTH CAROLINA

Michelle Smith - FLORIDA STATE

Brandi High - VIRGINIA

Amber York - GEORGIA TECH

Enhancing the lovely Virginia scenery, at left, is Brandi High, a UV government major whase résumé includes high school valedictorian, cheerleader, softball player and pizza lover. Although the family business is bar–restaurant ownership, Brandi would like to become a lawyer. "I love Pez candies!" declares Amber York (abave), a Georgia Tech bialagy major who plans to enrall in medical school. "I also love flowers and anything that's glittery." As far as Jerbrena Carter (below) is cancerned, gourmet cooking is the key to a happy life. The Clemson biology student and future geneticist also has a yen for Rollerblading and working out. Finally, signing off from the Pi Kappa Alpha house (opposite) is a trio of NC State frat-packers. From left: Misty Dorsey, a fitness fanatic and perfume collector who plans to be a dentist; Juli Kushner, an accounting major who is a pushover for classical literature and her two cats (she calls the latter her "soul providers"); and Caraline Wilson, a business major and avid rock climber who wants to became a big-time madel. She's off to a good start.

Jerbrena Carter - CLEMSON

Misty Dorsey, Juli Kushner, Caroline Wilson - NORTH CAROLINA STATE

SEX IN CINEMA (continued from page 92)

The sexiest movie of the year is likely to be "54," a look back at the randy heyday of Studio 54.

a host of erotic Italian epics that may or may not be released here, is the controversial *Toto Who Lived Twice*, already banned in Rome as "an attack on sacred values" for a couple of shocking episodes: an angel having sex with a chicken, and another character's finding inspiration for masturbation in a statue of the Madonna. French filmmakers check in with *Post Coitum*, directed by and starring Brigitte Roüan as a fortyish matron so smitten by her young lover that she has graphic withdrawal symptoms when he leaves her. Steamier still is the French *Dry Cleaning*, about a married couple (Miou-Miou and Charles Berling) who operate a dry cleaning establishment and find their sexual fantasies more than fulfilled when they open their doors to a seductive young female impersonator. (For that unnerving performance, Stanislas Merhar won a César award as France's best young actor.) Vincent Perez stirred Cannes audiences with his pivotal role as a guy undergoing a sex change in *Those Who Love Me Can Take the Train*, while the ever-popular Isabelle Huppert seeks and finds fulfillment in *The School of Flesh*.

Bestiality is implied though not explicit, and Ben Daniels is unabashedly nude in *Passion in the Desert*, adapted from Balzac's short story about a lost French soldier's bizarre, intimate relationship with a wild leopard. There is little doubt about what's going on in the French–Romanian *Gadjo Dilo*, the final round in director Tony Catlif's trilogy about Gypsy life. Here, a young Parisian (Romain Duris) treks to Romania to learn something about music and gets naked with a ravishing, uninhibited local dancer (Rona Hartner). In the Russian-language *A Friend of the Deceased*, the suicidal hero whose wife has left him hires an assassin to do the job but changes his mind after meeting a footloose prostitute. There's more Eastern European angst in *The Thief*, with two of Moscow's top-notch stars (Ekaterina Rednikova and Vladimir Mashkov) coming together in ways their Stateside counterparts probably never would. Spanish director Pedro Almodóvar's main contribution to the sexual sweepstakes this year is *Live Flesh*. This sensual erotic thriller concerns a handsome lad named Victor (Liberto Rabal), who is sent to prison by two cops and gets even after his release by having affairs with the lawmen's wives (Angela Molina and Francesca Neri). From Denmark, *Breaking the Waves* director Lars von Trier comes back with *The Idiots*, about a free-spirited bunch of young people exploring the outer limits of craziness in an orgy, which obviously requires them to take off all their clothes. Not to be outdone, the Chinese *East Palace, West Palace* asserts that homosexuals, despite a government that frowns on such aberrations, are alive, well and still at it in modern China.

Viewers who are turned off by subtitles can turn to video for titillation. Filmmaker Andy Sidaris' *Return to Savage Beach* features the bosom-heaving adventures of PLAYBOY Playmates Carrie Westcott and Shae Marks being pursued by muscular studs, and Playboy Films' own slate of hot-blooded new features includes *Warm Texas Rain*, with Steven Bauer, Frankie Thorne and Brenda Bakke. Current adult videos are still blatantly hard-core, ranging from Candida Royalle's woman-friendly Femme Productions releases (*One Size Fits All* is her latest) to such no-holes-barred sizzlers as the Adam & Eve Co.'s *Other Woman* and *Heartfelt* (not for the fainthearted or the Christian righteous).

The sexiest movie of the year is likely to be *54*, a look back at the randy heyday of legendary nightspot Studio 54. Mike Myers, as co-owner Steve Rubell, is joined by Salma Hayek, Sela Ward and Neve Campbell to revive that Swinging Seventies era of drugs, disco and free love. Rumors abound that Stanley Kubrick's *Eyes Wide Shut*, a suspense drama due in December, will offer an eye-opening love scene featuring married co-stars Nicole Kidman and Tom Cruise. For a heady mix of romance and sensuality, I'd bet on *Shakespeare in Love*, another year-end release. The grapevine tells me it's a hot, heavy and stylish period romance starring Joseph Fiennes (Ralph's brother) as the Bard, making extramarital whoopee with Gwyneth Paltrow as a girl pretending to be a boy actor. Will it be as good as anticipated, or merely a bit gamy? Aren't art and erotica compatible? The Old Masters thought so, long before movies existed.

Great Lovers Are Made, Not Born.

When your lover tells you—with a word or a sigh—that *this* is the place to touch, then you have just learned a powerful sexual secret that can be used again and again.

Can you imagine what would happen if you and your lover could discover dozens of such secrets... in the privacy of your own home... by actually watching others having sex?

Imagine no more. The Sinclair Institute—the world's leading creator of sexually-explicit educational videos—brings you the **Discovering Unforgettable Sex** series. Interspersed with explanations and advice from nationally-recognized sex therapists, each video features explicit sexual scenes of everyday couples sharing their most intimate and passionate moments. Listen to what they say. Watch what they do. And then set off on your own erotic journey.

Mastering the art of sexual love, like any great endeavor, takes practice, an attention to detail, and a willingness to venture beyond the known. At Sinclair, we have enough new ideas to keep you exploring forever. Try us and see.

WARNING *Discovering Unforgettable Sex* **is highly explicit and is intended for adults over the age of 18 only.**

DISCOVERING UNFORGETTABLE sex

www.bettersex.com

Plain Packaging Protects Your Privacy

FREE ORAL SEX VIDEO: All orders will receive our new free 30 minute video **Advanced Oral Sex Techniques**. Discover even more creative ways to ignite intense sexual excitement.

For Fastest Service Call:
1-800-955-0888 ext. 8PB58
24 Hours/7 Days

The Sinclair Institute, Dept 8PB58, PO Box 8865, Chapel Hill, NC 27515

	Orig.	Now	Total
Vol. 1: Five Steps To Unforgettable Sex (#1474)	~~29.95~~	19.95	
Vol. 2: The Art of Seduction (#1475)	~~29.95~~	19.95	
Vol. 3: Secrets Of History's Greatest Lovers (#1476)	~~29.95~~	19.95	
Buy The 3-Volume Set and Save $25 (#1477)		49.85	
Advanced Oral Sex Techniques (#1521) (Free with Purchase)			FREE
		postage & handling	4.00
		TOTAL	

☐ Bank Money Order ☐ Check ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ AMEX

Card# _____ Exp. date _____

SPECIAL OFFER! Originally $29.95 Now $19.95

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

(I CERTIFY THAT I AM OVER AGE 18)

NC orders please add 6% sales tax. Canadian Orders add U.S. $5 shipping ■ Sorry – no cash or C.O.D. ■ Call 1-888-736-2247 for Dealer orders only.

ONLINE CASINOS

(continued from page 102)

All incipient technologies generate horror stories, and all the stories are, of course, 100 percent true. You know this because a cell phone gave your neighbor a brain tumor, a lady down the street dried her cat in the microwave and it exploded and tiny, cloud-dwelling gremlins are hell-bent on ripping the wings off commercial airliners. Glenn Barry, a pro-nambling columnist for the online magazine *Rolling Good Times Online*, says that if you lose money or there's a dispute while nambling, even "the damn Marines couldn't get your money back from a bookie in cyberspace." In fact, gloom-and-doom incidents are relatively rare. In a fine example of your government at work for you, a U.S. Senate Judiciary Subcommittee on Technology, Terrorism and Government Information was presented with little evidence of deception or corruption in the industry. Sue Schneider, editor of *Rolling Good Times Online*, says this is because "namblers use the Net to communicate with one another about unscrupulous sites. They have plenty of reputable sites to choose from." And, cybercasino mogul Eugene adds, "It's such a lucrative business that cheating customers is the least profitable strategy in the long run."

Actually, if you want to split hairs, the least profitable strategy is getting arrested and rotting in a federal prison while Spike from cell block D takes a shine to you and your pretty hair. The dreaded Kyl amendment has cybercasino proprietors wondering what they might look like in leg irons, singing *Oklahoma!* in the annual Leavenworth talent show. If passed, it will increase the breadth of 1961's Interstate Wire Act (which prohibits gambling over telephone lines) to include the Internet, satellite networks and other delivery systems. The legislation was part of a $33 billion spending bill for the Commerce, State and Justice Departments. And the feds apparently mean business: If the amendment is signed into law, anyone caught proffering online gambling would face up to four years in jail, a $20,000 fine or a fine of three times the amount accepted as wagers. But you, Common Man Gambler, can breathe fairly easy. Though the Kyl amendment would have you believe you could face a three-month jail term and a $500 fine for tossing the electronic dice, conventional wisdom says law enforcement officials have no intention of actually hauling a battering ram to your apartment complex and bursting in during a particularly rousing game of keno. They're gunning for the casino operators and have no solid plans to prosecute end users (as namblers and other Web denizens are affectionately known). But, for the record, this is conventional wisdom. If things take a turn for the worse, don't come running to us for bail money.

Even Kyl admitted over National Public Radio that enforcement is an uphill battle. For one thing, even if hundreds of Internet service providers are forced to pull the plug on operators, there are thousands more to which the online casinos can turn to stay available.

Kyl's other problem? The casinos themselves are far from his grasp. Prime real estate for cybercasinos is a cash-strapped country with a free-trade zone that offers minimum regulations and maximum anonymity. Eugene excluded countries such as Jamaica and the Bahamas ("overly close ties with the U.S.") and Dominica ("they wanted bribe money"). For a while, he settled on the former Dutch colony of St. Maarten. St. Maarten has no taxes on capital gains. Its government shuns outside scrutiny. And with vital income already pouring in from 12 land-based casinos, St. Maarten was open to expanding its gambling operations. He has since branched out to St. Vincent, Gibraltar and several European countries. Other cybercasino entrepreneurs are following Eugene's lead. Michael Simone, of Interactive Gaming and Communications Corp., set up shop on Grenada. And Jay Cohen of World Sports Exchange hung a shingle on Antigua, the Caribbean nation that's now home to dozens of Internet sports bookies ("beach bookies"). In addition to apparent safety, these islands also boast excellent snorkeling and killer coconut-rum drinks, just for the record.

But, as the saying goes, you can run and sip your killer coconut-rum drink while snorkeling, but you can't hide. In March, Attorney General Janet Reno declared her own jihad against Internet casinos, using the Interstate Wire Act to indict 21 Americans in absentia for running six offshore Internet sports books. Even though the six operations were offshore and had had no complaints from bettors, Reno claimed she had jurisdiction to charge them, pointing to the fact that all six had American-based branch offices. If convicted of federal felony charges, the accused face up to five years in prison and a fine of $250,000.

But realistically, Reno will have a hard time making her case stick. "The Caribbean islands have no extradition treaty with the U.S. and aren't about to comply and risk driving away their offshore businesses," assures Nancy Todd, a Florida-based gaming consultant. But the charges may scare away many Americans, even though the Justice Department has a kind of high-tech don't ask, don't tell policy against namblers. And though Justice did not, and has no plans to, formally charge any namblers this time, it is hoping the incident serves as a warning that nambling is considered illegal. Reno is also trying to strong-arm major U.S. telephone companies into discontinuing service, or risk being accused of aiding in crimes. At a recent press conference, she unholstered her verbal six-shooters and warned Internet casino owners, "You can't hide online, and you can't hide offshore."

Ah, but men such as Eugene have a plan. Should the U.S. government ultimately decide to outlaw nambling, they'll load their operations onto boats, sail in international waters and conduct business as usual. Even if a fraction of Eugene's regular cybercasino patrons decide to follow him to the high seas, nambling will thrive, having run an end around on Kyl, Reno and the Justice Department. Will it happen this way? Will nambling have to hide in plain sight? Who knows? But feel free to dial up your favorite online bookie and bet for or against it. Operators are standing by.

"Doesn't their mating season ever end?"

Who has the Bosley Hair Transplant?

Not all patients can achieve the results depicted here.

(They All Do!)

IT'S NO SURPRISE

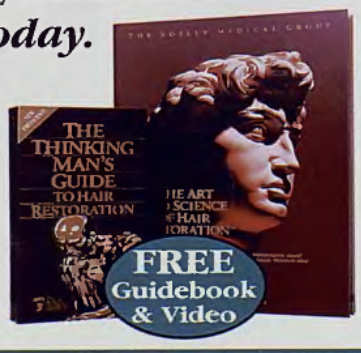
All of the Bosley Medical patients pictured here want the best. That's why they each decided to do something about their hair loss. That's why they chose Bosley. With over 24 years of experience and 37 offices in the U.S and Canada, we're able to care for your individual concerns.

GET THE FACTS

Call for your FREE 36-page hair loss guidebook and video. You can even schedule a free, personal consultation on the same phone call. Change your outlook. Call the Bosley Medical Institute.

Call today.

Hair restoration shown in dramatic detail. Bosley patient S.D., age 49.



SINCE 1974

THE BOSLEY MEDICAL INSTITUTE

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES PROVIDED BY THE LICENSED DOCTORS OF THE BOSLEY MEDICAL GROUP, L. LEE BOSLEY, M.D., FOUNDER AND DIRECTOR.

800-474-9003

www.bosley.com

The World's Most Experienced Hair Restoration Practice.

HOFFA (continued from page 120)

They're angry that capitalists are getting filthy rich while Teamsters' wages creep up slowly.

Jordan told him about his job as a Teamster when he was in law school. Writer Marylouise Oates, the wife of Democratic strategist Bob Shrum, said her father had been a Teamster in Philadelphia. Greenspan talked economics with him. "I thought he came off as very down-to-earth," Al Hunt said afterward. "He has a good sense of humor."

The labor lawyer from Detroit was starstruck. "It was certainly exciting," Hoffa said the next morning from his hotel room. "I look forward to working with them."

A month later federal investigators finished working over Hoffa's 1996 campaign finances, found some irregularities but cleared him to run in this year's special election. Barring unforeseen circumstances, Hoffa plans to return to Washington and create the second Hoffa empire in the Marble Palace, as the International Brotherhood of Teamsters headquarters on Capitol Hill is known.

"I'm going to establish a strong presidency," Hoffa promised on the campaign trail. "A bully pulpit."

•

It's the bully part that worries corporate honchos, labor leaders and politicians across the country. It reminds them of Jimmy, the all-powerful Teamster boss who disappeared in 1975. The first Hoffa grew up driving trucks and organizing workers in the violent union movement of the Thirties, when management stiffs used tire irons on the heads of strikers, and union organizers carried pistols for protection.

Jimmy Hoffa helped build the Teamsters into the most powerful union in the nation, with well over 2 million members by 1975. Jimmy—a pug-nosed, thick-armed union boss who would lean over the table, grab you by the neck and chuck you against the wall with one arm—represented gruff power. He was an unapologetic working-class tough who was so tight with organized crime that many thought he was married to the Mob.

Son of Hoffa is resurrecting the threat. His targets are the government, the labor union establishment, liberals and other assorted political enemies. His closest allies are right-wingers with strong views and considerable power within the union. With organized labor muscling for more power, the prospect of an emboldened Teamsters union run by another Hoffa could shake up the entire economy. The Teamsters are still the country's second-largest union with 1.4 million members. When the Teamsters struck United Parcel Service in 1997, packages stacked up in warehouses from coast to coast, from small towns to major airports, causing millions of dollars in losses to large companies and forcing some smaller ones into bankruptcy.

"Weee're back!" is Jim Hoffa's opening line of every speech at every truck stop and union hall.

But who's back?

Jim Hoffa calls himself a reformer, but there's no doubt he is allied with entrenched Teamster bureaucrats who believe that a long black Lincoln Town Car comes with the job. This Hoffa has also served notice he won't be anyone's political patsy. Under Ron Carey, the recently ousted Teamsters president, the union became an arm of the Democratic Party and forked over $10 million in political contributions.

"The Teamsters aren't going to be tied to any party," Hoffa says.

Without Carey at the helm, the Democrats can't count on Teamster votes or cash in the 1998 midterm elections. That could mean Congress will remain in Republican hands. And Al Gore's chances of winning the White House in 2000 will be dimmer if the Teamsters crawl into bed with the GOP.

It's not only a different Hoffa this time around. It's also a different time in America and a different bunch of Teamsters. Some of the truckers, warehousemen and other Teamsters can pull down $80,000 a year, live like yuppies and invest in mutual funds. But a strong rage still runs deep among many rank-and-file drivers. They're angry that manufacturing jobs keep leaving the country. They're angry that capitalists are getting filthy rich while Teamsters' wages creep up slowly. They know that downsizing puts friends and neighbors out of work. They don't get the high-paying jobs in the booming technology industry; they get to break their backs lifting boxes of computer parts, and trucking semiconductors from coast to coast.

Call it road rage, Teamsters style.

Son of Hoffa has plenty of rage, too, but he hides it behind the mask of a mild-mannered lawyer. Look closely and there's no doubt that James Hoffa is angry. He's been holding it in for years, since his father was first dragged before the McClellan committee, which was investigating racketeering and organized crime inside the Teamsters in the late Fifties; since Bobby Kennedy's investigations put his father behind bars in 1967; since his dad was murdered and his mother died of a broken heart.

"I don't hold any grudges," Hoffa told me. But that was candidate-speak. Whatever he is called—Sonny Boy, Junior, Jimmy—Jim Hoffa and his supporters want to get even with a lot of people: with the feds and the other unions that ganged up on the Teamsters, with socialists, liberals, Democrats and anyone else who has dissed Hoffa, his father or the working man.

As for the people in the White House and Congress who supported Ron Carey in the 1996 Teamster vote, Hoffa warns:

"I think they made a tragic mistake."

•

The Carlton Hotel is a model of stuffy arrogance, standing cold and gray on

PLAYBOY's

The Story of X Video

Video# WW1871V

$19.98

Adult movies hove come a long way over the years, from stag reels sold out of car trunks to the billion-dollor business it is today. Buck Henry hosts this penetrating and provocative look at a century of sex films—you'll meet the minds behind the moans, including the King of Sexploitation, Dave Friedman, and filmdom's most notorious breast man, Russ Meyer. With commentary by Hugh Hefner, Camille Paglia and many others. Full nudity. Approx. 82 min. Video# WW1871V $19.98

ORDER TOLL-FREE 800-423-9494 Most major credit cards accepted.

ORDER BY MAIL Include credit card account number and expiration date or send a check or money order to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 80335, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809. $4.00 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax.

Canadian orders accepted (please visit our website for other foreign orders).

Also available at your local music and video stores

Visit the Playboy Store at www.playboy.com/catalog

©1998 PLAYBOY

this frigid morning in the capital, just up the street from the White House. Chefs are stirring in the restaurant, where a plate of spaghetti can cost $25. At eight A.M. a dozen of Washington's top journalists meander in for a chance to meet the son of Hoffa. Waiting for Hoffa, and drinking coffee in the Carlton's Monticello Room, I expected an entourage—at least a bit of muscle.

Instead, in walk two pudgy, middle-aged guys. People start shaking the hand of the larger of the two. He stands about 5′8″, looks to weigh at least 180. He has a pleasant smile and beady pale-blue eyes set in a bland face. He's wearing a blue blazer, blue Oxford shirt, patterned tie, comfortable black shoes.

"Jim Hoffa," he says to me, sticking out his hand. "Nice to meet you."

At first impression I'm thinking, Hoffa Lite.

"I get the feeling he's playing a role," columnist Robert Novak told me a few days later.

For this early-morning session with reporters, Hoffa plays the role of reformer, the reasoned voice of reconciliation, preaching unity for a leaderless and badly mismanaged Teamsters union. The assembled scribblers play along with the script until Godfrey "Bud" Sperling, the *Christian Science Monitor* journalist who has hosted these breakfasts for 30 years, can't take it anymore.

"Isn't there an irony in Jim Hoffa's leading a cleanup campaign?" he asks.

"Maybe for you," Hoffa shoots back.

"Doesn't it erode your credibility with some people?" Sperling asks.

"Not at all," Hoffa says. "We found that the Carey campaign had embezzled more than $1 million. We proved it. I don't think there's any irony. We are the true reformers. We're the ones who are going to rebuild this union——"

Sperling cuts him off. "How do you explain your father?" he asks. "I think we're due a little explanation."

"I don't think my father needs any explanation. He was a great Teamster. He put the Teamsters on the map. It became the most powerful union in the free world. He doubled and tripled wages, established pension funds——"

"But he was tied up with mobsters, wasn't he?" Sperling interjects.

"I don't think so," says Hoffa, his eyes narrowing. "He's been gone since 1975. He's not running in this race. I'm running. We're putting forth ideas——"

"One more question," Sperling interrupts again. "Was he killed by the Mob?"

"Well," says the son, "we don't know who killed him. But there had been indications they were afraid he was going to come back, because he was going to lead a reform movement."

Jim Hoffa is right about one thing. Who killed James Riddle Hoffa in 1975 remains a mystery. The FBI file is still open, though agency sources believe two mobsters did the hit, fearing Hoffa could no longer be trusted to play ball. One theory claims his body was taken to Central Sanitation Services near Detroit, where it was destroyed "by means of a shredder, compactor and/or incinerator." But was his father really leading a reform movement? And exactly what kind of reformer will his son be?

"Jim Hoffa as a reformer is a sick joke," says Hoffa's archenemy Ken Paff, head of Teamsters for a Democratic Union, the union's dissident group. "Hoffa and his backers will sell the workers down the river and pad the pockets of the employers."

•

Detroit, Jim Hoffa's home base, is a place that somehow manages to breed anger and madness.

The city's core has never recovered from the riots in 1967, when the whites rapidly split for the suburbs. The downtown seems devoid of humanity, as if it had been hit by a neutron bomb. Blue-collar jobs have gone to the suburbs. The Motor City definitely looks like it's out of gas.

On this gray winter morning in Detroit, Jim Hoffa is pissed off at other unions, for starters.

"We're going to fight for our jurisdiction," he tells me. "We want the public employees. We want the regional trucking and warehousing workers. Teamsters are tired of being run off of every construction site by the operating engineers." Observers expect Hoffa, if he's elected, to raid other unions. "I'd like to organize doctors," he says, half-jokingly. "That would be prestige."

Hoffa has driven into town from his two-story brick home in the suburb of Troy, 15 miles north, where he raised his two sons and still lives with Virginia, his wife of 29 years. She's a movie nut. They like to cocoon and watch flicks on TV. Smiling this morning over a pair of puffy magazine articles, he strolls into his small, nondescript office on the first floor of the Michigan Teamsters Joint Council 43 building. He takes off his trench coat and slips into the chair behind his desk. Over his shoulder, Jack Nicholson, playing Hoffa's father, glowers down from a poster for the movie *Hoffa*.

After venting on the unions, Hoffa goes on to the feds.

"The government did what the Mob could never do. It broke the Teamsters. It did nothing to stop the looting and pillaging by Ron Carey's political operatives and hangers-on. The government sat back and let the union be looted. I've been sounding the alarm since 1993."

The fact that Hoffa is sounding off at all at this point has more to do with his father than it does with the government or the Mob or the socialists. Though the world remembers his father as a union brute who ran the Teamsters by whatever means necessary, Jim Hoffa still sees him through a little boy's eyes.

"We were a quality-of-time family," Hoffa tells me. "Dad wasn't a nine-to-five guy, home every night. He would go away for weeks at a time on organizing drives, but when he was home it was quality time. We took traditional Sunday drives like they used to do in the old days, go to a restaurant, stop by a strike on the way back and stand by the fire barrel. That's my background when I was nine, ten years old."

Jim Hoffa was a pudgy little boy, coddled by his mother, Josephine, and his big sister, Barbara, who is now a circuit court judge in St. Louis. He recalls weekends at the family cottage at Lake Orion, 40 miles north of Detroit. "Big

"Ordinarily we don't object to a player having his own shoe contract, Koslowski. However, . . ."

THE OFFICIAL CAESARS PALACE SLOT MACHINE™

Fully functional!

Accepts both real coins and minted tokens.

Rich with the dazzling beauty of 24 karat gold.

It's the world's most exciting bank!

Hit the Jackpot! With the ultimate slot machine created for play right there in your own home.

Richly embellished with *24 karat gold*, it's designed to accept *real coins from all over the world*–as well as the special Caesars Palace gaming tokens custom-minted expressly for this fabulous imported slot machine. There's even a built-in savings bank to hold your "winnings."

You win! So enjoy the beauty–and the "action"–whenever you like. From Caesars Palace casino in Las Vegas. Just $395, in convenient monthly installments.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

If you wish to return any Franklin Mint purchase, you may do so within 30 days of your receipt of that purchase for replacement, credit or refund.

The Official Caesars Palace Slot Machine™ is for entertainment purposes only. Any use for gambling or wagering is prohibited.

Shown approximately actual size of 13 3/8" (33.97 cm) tall x 11 1/4" (28.58 cm) wide, including handle, x 8 1/2" (21.59 cm) deep. A slot in the hardwood cabinetry leads to the built-in savings bank.

The Franklin Mint
Franklin Center, PA 19091-0001

Please enter my order for The Official Caesars Palace Slot Machine™ authorized by Caesars Palace Casino.

I need SEND NO MONEY NOW. I will be billed in 10 equal monthly installments of $39.50* each, with the first payment due prior to shipment.

I understand that The Official Caesars Palace Slot Machine is for entertainment purposes only.

**Plus my state sales tax and a one-time charge of $4.95 for shipping and handling.*

SIGNATURE _____
ALL ORDERS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE.

Caesars Palace is a Trademark of Caesars World, Inc.

Special Caesars Palace gaming tokens can be used for play, as can real coins from all over the world.

Please mail by November 30, 1998.

MR/MRS/MISS _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY.

ADDRESS _____ APT. # _____

CITY/STATE _____ ZIP _____

TELEPHONE # (_____) _____

16924-23-001

FROM CAESARS PALACE, THE WORLD'S MOST LUXURIOUS CASINO.

Jim" would come up on weekends and build a seawall or take out stumps.

"It was an idyllic time in my life," Hoffa says.

Jim went to Michigan State University, played linebacker on the football team and graduated in 1963 with a degree in economics. In 1962 his father was indicted for a $1 million kickback scheme, but the case ended in a mistrial. Still, there would be more legal battles. The son traveled with his father from courthouse to courthouse, from Chicago to Chattanooga.

While in the company of lawyers, Jim decided to go to law school at the University of Michigan in 1964. That same year his father was convicted of jury tampering. For the next three years Jim studied law, and his father appealed the conviction. The kid graduated in 1966. The appeals failed, and Jimmy Hoffa was sent to the federal penitentiary in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania on March 7, 1967.

Hoffa relates this history as if he's talking about someone else's father, or another son's life. Looking to stir up an ounce of passion, I ask if it was difficult loving his father and having to visit him in prison.

"Terrible," he answers, and the quiet rage begins to surface. "Just horrible. He was treated like an animal. Bobby Kennedy went out of his way to make his life miserable."

For the next four and a half years Hoffa visited his father every other week. Jim was his father's connection to the world he once ran.

"My father was still president of the union," Hoffa says. "He was very demanding. It was a difficult time for me. I would take messages in and out. He was like a lion in a cage. The Bureau of Prisons folks and Bobby Kennedy's people would come by and smirk and look at him like he was an animal."

When Richard Nixon commuted his father's sentence, freeing him on parole in 1971, the lives of the father and son became further intertwined. For the next four years Jimmy Hoffa worked out of his son's law office in Detroit, obsessed with his comeback as Teamsters president.

•

On the night of July 30, 1975 James P. Hoffa spent a sleepless night at his in-laws' summer home in Traverse City, Michigan. According to Jim (from a biography of his father by Arthur Sloane), "Dad was pushing so hard to get back in office. I was increasingly afraid that the mob would do something about it."

Jim's mother called at seven the next morning to say his father had failed to return from a luncheon appointment the day before. The son flew back home to be with his mother. A trim, then-34-year-old attorney, he appeared on TV with her, pleading for information about his father.

James R. Hoffa never returned. His disappearance is one of the most notorious missing persons cases in history. Did the Mob do him in? Was it ordered by crime bosses who saw Hoffa as a threat? Was it carried out by his enemy Tony Provenzano? Did Chuckie O'Brien, the "foster son" who lived for a while in his house, drive him from the restaurant that day, knowing he would be killed?

Jim Hoffa worried about his mother, who had collapsed from exhaustion three weeks after her husband vanished. Hoffa recalls telling his mother that probate for her husband's estate would take seven years.

"She looked at me and said, 'Well, I won't be here for that.'

"'What do you mean? You're a young woman,' I said.

"'I won't live that long,' she told me."

Five years later, Josephine Hoffa was dead.

"She died of a broken heart," says her son. "She just withered away and lost her will to live when her mate died. I could see her sinking. She died in my arms in the hospital. I had to close her eyes.

"You don't forget things like that."

•

Once Hoffa had settled his father's estate, which was worth more than $1 million, he settled into a life and a law practice supported by the Teamsters.

Son of Hoffa never drove a truck for a living. He never actually worked as a rank-and-file member. He didn't rise through union ranks, from worker to steward to business agent to president of a local and upward to regional and national office. He did the basic lawyering, representing unions and members in grievance procedures. His reputation as a labor lawyer from 1968 to 1993 is undistinguished.

"The thing about me is I've been around the Teamsters for 30 years, and I have a good reputation," Hoffa says. "I can go anywhere, look anybody in the eye. I have no problems."

Until 1991, no one had raised questions about Jim Hoffa's credentials, his choice of clients or his past dealings with figures linked to organized crime. Few people outside Detroit even knew Jimmy Hoffa had a son until Son of Hoffa made his first move to run for Teamsters president.

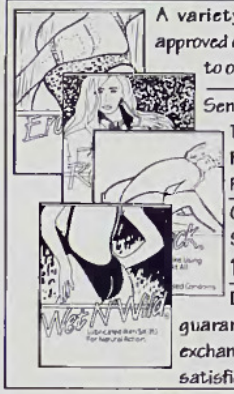
"I always thought about it," he tells me. "I had gone to every convention. I was there when my father was president. I was there when Fitzsimmons was there, Jackie Presser, Billy McCarthy. But I never realized I could do it."

•

In a tale of irony stacked on irony, Hoffa got his chance thanks to the federal government. In 1989, after decades of

"We advise new employees to try not to get sick. Our medical plan doesn't cover illness."

ANABOLIC STRENGTH
TESTOSTEROL
GET LEAN & MEAN
HORMONE SUBSTITUTE
Body Building Breakthrough!
USE OF THIS PRODUCT HAS BEEN KNOWN TO INCREASE SEX DRIVE IN MEN!
Build Explosive Power!
These are among the finest products in the world for your body building needs. Tested and proven by many of the greatest Body Builders and athletes world wide.
CAUTION: USE OF THIS PRODUCT WILL CAUSE A POSITIVE READING IN A TEST DESIGNED TO DETECT ANABOLIC STEROIDS.
PYRAMID NUTRITION CORPORATION
120 capsules
$49.95 + $5.95 S/H
Ref #: P13
100% Money Back Guarantee
1 (800) 491-1716

40 FREE CONDOMS

A variety of top quality, FDA approved condoms. Must be over 18 to order (21 in AL, MS, NE, WY)
Send $5.95 P&H : DEPT JB-30
THE STAMFORD COLLECTION
PO BOX 1160, LIC NY 11101
For RUSH PROCESSING Add $2
Charge by phone toll-free 9AM to midnight every day
1-800-356-6325
Discreet packages, privacy guaranteed. We never sell or exchange names. Over 1 million satisfied customers. Est 1969.

MEN: BE TALLER!!

Tired of being short? Try our quality footwear. HIDDEN height-increasing feature INSIDE shoe. NO OVERSIZED HEELS! Will make you 2"-3" TALLER depending on style. OVER 100 STYLES AVAILABLE. Extremely comfortable. Sizes: 5-12 Widths: B-EEE. In business over 55 years. MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. Call or write for FREE color catalog.
ELEVATORS®
RICHLEE SHOE COMPANY, DEPT. PB8N
P.O. BOX 3566, FREDERICK, MD 21705
1-800-290-TALL

investigations into Teamsters racketeering and corruption had failed to clean up the union, the Justice Department forced the Teamsters to sign a consent decree that essentially put the union under government control. The agreement established an Independent Review Board with the power to delve into the inner workings of every Teamsters local. The government also lopped off the Teamsters leadership and set the stage for an election in 1991 that would for the first time allow rank-and-file Teamsters to vote for general president.

Jim Hoffa wanted to run, but the government disqualified him because he was neither a working union member nor a union official.

"They didn't want me to run, period," he says. "It was a government scam to keep me from running."

The right to sit in the president's chair in the International Brotherhood of Teamsters building on Capitol Hill went to Ron Carey in a three-way race. A longtime Teamster, Carey had run Local 804 in Queens since 1968. He was seen as one of the few clean characters in a union of gangsters. The Justice Department was pleased that he won, and editorials cheered his victory. "Mr. Carey's triumph is labor's triumph," *The New York Times* wrote in 1991. His win marked a break from the Teamsters' sordid past.

Now Carey and the government look worse than sordid. Every local union boss that became a target for investigators blamed Carey for sucking up to the Justice Department. Every perk cut from local officials created animosity and drove them to Hoffa. At truck stops and on loading docks around New York, Chicago, Detroit and Dallas, Teamsters bosses were painting Carey as a government stooge.

What's more damning is that federal officials may have refused to pursue evidence alleging that Ron Carey had Mob ties. In 1992, Michael Moroney, a veteran labor racketeering investigator, started to probe Carey's possible ties to organized crime. But when Moroney tried to bring his information before the Independent Review Board in 1994, he claims board chairman Frederick Lacey said he wasn't interested.

"In other words," Moroney tells me, "Lacey was saying, 'Carey's a bum, but he's our bum.'"

•

Realizing that Carey was a politically weak bum, Jim Hoffa mounted a campaign to unseat him in the 1996 campaign. Hoffa crisscrossed the country to get votes, hawking his name at workplaces and union halls from dawn until dusk.

When Hoffa seemed to be pulling even with Carey, the feds launched investigations into a few of Hoffa's key

Panty-of-the-Month®
On October 31st, treat her to a gorgeous black panty wrapped in Halloween colors with a little black mask, a vial of perfume, a chocolate ghost and a note reading:
Don't walk under any ladders, cross the path of any black cats, or wear this outside without something over it!
Order today! Or call for a FREE color brochure.
24-hour information hotline
515-469-6800
www.panties.com

TERM PAPER ASSISTANCE
CATALOG OF 20,000 RESEARCH PAPERS
Order Catalog Today with Visa/MC or COD
TOLL FREE HOT LINE
1-800-351-0222
Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m. - 5 p.m. (Pacific Time)
Or send $2.00 to the address below
(REFUNDABLE ON FIRST ORDER)
Our 280-page catalog contains detailed descriptions of 20,000 research papers, a virtual library of information at your fingertips. Endnote and bibliographic pages are free. Ordering is as easy as picking up your phone. Let this valuable educational aid serve you throughout your college years.
EXAMPLES OF CATALOG TOPICS . . .
21589 - HUMAN INTELLIGENCE. Analyzes conflicting theories & argues that IQ is not only inherited, but also created by environment, social and contextual forces. 16 citations, 5 sources, 10 pages.
21940 - DRUG USE & ADOLESCENT SUICIDE. Incidence, connections, abuse, at-risk teenagers, family dysfunction, self-esteem, past & future research, 22 citations, 15 sources, 6 pages.
Research Assistance also provides custom research and thesis assistance. Our staff of professional writers, each writing in their fields of expertise, can assist you with all your research needs.
Visit our Web Site at http://www.research-assistance.com
RA SINCE 1969
RESEARCH ASSISTANCE
11322 Idaho Ave., Dept KP, Suite 206
Los Angeles, California 90025
Please rush my catalog. Enclosed is $2 to cover postage.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State____ Zip_____

Shoot to Thrill with
PLAYBOY POOL EQUIPMENT

Carmen Electra Pool Cue
This two-piece hardwood cue has a nylon grip, brass joint, standard tip—and a long, leggy picture of the gorgeous Carmen Electra! It's a high-quality Minnesota Fats-brand stick, so while they're staring at Carmen, you'll be mowing down the competition. USA. 57" long. 20 oz.
WZ2613 $28.00

Rabbit Head Cue Ball
Why use a plain white cue ball when you could break 'em up with this? A black Playboy Rabbit Head lends a serious touch of class to this antique-white cue ball. 6 oz.
WZ2614 $16.00

ORDER TOLL-FREE
800-423-9494
Most major credit cards accepted.

ORDER BY MAIL
Include credit card account number and expiration date or send a check or money order to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 80338, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809. $4.95 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax.

Canadian orders accepted (please visit our website for other foreign orders).

Visit the Playboy Store at
www.playboy.com/catalog

©1998 Playboy

running mates.

William Hogan Jr., head of Local 714 in Chicago, was charged with rampant nepotism that amounted to a Hogan family fiefdom within the local. Hogan resigned from the Hoffa slate. Likewise, Dallas Teamsters boss T.C. Stone was forced off the slate after IRB investigators issued a report revealing that Stone and other Local 745 officials gave themselves more than $750,000 in vacation pay, above their salaries, from 1985 to 1996. Hoffa ally Thomas Ryan, head of a Philadelphia Teamsters local, was accused of embezzling union funds. Ryan left the Hoffa slate and was suspended from union activities for five years. All three have denied any wrongdoing, and Hoffa says they were set up.

When the ballots were counted in late 1996, Ron Carey was the winner with 52 percent of the vote.

"We beat the Mob!" Carey proclaimed after the win. In the months after the election, Hoffa's supporters uncovered a series of money-laundering schemes in the Carey campaign. They showed, among other things, that Carey operatives had embezzled Teamsters funds by diverting more than $700,000 to liberal advocacy groups and back to Carey campaign accounts.

Federal officials threw out the 1996 results and banned Carey from running in the new election. (Carey was subsequently expelled from the union.) Jim Hoffa became the presumptive leader.

It has created the government's worst nightmare.

•

The question of what Jim Hoffa would do as Teamsters president remains unclear, beyond kicking out the Carey people and trying to get the government out of the Teamsters' business. In campaign stops he does little more than promise to better manage the union, start aggressive organizing drives and restore Teamster pride. The best insight into the next Hoffa regime comes from the three men who helped retool Hoffa from labor lawyer with a well-known name to the likely Teamsters president. Larry Brennan, Richard Leebove and George Geller make up Hoffa's troika.

In a way Hoffa is Larry Brennan's creation. Brennan, the longtime president of Michigan Teamsters Joint Council 43, qualified Hoffa by making him an administrative assistant in 1993 with a $56,000 salary. Brennan also provides a living connection between the two Hoffas.

"Jimmy Hoffa was my mentor," Brennan tells me one afternoon in his huge, cluttered office with a pastel portrait of Jimmy Sr. "I named my son Jimmy."

Does the son resemble the father?

"He has tenacity, like his father had." Brennan says. "I think his heart's in it." Not exactly a ringing endorsement.

In the eyes of the dissidents, the reformers and Teamsters for a Democratic Union, Larry Brennan represents the worst of the union's old guard. They accuse him of using intimidation to run the Detroit locals for the benefit of himself and the employers rather than for the workers. Though the federal government hasn't been able to pin anything on Brennan, a Teamsters health fund indirectly under his control has been riddled with corruption. Federal investigators had just finished questioning Brennan before I arrived.

"Nazis" and "fascists" is how Brennan sees the feds and Carey's internal investigators. Brennan says Jim Hoffa is a bulwark against the real national threat: the AFL-CIO, which he dismisses as a group run by socialists.

Brennan shares that belief with Rich Leebove and George Geller. He brought the two former members of Lyndon LaRouche's Labor Party into his locals in the Eighties. The Labor Party was a radical, right-wing, antiestablishment cult that grew out of the Sixties' political ferment. Leebove and Geller have taken LaRouche's crusade against liberals into the Teamsters and inside Hoffa's campaign.

Leebove left LaRouche for the Teamsters because LaRouche's increasing anti-Semitism made it hard for him "to go home at Passover." Leebove helped run Hoffa's 1996 campaign, but he proved his true value last year. It was Leebove, working with other anti-Carey activists, who doggedly investigated Carey's campaign finances, uncovered evidence of the embezzled funds and forced federal campaign officials to begin a probe that led to Carey's demise.

"As a union political operative," wrote *The Wall Street Journal*, "he was the person most responsible for toppling Carey." To be blunt, Hoffa owes Leebove, but Leebove can't collect.

An investigation into Hoffa's 1996 campaign found that he failed to accurately report $43,868 in donations and the campaign received $167,675 in in-kind contributions from Rich Leebove. The Hoffa campaign was fined, but Hoffa was cleared to run. Leebove, however, was barred from the election.

If Leebove is the political operative, his colleague George Geller is the political theoretician. A rangy six-footer who looks like a wild-eyed Woody Allen, Geller is a true believer who traded the LaRouche cult for the Teamster cult. Over dinner at Giorgio's, an Italian diner outside Detroit, Geller declared his hatred for the New Left, the Kennedys, the *New York Times* editorial pages and, for good measure, Hillary Rodham Clinton.

"To some degree," Geller says, "Hoffa functions as a symbol as much as he does a real person. He served as that for me, a shield against government takeover of the Teamsters."

Geller lives for the day when Hoffa-led Teamsters take over. "We represent the true working class," he says. "We're a little violent, a little big, a little threatening. Everyone else wants us to be tethered to liberal notions. We're the ones who are going to kick over the bucket and create a ruckus."

•

Hoffa may look like he's been deskbound in a law office for decades, but he hits the campaign trail with boundless energy. For the past three years he's been getting out of bed at four o'clock on many mornings and flying to union halls and truck stops from coast to coast. His campaign events are like union revival meetings.

One nasty Saturday night in January a cold, heavy rain pelted the low-slung union hall on the ass end of Baltimore. But it couldn't keep 500 Teamsters from turning out for a fund-raiser with Jim Hoffa. Baltimore is a town that still works, and the Teamsters are strong. Members of Local 570 have forked over $100 a head to dance, eat oysters and sloppy joes, drink jug wine and Budweiser by the pitcher, and listen to Jim Hoffa.

An hour later he's at the microphone, revving up the faithful.

"Weee're back!" he says. The crowd cheers and Hoffa starts trashing other unions and the government.

This is Hoffa territory, and after he delivers his speech, he spends an hour signing autographs and posing for Polaroid pictures at $5 apiece. He's besieged by fans, like a rock star on tour. The union hall rings with the chant: "Hoffa! Hoffa! Hoffa!" The crowd is warmed up for the last speaker, Dennis Taylor, president of Local 355.

Taylor hoists a blowup of the *Life* magazine cover from May 18, 1959. It features Jimmy Hoffa, his greasy hair slicked back and his menacing mug staring into a truck's rearview mirror, under the headline A NATIONAL THREAT: HOFFA'S TEAMSTERS.

Taylor says, "A national threat—Teamsters—that's us."

Which is what worries the Establishment—political, corporate and labor. And why its leaders will do everything they can to tame Son of Hoffa. Even before the election, Hoffa can expect invitations to the White House, to the offices of every committee chairman in Congress and every corporate boardroom. It's their way of saying, "Nice Teamster, nice Hoffa."

"We're back," says Son of Hoffa at every opportunity. For people who remember his father or the days of a more violent Teamsters union, those are very frightening words.

Don't Miss the Bus!

PLAYBOY 2000 PLAYMATE SEARCH

Submissions can be mailed to Playmate 2000, 680 N. Lake Shore Dr., Chicago, IL 60611. IMPORTANT: Candidates must be at least 18 years old to apply. For more information call 1-888-720-0028.

© 1998 PLAYBOY

PLAYBOY

1999 Wall Calendars

Playboy's Biker Babes

The hottest Playmates and Playboy models invite you to hop on for 16 full months of wild rides. Each new month will bring you another awesome bike to admire and one more spectacular babe to behold. September '98 through December '99. No nudity. 12" x 18".

XL2008 $12.95

Playboy's Playmate Lingerie Calendar

Every month of this 12-month calendar brings you a new Playmate dressed to thrill in the sexiest lingerie. Features Priscilla Taylor, Jessica Lee, Ulrika Ericsson, Saskia Linnsen, Amanda Hope, Karin Taylor, Samantha Torres, Cheryl Bachman, Angela Melina, Angel Boris, Nadine Chanz and Victoria Silvstedt. No nudity. 12" x 18".

XL2007 $12.95

ORDER TOLL-FREE 800-423-9494
Most major credit cards accepted.

ORDER BY MAIL
Include credit card account number and expiration date or send a check or money order to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 80348, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809. $4.00 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax.

Canadian orders accepted (please visit our website for other foreign orders).

Visit the Playboy Store at www.playboy.com/catalog

YALE

(continued from page 104)

For two hours they talked of libidos run wild, enough to raise the Puritan fathers from the dead.

their lives at Harvard or Stanford. Yale's most notorious traditional streak occurs every year at this time, when the most daring members of Berkeley College—one of the 12 residential colleges in which Yale students live—wait for a tour guide to bring the hundreds of high schoolers, often with their parents, through the Old Campus. Just as the tour passes in front of Vanderbilt Hall, the Berkeley gang emerge in all their jiggling, bushy splendor from an entryway. They run the length of the Old Campus, over a hundred yards, as the Future Freshmen of Yale glimpse their future. The students disappear through a gate at the far end of the Old Campus, to return to Berkeley College and their clothing. It all takes about 20 seconds.

Unless you are recent graduate Nir Goldman. In the spring of 1995, he had a broken foot, but he soldiered on. Wearing nothing save his crutches, he streaked. The pack of naked, charging men and women had disappeared from view when the audience—Yalies with cameras, high schoolers with parents—noticed Goldman coming into view. He hobbled down the path, taking five minutes' time, smiling to his public, a proud Yalie to the core.

If Yale students have few qualms about nudity and are so comfortable with the opposite sex, shouldn't there be an abundance of sex at Yale? If they're so liberal, why are they so conservative? AIDS is one answer. Today's freshmen were born in 1980, and had just learned to read when most Americans became aware of AIDS. For them, sex has always been dangerous.

And the young men and women who make it to Yale were generally extra responsible in high school. They were peer counselors and prefects and student body presidents. They don't take chances, not with their grades and certainly not with their lives.

"I think there are a lot of people who come into their own at Yale," says Blanca Fromm. "They were nerdy in high school, into their work. It was hard to break out of that image. But here there's a lot of social mobility. You can do whatever you want—you can be an actor *and* a baseball player *and* do a lot of drugs."

Yet the high school baggage lingers. Yale men "were all dorks" in high school, says Connor Martin, "and here the dork bar is set so low." Tim Moffet, a junior from Tiburon, California, has equally kind words for the ladies. "My theory is this: The girls who get into Yale were the girls guys didn't talk to, so they got good grades. Some guys partied hard in high school, but you never hear of a girl here who did that." Rafael Pardo is more diplomatic, saying simply that "most people coming to Yale are people who are hard workers in academics, and academics aren't necessarily valued in high school."

If my sources are right, the vast majority of incoming Yale students are virgins. One senior guesses that about 70 percent of men and 85 percent of women enter Yale as virgins; another offers 80 percent and 65 percent. "Definitely over half for both sexes," says Fromm, "60 percent to 70 percent." While the news reports tell us that Americans are having sex at ever younger ages, in certain precincts intercourse is still something worth delaying. Perhaps the men and women who come to Yale as virgins are typical of people with their educated, middle-class backgrounds. Or maybe they had to tell themselves that intercourse is something worth waiting for, because they already had spent all of high school waiting.

•

I was looking for the three raunchiest, most degenerate Yale students I could find. I was after people who could fill in the slow parts of my article, give me something prurient—something "illegal in Southern states," as a friend of mine used to say. I wanted dirt. From all directions, the answer came back the same: Ask the swim team. My friend Brian Hall was team captain two years back. I tracked him down in Seattle, where he works for Microsoft. "Two words," he said. "John Barbie."

I called Barbie, told him that I had heard about his credentials and asked if he would put together a group of real deviants for me to interview. "A panel of perverts?" he asked. "Sure, I could do that."

We met on a Tuesday night at Mory's, the quintessential old-boy—"Old Blue," they say at Yale—members-only eating and drinking club. The traditional drinks are alcoholic punches gulped from large chalices called, with Ivy understatement, cups. You order a cup by its color: "We'll have a blue cup, and when we're done with that bring us a gold." Barbie had gathered two other swimmers and a hockey player. From his team were Tim Moffet, the junior from California, and Brendan Mulvey, a senior from Montclair, New Jersey. Keith Fitzpatrick, a junior from Long Island, skates for Yale's hockey team; he joined us after a late practice, when we were already on our third red cup.

The men did not disappoint. For two hours they talked of libidos run wild, enough to raise Yale's Puritan fathers from the dead. Fitzpatrick is master of "the deuce"—getting busy with one girl while another waits her turn, watching. Moffet, who lives in the residential college named for the preacher Timothy Dwight, has a ribald tale (much too long to go into here) that begins and ends with his staring at five pairs of breasts. He calls it the Tale of Ten Titties. Barbie, whose college is named for the Puritan John Davenport, is a connoisseur who likes to cue up Beethoven for bedroom ambience, preferably the Ninth Symphony, the one with the *Ode to Joy*. These were men who relished their women and relished their sex, and were blessed with the charisma and bodies to get what they wanted.

"One last question," I said. "How

many women have you guys slept with?" They paused to think, then answered: seven, three, four. None of them had been with more than seven women in all, and one of them had never slept with a Yale woman.

•

I had tried to find people on the edge, and I had expected the edge to be crowded with their numerous sex partners. Instead, it was defined by the interesting quality of their erotic lives rather than the sheer number of notches in their belts. One student I spoke to, a sophomore from New England who is part of Yale's leftist politically active scene, seems to epitomize the curious Yale confection of monogamous perversity. Her hobby is scholarly erotica: She has scavenged the stacks and archives of Sterling Library for novels and letters, diaries and engravings and chapbooks—anything with prurient appeal. She speaks as frankly about sex as any sober 19-year-old I have ever met. "I have a tendency to be violent in hookups," she told me, "biting and slapping. And my experience with the Yale man is that he is turned on by this." But, in fact, only one of her partners has been a Yale student—and, for all her wildness in bed, she has never cheated on a boyfriend.

It may just be that where the culture of friendship thrives, sex will never be the same. Meanwhile, the willingness of Yale students to travel beyond the confines of the missionary position surely makes intercourse less of a holy grail. An article in *The Yale Herald*, a campus weekly, put it this way: "Dating in college does not necessarily mean you're having sex. Yalies understand that sexual intercourse isn't the be-all and end-all of sexual activity. People often sleep over well before they have sex, just to enjoy the intimacy of sharing the same bed. Many enjoy learning what gives them pleasure with someone they trust." Oral sex or mutual masturbation will often come first, it seems, and anal sex is not unheard of. One recent graduate even dated a girl who "was always walking in on her roommate tied to the bed with socks." Sleepovers, it seems, can take place for weeks before culminating in intercourse.

The slow pace does not make relationships any less serious. In fact, any Yalie will tell you that students are either "married" or alone. Relationships get serious fast, and people lament the loss of a middle ground. Couples go on "college time," which is like dog years in its heightened pace: They sleep together, usually have breakfast together but eat lunch and dinner apart, then study together for five hours before crashing into bed. Things happen quickly and heatedly, and the emotional intensity is only heightened by the overachiever's personality. If Yalies were "all dorks in high school," imagine them just a little older, even more analytical and verbal—and in heat. "Everything at Yale is an issue," says Esther Choo, a medical student who entered as an undergraduate in 1990 and has been observing Yale ways ever since. "People here don't just undergo change—they talk about it first."

The romantic relationships that flame out quickly rarely involve sex. And because love usually grows from friendship, to friendship it can easily return. Even when bitterness lingers, the Yale world is small and nobody can be avoided. At the very least, you make peace. Or better yet, the relationship lasts: I graduated from my residential college, Jonathan Edwards, with 100 classmates, two of them married (to each other) and four more engaged. Students can overanalyze and think too much, they can lose themselves in antiquity and the Renaissance, but when true love beckons, even the overachievers heed its call. It all can be exhausting and painful and hard, but like old age, it is probably better than the alternative: life outside the ivied walls. "People I know who graduate are terrified of losing these intimate groups," Connor Martin told me, "and having to date."

Sensual Products

How to order them without embarrassment.
How to use them without disappointment.

From Sexual Secrets, A Couple's Guide to Sexual Ecstasy, available from the Xandria Collection

Today, people are interested in improving the quality of their lives and exploring their own sensuality with options from the Xandria Collection.

The most important aspect of satisfaction is trust. Trust us...thoughtful consideration goes into each product in the catalogue. Quality, value, and sensual appeal are all important elements, as are you, the customer.

What is The Xandria Collection?

It is a very special collection of sensual products. It includes the finest and most effective products available from around the world. Products that can open new doors to pleasure (perhaps many you never knew even existed)!

Our products range from the simple to the delightfully complex. They are designed for both the timid and the bold. For anyone who has ever wished there could be something more to their sensual pleasure.

The Xandria Collection has a unique three-way guarantee. We've had the same, no worry guarantee for the past 23 years (since 1974).

First, we guarantee your privacy. Everything we ship is plainly packaged and securely wrapped, with no clue to its contents from the outside. All transactions are strictly confidential and we never sell, give or trade any customer's name.

Second, we guarantee your satisfaction. If a product seems unsatisfactory, simply return it within 60 days for a replacement or refund.

Third, we guarantee the quality of our products for one year. If it malfunctions, simply return it to us for a replacement.

The Xandria Gold Collection...a tribute to closeness and communication. Celebrate the possibilities for pleasure we each have within us. If you're prepared to intensify your own pleasure, then send for the Xandria Gold Collection Edition catalogue. It is priced at just $4.00, applied in full to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose. And an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

The Xandria Collection, Dept. PB1198
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131-9988

Please send me, by first class mail, my copy of the Xandria Gold Collection Edition catalogue. Enclosed is my check or money order for four dollars, which will be applied toward my first purchase. ($4 U.S., $5 CAN., £3 U.K.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

I am an adult over 21 years of age *(signature required)*:

_____

Xandria, 165 Valley Dr., Brisbane, California 94005-1340.
Void where prohibited by law.

COLLEGE SEX SURVEY (continued from page 82)

Nonorgasmic women are less likely to watch themselves in a mirror having sex, or shower with a lover.

We discovered a bell curve. One in five female students reach orgasm every time they have intercourse. About a third usually reach orgasm, while another third do sometimes. Alas, some 14 percent say they never reach orgasm during intercourse.

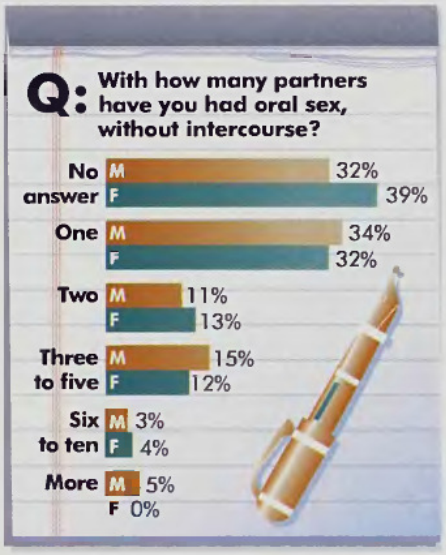
We decided to look at what factors distinguish the always-orgasmic from the never-orgasmic. It is impossible to establish cause and effect, but we did find intriguing correlations.

It begins with the loss of virginity. Women who don't reach orgasm during intercourse are far more likely to wish they had waited until they were older before starting intercourse, confessing that it didn't live up to their expectations.

And not being orgasmic seems to affect one's sex life: The nonorgasmic women are far more likely to have had no sex in the past month (61 percent versus 19 percent of the orgasmic women). They are less likely to have had sex with someone outside a relationship.

It appears that these women have difficulty teaching themselves to come. Four out of ten of the nonorgasmic women say they don't reach orgasm through masturbation either.

The never-orgasmic seem to put responsibility for sex on someone other than themselves—they are twice as likely to make their partner take care of birth control. When asked what they look for in a sexual partner, the nonorgasmic women are far more likely to judge by physical attractiveness and muscle tone, and are far less likely to look for intelligence and enthusiasm. When you date Conan the Barbarian, don't be surprised if nothing happens.


Q: With how many partners have you had oral sex, without intercourse?
No answer M 32% F 39%
One M 34% F 32%
Two M 11% F 13%
Three to five M 15% F 12%
Six to ten M 3% F 4%
More M 5% F 0%

The depth of inhibition is evident. Nonorgasmic women are less likely to have skinny-dipped, to have watched themselves in a mirror having sex, to have bathed or showered with a lover, or to have had a ménage à trois. They are less likely to have used oil or lotion during masturbation. A third of the orgasmic women have masturbated in front of a partner, but only one in ten of the nonorgasmic females has.

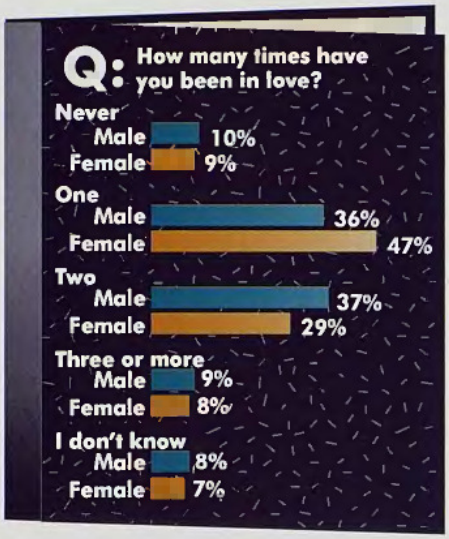
They are far more likely not to use drugs (76 percent of the nevers versus 50 percent of the alwayses). In contrast, 42 percent of the orgasmic women have smoked marijuana, compared with only 21 percent of the nonorgasmic women.

One of the most dramatic differences involves oral sex. Not surprisingly, 74 percent of the women who always come during intercourse say that's their favorite route to orgasm; while close to 75 percent of the women who couldn't reach orgasm from intercourse said that oral sex was their favorite route to orgasm.

Here is a finding to post on your dorm bulletin board: Orgasmic women are far more likely to give oral sex than are nonorgasmic women (87 percent versus 60 percent). Does performing fellatio

Saturday Nite Jive
BY BILL JOHNSON
WHY DON'T WOMEN LIKE NICE GUYS?
WHY? BECAUSE MOST "NICE GUYS" REALLY AREN'T SO NICE! THEY'RE PASSIVE-AGGRESSIVE!
HUH?
"NICE GUYS" THINK THEY'RE NICE BECAUSE THEY DON'T YELL OR HIT THEIR GIRLFRIENDS.
WELL?
INSTEAD, THEY BOTTLE UP THEIR ANGER AND FRUSTRATION UNTIL IT BOILS OVER!
WHICH COMES OUT IN CUTTING REMARKS THEY "DIDN'T MEAN."
HMMPF! JUST WHAT I'D EXPECT FROM A PSEUDO-FEMINIST.
WHAT?
SORRY. I DIDN'T MEAN THAT.

increase her chances of having an orgasm during intercourse? That's one interpretation. Or are women who are open to sexual pleasure simply more open to its many forms?



Orgasmic response is a mind game. We asked students to tell us what they focus on during intercourse.

Here's what the never-orgasmic or sometimes-orgasmic women say:

"I focus on its being over. When it begins with me on my back and I become a tool for masturbation, my mind definitely wanders. I'm closed off sexually most of the time. I've learned that I'm right in not having much sexual intercourse."

"Most of the time I have fantasies about having sex with another guy or girl during intercourse. If a guy is really good he can keep my attention."

"I focus on our bodies and the closeness and intimacy between us. I think about feelings, emotions. It annoys me that my partner doesn't think about the same things. I like to ask, 'What are you thinking about?' He always says, 'How much I love you.' I think he's lying sometimes. If I think about physical sensation only, then I feel used by or distant from my partner."

"I focus on my partner and modify what I do to or for him based on his reactions. I submerge myself in our experience together. If my mind wanders, we might as well stop, because I'm just not there."

In contrast, listen to these women who are always or usually orgasmic during intercourse:

"The overall sensation can last and last if you concentrate and slowly creep up to the climax. The only time my mind wanders is when I don't really want to participate and I want it to be over, quick."

"I think about continuous stimulation. I may center on the penis, but my hands are always moving."

"I think about his penis going into my vagina. I listen to the sounds we both make. Sometimes I fantasize that he's a total stranger, or that someone is watching us. I like to look into his eyes."

"It depends on how interested I am in having sex with that person. If I'm completely into it and horny, I will be able to concentrate only on things being done to me and how good they feel. If I'm doing it for other reasons, say, because he is horny, sometimes my mind wanders. I think about things I need to do, things that happened during the day—anything but sex."

Not to make this a female problem only. The men in our study also focus on a wide range of things. One guy even thinks about his grandmother to keep from coming.

THE PERILS AND PLEASURES OF PROMISCUITY

Q: Think of each of your lovers. Were you the same with each of them? How did the sex differ from one to another? Without naming them, list the lovers who had the most impact—lover one, lover five, lover ten, etc.—and describe what you learned from them.

"With lover one I learned that sex is a complicated issue and that there's no going back once you cross the line. With lover two I learned that I can have sex with someone and not want them for anything more than that. I also learned that big penises cause pain the next day and that condoms dry me out. With this person I had anal sex for the first time. Lover three was my next-door neighbor. I learned that I can have sex with someone and still be friends. Lover four taught me that we should have been better friends before we had sex because it ruined what little friendship we had. Lover five was bigger than my second lover, even though they were identical twin brothers. With lover six I learned what lame sex is all about. There's nothing like a limp penis trying to get you off. Lover seven was the older brother of lovers two and five. Sex with him tore me apart from all of them. With lover eight I had my first orgasm! Lover nine didn't teach me a damn thing." Female, 20, rural Northern state school

"With lover one I learned what turns women on. I developed a love for oral sex. With lover two I learned that women can be wild. This was my first casual sex. Lover four taught me that not all women enjoy oral sex. I learned more about pleasuring women. Lover five enjoyed watching me masturbate and liked it when I came on her. With lover six I learned that kinky is good." Male, 21, large Southern state school

"My first lover was the third person I had been in bed with. It was the first time I had seen a penis in the light. My last lover was the first one who was interested in me and my pleasure. It made me more comfortable with my sexuality. My current lover and I are getting into bondage and S&M. It has challenged me and forced me to grow, and I love it. I

75 CONDOMS BY MAIL only $9.95!

Adam & Eve offers you a full line of high quality condoms with discreet, direct-to-your-door delivery.

Our deluxe 75 condom collection offers you the unique luxury of trying over 14 world-class condom brands including ***Trojan, Lifestyles, Prime, Magnum, Gold Circle Coins,*** plus some of the finest Japanese brands.

As a special introductory offer, you can get the ***Super 75 Collection*** (a full $29.95 value if purchased individually) ***for ONLY $9.95. That's a savings of over 60%!*** Or try our 38 Condom Sampler for only $5.95. Use the coupon below to claim your savings now!

Money-Back Guarantee: You must agree that Adam & Eve's condoms and service are the best available anywhere, or we'll refund your money in full, no questions asked.

Visa, MasterCard & American Express Orders Call
Toll Free 1-800-274-0333
24 Hours A Day / 7 Days a Week

Adam & Eve, P.O. Box 900, Carrboro, NC 27510
CLIP AND MAIL WITH PAYMENT

Send Check or Bank Money Order To:
Adam & Eve • Dept PB228
P.O. Box 900 • Carrboro, NC 27510

❑ **YES!** *Please rush my CONDOM COLLECTION in plain packaging under my money-back guarantee.*

CODE#	ITEM	QTY.	PRICE	TOTAL
#5554	Super 75 Collection	___	$9.95	___
#6623	38 Condom Collection	___	$5.95	___
	Postage & Handling			FREE
	Rush Service Add $2			___
	TOTAL			___

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

Hot Prospects

From beauty-contest winners to undiscovered beauties, every young woman in *Playboy's Playmate Tests* was able to convince us of one thing: She is a born Playmate. See the thrilling—and never before published—nude photos we took of Anna Nicole Smith, Victoria Silvstedt, Donna D'Errico and other Playmates-to-be during their Playmate tests. You'll see why we just couldn't say no.

Book# XGFT9817 $6.95

ORDER TOLL-FREE 800-423-9494
Most major credit cards accepted.

ORDER BY MAIL
Include credit card account number and expiration date or send a check or money order to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 80344, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809. $3.00 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax.

Canadian orders accepted (please visit our website for other foreign orders). © 1998 Playboy

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

Visit the Playboy Store at www.playboy.com/catalog

PLAYBOY

Playmate 2000 Search T-Shirt

The Playmate 2000 Seorch Bus is still rolling. Let our official tour T-shirt tell everyone you're along for the ride! Screen-printed unisex T-shirt has red Marilyn silhouette on front, tour dates in red an back ond the Ploymate 2000 website oddress in red on right sleeve. 100% pre-shrunk cotton. Imported. Sizes M, L, XL.

T-Shirt# XJ2026 Black
T-Shirt# XJ2025 White (not shown)
Each $16

ORDER TOLL-FREE 800-423-9494
Most major credit cards accepted.

ORDER BY MAIL Include credit card account number and expiration dote or send o check or money order to Ployboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 80342, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809. $4.00 shipping-ond-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tox.

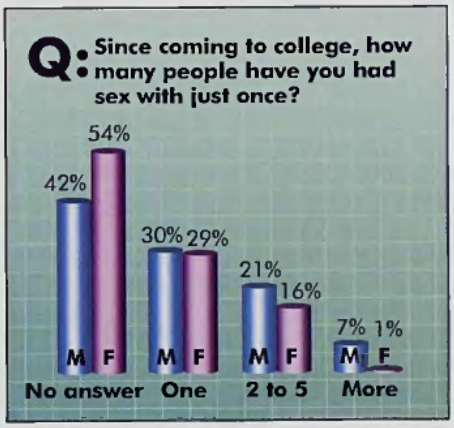
Canadian orders accepted (please visit our website for other foreign orders).

Visit the Playboy Store at www.playboy.com/catalog

feel more confident and more in control than ever." Female, 31, large Midwestern school

"Lover one: too shy and ugly. Lover two: too promiscuous and he stole from our house. Lover three: a one-night stand. Lover four: mentally unstable and insulting. Lover five: involved with someone else. I wasn't in love with any of them and I definitely learned not to be so trusting." Female, 18, Eastern state school

"Partner one made me think sex was horrible. He was very bad. I refused to have oral sex for two years after he bit my clitoris. Partner two taught me that sex can feel good. I had sex with partner four for a split second before I realized I couldn't go through with it. Partner five taught me the most. I could enjoy my orgasm and learned that sex should be with someone special. With partner six I do most of the teaching. I enjoy it the most because I care about him and we respect each other." Female, 18, Eastern state school



"Lover one taught me that size doesn't matter if you know how to use it. He also taught me about being fingered, being eaten out and getting pleasure without sex. He said all the right things at all the right times. With lover two the sex was OK. I learned that some guys say the right things for the wrong reasons. He was a good kisser and was romantic. He was better in bed when he was drunk. Lover three is the best kisser and the best lover I have had. He understands my not being too experienced and wants us to try new things together at my pace. He is an amazing person." Female, 21, Eastern state school

"Lover one taught me all the basics and oral sex. Lover two taught me many more positions and to be more wild. We had very good foreplay. We used fruits and popsicles during oral sex. I learned that sex is better when it's romantic (not with the TV on). He also taught me how to tease into sex instead of just doing it. Lover three taught me that I can have an orgasm if I let myself and that swallowing isn't bad, it's actually good." Female, 20, rural Northern state school

"With my first two partners, sex was

1999 PLAYMATE CALENDARS

HOLLY JOAN HART — PHOTO BY STEPHEN WAYDA

Get Ready *for Some Heat*

If the 1999 Playmate Calendar is any indication, next year is going to be the hottest year on record! Don't miss your chance to spend a full year basking in the heat of 12 gorgeous Playboy Playmates.

ORDER TOLL-FREE 800-423-9494

Most major credit cards accepted.

ORDER BY MAIL

Include credit card account number and expiration date or send a check or money order to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 80337, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809. $3.00 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax.

Canadian orders accepted (please visit our website for other foreign orders).

ALSO AT NEWSSTANDS NOW!

Visit the Playboy Store at www.playboy.com/catalog

$6.95 EACH

WALL CALENDAR
8⅛" x 12¾"
Item# WYCC1999W

DESK CALENDAR
5⅛" x 7¾"
Item# WYCC1999D

KAREN MCDOUGAL

VICTORIA SILVSTEDT

CARRIE STEVENS

MARLIECE ANDRADA

INGA DROZDOVA

HOLLY JOAN HART

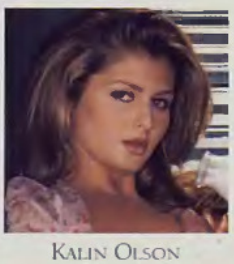
LAYLA ROBERTS

HEATHER KOZAR

NIKKI SCHIELER

DAPHNE LYNN DUPLAIX

JULIA SCHULTZ


KALIN OLSON

just something that happened. I didn't crave it and it occurred only when they brought it on. With my third partner I wanted sex all the time, even oral sex. I was a wild woman who was willing to try anything! I think it's because he was good, he knew what to do and his penis size was perfect." Female, 18, rural Northern state school

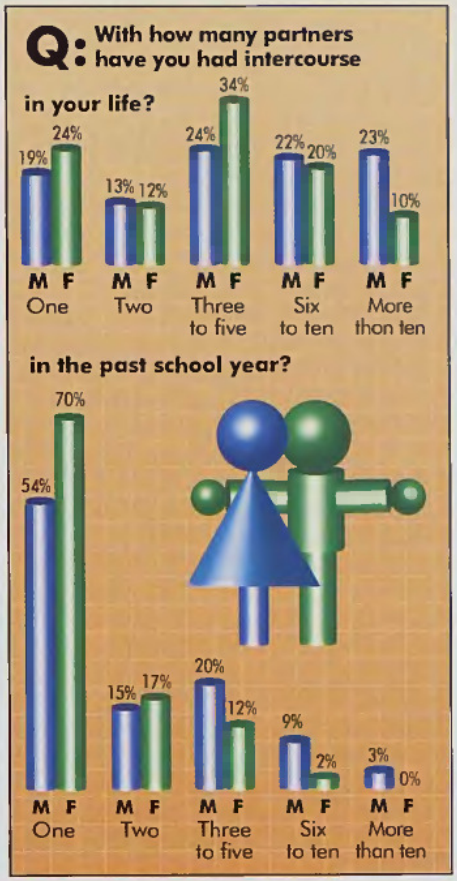
"I had sex with lover one in a lake when we were drunk. The sex was good. I met lover two at a bar and that's all I remember. Lover three was a woman at camp. I had known her for a long time but never really talked to her. Lover four was my first hump. Lover five was my first girlfriend." Male, 19, rural Northern state school

"With lover one, I learned that bad sex is, well, bad sex. With lover four, I learned that I like the inner fold of my arm licked and I liked her spitting in my mouth. Lover 21 confirmed for me that oral sex is the best." Male, 27, private Southern school

"Lover two taught me about oral sex and having sex with someone I love. Lover three taught me about sex in odd positions. I also learned that I need to control my hormones." Male, 19, large Midwestern school

"Lover one was having sex three or four times a day with no real relationship. Lover two was a one-night stand, just good sex. Lover three was the greatest person I have ever met. She taught me the true meaning of love and what a relationship is all about. Lover four was a one-night stand, horrible sex." Male, 19, rural Northern state school

"Lover one had a very large penis (way above average). It was really hard having sex with him because he was so large. I lost my virginity to him and thought I had died! He was scared to go down on me. I orally pleased him a lot. My current boyfriend is wonderful. Sex is so much better with him because it really means something to us. He loves to please me much more than getting pleased himself. But I please him a lot because I love him." Female, 19, large Southern state school



"One: Since it was the first time for both of us, we learned what felt good for each of us. I learned how to make him happy and how to make sure that I was happy. Two: Nothing. Three: I learned that sex doesn't always have to be serious. It can sometimes be taken lightly. Four: Nothing. Five: I learned that size does matter. Six: This was someone I really cared for and I learned that sex can lead to a broken heart. Seven: Nothing. Eight: This was a long-lasting relationship. I learned that making love can connect two people forever. Nine: Once again I learned how much fun and carefree sex can be. Ten: Same as number nine." Female, 20, a small Eastern private school

"I have had sex with only one person. I became sexually active when I was 13 years old, with oral sex, masturbation, mutual masturbation, etc. But I didn't have intercourse with anyone until I was 18. I have learned a lesson from each person I've dated, lessons about loyalty, patience, honesty and punctuality. I put what I learn into my next relationship to better it." Male, 18, Eastern state school

"This company would be in a lot better shape if it weren't being run by a bunch of pussies."

"Playboy's College Sex Survey" was designed and interpreted by James R. Petersen, Barbara Nellis, Alison Lundgren and Marty Klein. Number crunching was provided by James Middleton. The authors would like to thank the professors who turned their classrooms into laboratories.

a little advance

(continued from page 96)

the roof when we arrived. He was holding a snow shovel and wearing a plaid woolly hat, the kind with earflaps. His breath puffed out in thin white clouds. As we drove up the long driveway, he waved at us.

"That's my brother, Ronald," Carol said, waving back. "I have no idea what the fuck he's doing up there."

"You've got to be kidding me," I said. "You're loaded."

"No." She killed the engine. "My dad was loaded, and now I guess my mom is, but I'm not. Don't give me shit about it, OK?"

"I just can't fucking believe it."

Inside, I stood in the middle of the family room and stared up at the cathedral ceiling. I'd never been in a place like this. I felt giddy. It was the kind of house I'd seen in *House Beautiful*. The paintings, the cut flowers, the softly ticking clock: The room had an understated grace, signaling the presence of serious money. Even the air seemed thicker and warmer, more nourishing.

"Cut it out," Carol said. "Haven't you ever seen a skylight before?"

"I love all this."

"What?"

I gestured broadly.

"Well, you get used to it. Believe me."

I gave her a dubious look. "It would take me a long time to get used to this."

After a minute she called to me from the kitchen. "Do you want some lunch? There's a ton of food here."

For the entire ride over, I had been starving. But I wasn't hungry anymore. I circled the room, running my fingers over the smooth, polished furniture. Warm sunlight trickled in through the high windows. I flopped down on the sofa and took off my jacket and put my feet up on the end table, and I closed my eyes. It felt so natural. I wanted the television, and the grandfather clock. I wanted the tall bookcases. I wanted everything.

•

Carol's brother looked like a shopping mall mannequin, with tiny rimless glasses and khaki pants and a plaid sweater, his hair swept back and shellacked in place. "You made it!" he said, slapping at his snowy pants legs. "I was starting to get worried."

We were in the kitchen eating lunch. There was prosciutto and melon and smoked salmon spread out on the counter. My plate was mounded over. Half a brioche was stuffed in my mouth. Carol's mother, Jeanne, had come downstairs soon after we'd arrived, and now she sat across the table sipping tonic water. She looked like a smaller version of Carol, but when she spoke her voice was breathy and slow, like a sigh; she seemed

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 28, 30, 32, 39, 124–129 and 179, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

WIRED

Pages 28 and 30: "Top Gun Technology": **Software** by *CyberLife*, from Mindscape, at local software stores. "The Buzz on Fall Gadgets": **Pokémon** by *Nintendo*, 800-255-3700. **DVD-RAM drive** and **speaker system** by *Creative Labs*, 800-998-5227. **Intensor chair** by *BSG Labs*, 800-274-5227. "Wild Things": **Tiger Golf** and **You Don't Know Jack** by *Tiger Electronics*, 800-844-3733. **Virtual surround-sound system** by *Pioneer Electronics*, 800-746-6337. "Multimedia Reviews & News": "Mayhem Central": **Software:** By *Sierra Studios*, 800-757-7707. By *3D Realms*, at local software stores. By *Acclaim*, 516-759-7800. By *Eidos Interactive*, at local software stores. By *Konami*, at local software stores. "For Jocks Only": **Software:** By *Midway*, at local software stores. By *EA Sports*, 800-245-4525. "Role-Play With It": **Software:** By *Nintendo*, 800-255-3700. By *Square Soft*, 800-345-7669. "Faking Flight": **Software:** By *Jane's Combat Simulations*, 800-245-4525. By *Microsoft*, 800-426-9400. "Etc., Etc.": **Software:** By *Berkeley Systems*, 800-527-7440. By *Maxis Software*, from Electronic Arts, 800-245-4525. By *Sierra*, 800-757-7707.

TRAVEL

Page 32: "Road Stuff": **Multipurpose tool** by *Gerber*, at local knife and sporting goods stores. **Softcover book** from O'Reilly & Assoc., Inc., 800-998-9938.

MANTRACK

Page: 39: "Natural Golf": **Clubs** by *Natural Golf*, 888-NAT-GOLF.

BACK TO CAMPUS

Page 124: **Jacket** by *DKNY*, at DKNY, Las Vegas, 702-650-9670, Atrium, NYC, 212-473-9200, Macy's, NYC, 212-695-4400 and Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC, 212-753-4000. **Sweatshirt** by *Champion*, 800-999-2249. **T-shirt** by *Gap*, 800-GAP-STYLE. **Sunglasses** by *Ray-Ban*. Page 125: **Turtleneck** by *525 Made in America*, at Traffic, Los Angeles, 310-659-4313, Mystique, Wilmington, 302-429-8755 and Bloomingdale's stores. **Cargo pants** by *D&G Dolce & Gabbana*, at D&G Boutiques. **Boots** by *DKNY*, at Macy's, NYC, 212-695-4400 and Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC, 212-753-4000. Page 126: **Sports jacket** and **shirt** by *Polo Jeans Co.*, 888-POLO-JEANS. **Sweater** by *DKNY*, at Saks Fifth Avenue stores. **Jeans** by *CK Calvin Klein*, at Macy's, Bloomingdale's and Dillard's stores. Page 127: **Varsity jacket** by *Polo Jeans Co.*, 888-POLO-JEANS. **Sweater** by *DKNY*, at Atrium, NYC, 212-473-9200 and Saks Fifth Avenue stores. **T-shirt** by *Gap*, 800-GAP-STYLE. **Pants** by *Champion*, 800-999-2249. **Sneakers** by *Fila*, 800-PRO-FILA. Page 128: **Denim jacket** by *Diesel*, at Diesel stores, Le Garage, Chicago, 773-278-2234 and Probus, NYC, 212-923-9153. **Shirt** by *Old Navy*, 800-OLD-NAVY. **T-shirt** by *Diesel*, at Diesel stores, South Beach Clothing, Miami, 305-672-2263 and Rolo, San Francisco, 415-989-7656. **Cargo pants** by *DKNY*, at Macy's and Saks Fifth Avenue stores. **Boots** by *Dockers Footwear*, 800-338-2308. Page 129: **Vest** by *Eddie Bauer*, 800-426-8020. **Sweater vest** by *26 Red*, at Pacific Sunwear, Huntington Beach, 714-693-8066, ZCMI, Salt Lake City, 801-579-6279 and Brave New World, Point Pleasant, NJ 732-899-8220. **Flannel shirt** by *Polo Jeans Co.*, 888-POLO-JEANS. **Surplus pants** by *Old Navy*, 800-OLD-NAVY. **Trek shoes** by *Fila*, 800-PRO-FILA. **Watch** by *G-Shock*, 888-BY-G-SHOCK or www.gshock.com.

ON THE SCENE

Page 179: "Looking for Grip": **Winter Driving School** sponsored by *Bridgestone Tire Co.*, 800-949-7543. **Tires** by *Bridgestone/Firestone*, 800-807-9555.

CREDITS: PHOTOGRAPHY BY: P. 7 STEPHEN E. BARRETT, PATTY BEAUDET-FRANCÈS (3), JOE-BABY GARCIA, GEORGE GEORGIOU, HENRY HORENSTEIN (2), VERNON L. SMITH; P. 9 RICHARD FEGLEY, DAVID MECEY; P. 16 ARNY FREYTAG; P. 21 BRUCE BIRMELIN/© 1998 GRAMERCY PICTURES; P. 24 GAVIN SMITH/GAMMA LIAISON; P. 32 GEORGIOU; P. 39 GEORGIOU (2); P. 40 GORMAN/LIAISON, JAMES IMBROGNO; P. 75 FREYTAG; P. 77 FEGLEY (6); P. 87 KERRY HAYES/© MIRAMAX FILMS, PETER MOUNTAIN/© MIRAMAX FILMS, BARRY WETCHER/CASTLE ROCK; P. 89 MORTEN CONSTANTINEANU BAK, BRUCE BIRMELIN/© 1998 METRO GOLDWYN MAYER PICTURES INC.; P. 122 UPI/CORBIS (3); P. 135 ANDREW CRAIN (2), ED MALINSKI; P. 175 TOM BIONDO, ART FOXALL (2), FREYTAG, GEORGIOU, DWIGHT HOOKER, POMPEO POSAR, GARY TRANTAFIL; P. 176 PEGGY AUGUST, FEGLEY (2), FOXALL (2), MARK HAUSER, STEPHEN WAYDA; P. 182 GEORGIOU; P. 183 CORBIS, GEORGIOU, DAVID VANDERVEEN; P. 184 FEGLEY. ILLUSTRATIONS BY: P. 40 CAROL ZUBER-MALLISON; PP. 48-49 MELINDA GORDON. LOCATIONS COURTESY OF: P. 140 THE BICYCLE PLACE, COLLEGE PARK, MD 301-699-8650; PP. 141-142 AND 145 OLIN CONSTRUCTION CO., TALLAHASSEE, FL; P. 142 PARADISE GRILL & BAR, TALLAHASSEE, FL; P. 143 SUNRISE FARM BED & BREAKFAST, SALEM, SC 888-991-0121; P. 146 DR. AND MRS. ROBERT KLEINER. P. 140 1943 STEARMAN PT13-D AIRPLANE COURTESY OF CAPTAIN LEEWOOD; P. 143 VW COURTESY OF DICK MAXWELL, MAXWELL VOLKSWAGEN VOLVO SUBARU, BURLINGTON, NC. P. 132 HAIR AND MAKEUP BY MARY RESNICK, STYLING BY WALTER BARNETT AT HELLER ARTISTS. PP. 99-100 NETSCAPE AND NETSCAPE NAVIGATOR ARE TRADEMARKS OF NETSCAPE COMMUNICATIONS CORPORATION.

to recognize something fundamentally sad about the world. She was staring at my hair.

Ronald sat down at the table, plucked an olive off his sister's plate and examined it before popping it into his mouth. "You're probably wondering what I was doing on the roof."

Carol shrugged. "Not really."

"I was shoveling," he said. "I read this article yesterday that said a roof can collapse if there's more than 18 inches of snow on it." He took another olive from Carol's plate and grinned goofily. "I was saving our roof."

He was so earnest, like a boy in a Norman Rockwell painting. I had an urge to tousle his hair or give him a noogie, or just slap him.

"There's like six inches out there," Carol said.

Jeanne touched Carol lightly on the forearm. "Did I tell you your grandfather is coming today? Your aunt says he's been difficult lately, so we'll have to . . . you know. Take it easy." She sipped her tonic water and smiled gently at her daughter, then at Ronald, then at me. I excused myself to get more soda.

In the kitchen, I pretended to rummage in the refrigerator, then I tiptoed into the dining room and then into what was probably the study. Someone had obviously been reading *Interior Design*. The Prairie School decor, with subtle Japanese accents, was exactly as I would have done it. Often as a kid, I had daydreamed about just such a house. I'd pictured myself tinkering with the movement of the grandfather clock, or sipping a mint julep on the patio, or tooling around on a John Deere riding mower on a hot August morning, bare chested, the front lawn a vast, open territory.

I snuck back into the kitchen. I felt wonderful. I'd always viewed my poverty as somewhat noble, but as I stood in front of Carol's packed refrigerator, I knew I'd been wrong. There is nothing noble about wanting. Nobility comes from having plenty but taking only what you need, and not overindulging. There is no virtue without temptation. Any idiot knows that.

I poured myself a glass of Coke, then on second thought cracked open a cold Heineken.

"You know," Ronald said when I returned, "being up on the roof reminded me of a story I heard about this fireman in Muskegon." He leaned over the table. "This fireman went out one cold night on a call to a trailer home. Apparently those houses are pretty flimsy, because the entire roof had collapsed, and all that was left was a shell, really, four walls. So the fireman went searching for the family, and he found them in their beat-up old pickup, trying to keep warm. A middle-aged man and his two young daughters. And you know what they were doing?"

Carol's arms were crossed over her BITE ME T-shirt. "Is this one of your little stories?" she asked. "Because we just got here, Ronald. We're really not in the mood right now."

Ronald smiled patiently at me. "You know what they were doing?"

Carol sighed loudly. "Playing three-handed bridge. Smoking crack. We don't *care*, Ronald."

"Please, Ronald, tell us what they were doing," Jeanne said. "I'd like to know."

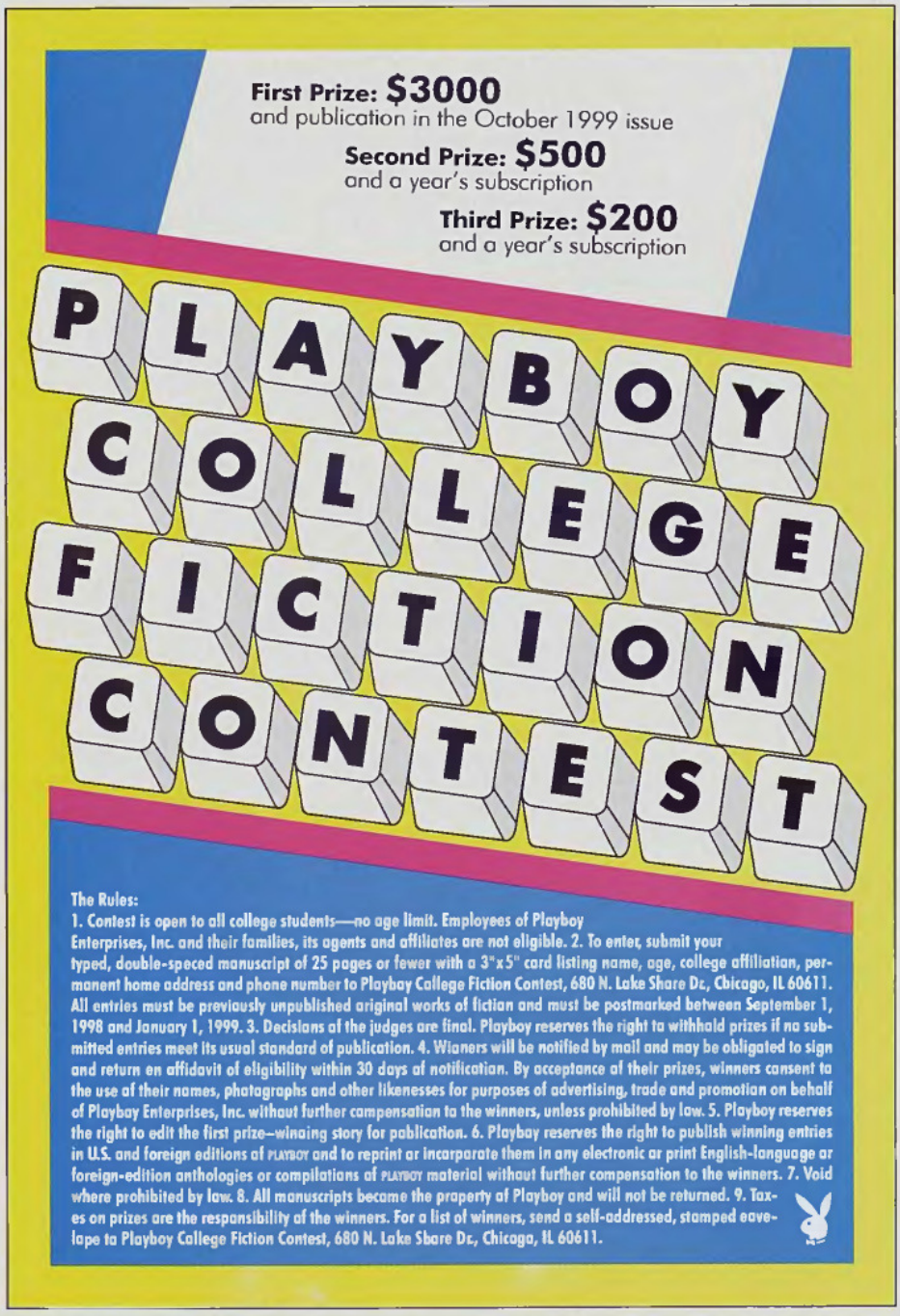
"They were singing Christmas carols. They were sitting in the truck singing *Away in a Manger*. Isn't that something? It struck me as very hopeful. Beautiful, in a way." He took another olive and chewed it meditatively. "Just out of curiosity, Joel, are you at all religious?"

"Oh, God. For Christ's sake, Ronald." Carol closed her eyes and exhaled. "Please just ignore him, Joel. He gets a little overexcited about Christmas."

"I wish you could have a better attitude," Ronald said. "That's really all I'm asking."

"Ronald," Jeanne said. "Why don't we just leave it alone, OK?" Her smile faded into a tired grin, the memory of a smile. She was tapping her index finger against her empty glass.

"Give me a break, Ronald," Carol said. "You used to hate all this as much as I do." She turned to me. "Ronald used to make himself vomit so he wouldn't have to go to our Aunt Helen's house. He'd eat something disgusting, rotten hamburger or old yogurt or something, and then he'd do jumping jacks in his bedroom until he puked. Every time. Then he would climb into bed and whimper until my mom found him. He'd be like,


First Prize: $3000
and publication in the October 1999 issue
Second Prize: $500
and a year's subscription
Third Prize: $200
and a year's subscription
PLAYBOY
COLLEGE
FICTION
CONTEST
The Rules:
1. Contest is open to all college students—no age limit. Employees of Playboy Enterprises, Inc. and their families, its agents and affiliates are not eligible. 2. To enter, submit your typed, double-spaced manuscript of 25 pages or fewer with a 3"x5" card listing name, age, college affiliation, permanent home address and phone number to Playboy College Fiction Contest, 680 N. Lake Shore Dr., Chicago, IL 60611. All entries must be previously unpublished original works of fiction and must be postmarked between September 1, 1998 and January 1, 1999. 3. Decisions of the judges are final. Playboy reserves the right to withhold prizes if no submitted entries meet its usual standard of publication. 4. Winners will be notified by mail and may be obligated to sign and return an affidavit of eligibility within 30 days of notification. By acceptance of their prizes, winners consent to the use of their names, photographs and other likenesses for purposes of advertising, trade and promotion on behalf of Playboy Enterprises, Inc. without further compensation to the winners, unless prohibited by law. 5. Playboy reserves the right to edit the first prize–winning story for publication. 6. Playboy reserves the right to publish winning entries in U.S. and foreign editions of PLAYBOY and to reprint or incorporate them in any electronic or print English-language or foreign-edition anthologies or compilations of PLAYBOY material without further compensation to the winners. 7. Void where prohibited by law. 8. All manuscripts become the property of Playboy and will not be returned. 9. Taxes on prizes are the responsibility of the winners. For a list of winners, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Playboy College Fiction Contest, 680 N. Lake Shore Dr., Chicago, IL 60611.

My tummy——"

"OK, Carol," Ronald said, reddening. "OK. I admit that I used to dislike spending Christmas with them. But people change. They grow up, for one thing."

"Oh, fuck you," Carol said.

Ronald smiled and picked up the newspaper. He opened the business section with a righteous snap.

"Fuck you," Carol said again.

•

Carol refused to give me a tour of the house, and instead took me up to her bedroom. It was pink and yellow, with a border of dancing bears. It was the room of a 12-year-old. "Do you have any of your little-girl clothes?" I asked her.

"You wish. God, I hate being home. I truly despise it." She rummaged in her bag for a joint, then lit it up and sucked the first quarter-inch off. She waited a second, then hit it again. She was something of a hog when it came to weed.

"Pass it," I said.

"I should have warned you about my brother. He's been 'saved.'"

"Isn't he kind of young for that?"

"It happened a couple of years ago, when he was a freshman. My mother's still a little freaked out. She's sort of happy about it and sort of not happy at all."

"My mom had a boyfriend like that. He talked Jesus to us all the time. Jesus, Jesus, Jesus. About everything." I shrugged. "She dumped him."

"It's annoying," Carol said, shaking her head. "He used to be this cool guy, and now he's just this . . . guy. And he's constantly *forgiving* me, even for things I don't think are wrong. It's his way of hurting me." She took the roach from me and smoked it down to nothing. "Do you have any brothers or sisters?"

"A sister, sort of. She moved to Alaska when I was six."

"Well, you're not missing a whole lot." She got up and closed her bedroom door. "What I love about coming home is that it makes me appreciate strangers more. You know? People you know absolutely nothing about?"

I turned to answer her, but she placed her index finger against her lips and said, "Shhh." She pulled off her T-shirt and jeans in two careless motions. She wasn't wearing anything else. Carol climbed onto the bed, looking straight at me. "I guess I'm in the Christmas spirit," she whispered. "The spirit of giving, and all that."

"What if someone comes in?"

But that didn't seem to bother her too much. She touched me with her beautiful fingers, and there was nothing I could do. In a few seconds we were underneath her Raggedy Ann comforter. She was smooth and strong, an eel, all muscle. The sweat rolled down my face and dripped from my chin into the hollow of her neck. "Come on," she whispered, yanking at my dreadlocks like they were reins. "Come on."

And then there was a knock on her bedroom door. *Rap rap rap.* Polite but insistent. I hovered above her, frozen.

Carol whispered, "Don't worry about it." She gripped my ass. "Keep yourself a little quieter, is what that means."

It took me a little while to get convinced, but when I did I gave her everything I had.

Later, while Carol was brushing her teeth, I started thinking about Christmas in my mother's house. The wreaths were always hung crooked and stank of mothballs. The bows were crumpled. And the nativity scene was a cheap plastic set, a Kmart special. There were three sad sheep with their legs broken off, and the little Jesus had a cigarette burn on his belly. Only the wise men were unmolested. They stood together, gazing down in horror.

I hated Christmas morning. My mother wrapped everything, in a pathetic attempt to make the Christmas haul look bigger. It only made things worse. While I was tearing open sweatsocks and bottles of mouthwash, I knew that other boys were unwrapping the good toys, the ones that needed batteries. On Christmas night I'd lie awake, weepy and frustrated. I wanted to chisel every Atari cartridge and Can Am car and Lazer Tag pistol on the planet into thumbnail-sized pieces.

Carol's house was nothing like my mother's house. People would arrive soon from distant parts, and even if they hated one another they'd shake hands and swap presents and carry on like long-lost friends. They wouldn't get drunk on Night Train Express and climb onto the dinner table, shrieking for an ex-husband. No bathroom windows would end up broken. It was as if you could buy civility like you could buy cigarettes, or oatmeal.

I wanted to explain this to Carol, but when I turned to her she was sitting on the edge of the bed, worrying a cracked toenail. Her knees were pulled up against her chest and her entire body was tucked in, as though she were preparing to receive a great blow. A stray strand of hair had fallen loose and curled underneath her powdered chin. My God. She was 19 years old, and beautiful. And rich.

After a while she noticed me staring and asked, "What?" and I reached over and brushed the hair back from her face.

"Nothing."

•

When we went downstairs Jeanne looked at Carol and arched her eyebrows and said, "Honey? They'll be here soon."

Carol picked up an envelope off the table and opened it. "Is this my Christmas present?"

AMAZING SCENT ATTRACTS WOMEN

NEWSWEEK Magazine reported the astonishing discovery of a NATURAL SCENT a hormone called 'MALE SEX PHEROMONES' (now in cologne) that sexually excites women and creates an overpowering erotic desire for sexual intercourse! IT MEANS When women detect THIS SCENT on you, THEY WANT YOU!

NATURE'S ONLY APHRODISIAC

Nature designed females to recognize 'THE DOMINANT MALE' by smell. The strongest release of male sex pheromones determines which male is dominant. Our 'MALE COLOGNE' makes you that male. Our human pheromones give you an unfair advantage over your rivals.

YOU CAN'T IMPROVE ON NATURE!

This secretion of hormone (sex pheromones) is detected by an organ in a woman's nose called the vomeronasal organ that has only one purpose: to relay the presence of the sex pheromones to an area of her brain that also has only one function: to trigger SEXUAL AROUSAL AND EROTIC APPETITE.

AUTHENTIC HUMAN SEX PHEROMONES

The problem with other pheromone colognes is that they contain pheromones of animals. Some of the most respected universities in the United States have tested and proven that animal pheromones don't attract humans. Furthermore, they have shown conclusively the effectiveness of our pheromones. If advertisers don't state 'HUMAN PHEROMONES' their product doesn't contain it.

GUARANTEED RESULTS/SCIENTIFIC PROOF INC

With every order you receive a 36 page catalog that has a detailed explanation of why these HUMAN SEX PHEROMONES are so powerful and a description of the many scientific studies that have demonstrated WHY ALL WOMEN RESPOND!

30 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE! WE DON'T SELL NAMES!

Just look at what our customers are saying . . .

"I used your Hoops. I immediately switched from offense to defense . . . if you know what I mean." M.B., New York

ORDER FORM

Plus $4.95 Postage and Handling (shipped in plain packaging)

TO ORDER CALL: 1-800-499-2146

OR FAX: 708-599-2519

(U.S. FUNDS ONLY)

Or send check or money order to:

INTIMATE RESEARCH, INC.

P.O. Box 372, Dept. PEI-14 Worth, IL 60482

THE DOMINANT MALE COLOGNES - Indicate Scent:

☐ **SUPER PRIMAL** We are now offering you a special opportunity to purchase Super Primal, 40 doses of science's most powerful aphrodisiac. It contains twice the amount of pheromones as Primal Concentrate. Add our pheromones (not a cologne) to your own or her own personal products. She'll never suspect it! EXTREMELY EFFECTIVE!
2 oz. vial ..... BEST VALUE! $99.95

☐ **Primal Concentrate** ..... 1 oz. bottle $76.95

☐ **HOOPS** Our newest fragrance 'Hoops' is the only sports cologne that contains 3 times the pheromones as our other colognes. This clean, fresh scent is superior to other colognes you might find in department stores. Use it to score on and off the court. Available in 6 mo. supply
3.38 oz. bottle $49.95

☐ **Dark Continent** ..... the #1 human pheromone cologne 4 years in a row ..... it contains 3 times the pheromones, 3 times the thrust of our regular cologne
6 mo. supply ..... 3.38 oz. bottle $49.95

☐ **Wild Cat** This designer cologne is laced with human pheromones and has a light and smooth scent that will positively 'Drive Her Wild'
3 mo. supply ..... 1.7 oz. bottle $29.95

All Above Products Come Shipped with a FREE Box of Condoms

CARD # / EXP _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Visit our website at www.intimateresearch.com

Jeanne was wearing a velvety black dress and diamond earrings, and she smelled like wilted roses: a lonely, expensive smell. She smiled at me, then took her daughter's arm and whispered something in her ear. She was shorter than Carol and had to go up on tiptoe. It was an oddly touching sight. Carol said, "What?" Her mother smiled at me and said, "Excuse us for just a minute," and led Carol into the kitchen. After a little while Jeanne came out of the kitchen and headed upstairs, and Carol followed, rolling her eyes.

In the family room, the mantel was covered with pictures of Carol and Ronald: eating candy apples at some cider mill, making snow angels on the front lawn. One picture showed Carol and Ronald with a tall, bearded man who must have been their father. The children were sitting on a wooden porch-swing and the bearded man was hugging them both from behind, and all of them were frozen in open-mouthed laughter. Then I saw Carol's Christmas envelope lying on the end table. I peeked inside: There was a card and a check for $2000. A spasm shot through my bladder. I dropped the envelope, and then Ronald came in and plopped down on the sofa and gave me a queer, nervous smile.

"Great tree," I said.

"It is, isn't it?"

"We used to have a fake one," I said. "Half the branches were missing. The thing looked like a cactus."

"We've always had real trees. My father used to cut them down a few miles from here, on a tree farm. Gorgeous full trees. Douglas firs and Scotch pines, mostly, but we'd get the occasional blue spruce."

"Well," I said. "Maybe I'll go see what Carol's up to." The sight of the $2000 check was freaking me out.

"Hey, Joel," Ronald said, "I'd like to apologize for this morning. For asking you if you're religious, and everything. Sometimes I go a little too far."

"Don't worry about it."

"You sure?"

"Sure. No big deal."

"OK. Good. Carol gets pretty annoyed when I talk about religion. She won't even listen to me, let alone come to church. You know what she calls me? A *Bible-banger*. I don't even know what that means." He sat forward on the sofa, staring into his hands. "I'm not trying to convert you, Joel. It's just something that's important to me."

"I can respect that," I said. "It's OK. Really."

There was something in me that felt sorry for Ronald. It was his face that did it, his milky, uncomplicated skin. It was a face that could never hide a lie, and this made me want to fuck with him just a little. "My problem was that I could never buy into that whole 'unconditional love' thing," I told him. "It always seemed kind of flaky."

Ronald looked at me. "Flaky?"

"Yeah. I mean, don't you ever feel guilty?"

"No. Well—about what?"

"Because He loves you and you didn't do anything for it."

Ronald's voice when he answered was slow and prissy. "It's unconditional, Joel. It means you don't have to do anything. It's like a gift."

"Yeah, but say I give you a gift for Christmas and tell you it's unconditional. I'm still expecting you to get me something. Of roughly equal value."

"Joel," he said, but stopped. He looked confused. "It's not like that. I could give you something, and I wouldn't expect anything at all in return."

"Really?"

"Of course."

"What would you give me?"

Ronald took a breath, then exhaled slowly. A pink flush spread from his ears to the side of his neck. "What would you want?"

I named a figure that didn't seem too unreasonable.

•

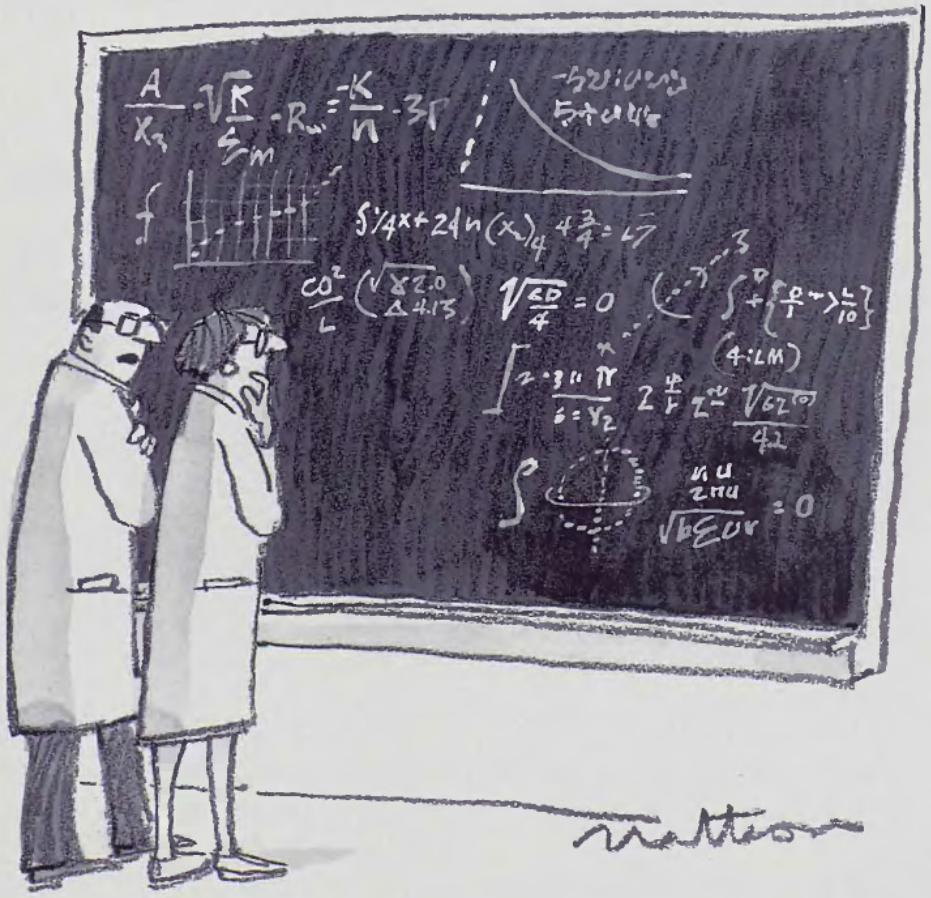
A white Cadillac pulled into the driveway at four, and Carol said, "Showtime." She'd brushed her hair out and changed into a black velvet dress, like her mother's. She wore a strand of pearls and matching earrings, and she looked wholesome and beautiful, and I could not stop looking at her.

"Don't give me crap about this," she told me. "OK? I'm serious." She sniffed the shoulder of her dress. "Shit. I smell like weed."

Jeanne hurried into the room and turned the music louder and said, "They're here," and rushed to the front door. We heard the doorbell, then a collision of happy voices, feet stamping in the front hall, the closet door opening and closing. Carol was gnawing on her thumbnail. She went over to the stereo and turned the music even louder. *Ave Maria* was blasting. A car horn tooted, and another Cadillac turned into the driveway.

I said, "Your *whole family* is rich."

Her relatives began wandering into the family room. Her Uncle Joseph had a taut pink scar winding from his right earlobe down into his sweater, like a slash from a bottle fight, but everyone else looked tanned and vigorous. They looked like actors impersonating rich people. Carol hugged each of them, then slipped her arm around my waist. "Joel's an artist," she informed them. "He does abstract sculpture with old car parts." No one seemed to know what to do with that fact. One aunt laughed hysterically. She slapped Carol playfully on



"Just what part of it strikes you as sexist?"

PLAYBOY ONLINE

The world's best-selling men's magazine is now the hottest hub in the digital world.

Just a click and you get:

- Sexy images of the world's most beautiful women.
- Fascinating excerpts and photos from current and classic issues of *Playboy*.
- The buzz on Playboy TV and video here and abroad.
- Cool stuff to buy for material guys and girls.

Check out why we get more than 5 million hits a day at

http://www.playboy.com

Playboy. A hit. As always.

© 1998 Playboy

WHOLESALE Dart & Billiard Supplies

Discover all the pool and dart supplies you need in our bigger-than-ever color catalog. Save money on our huge selection of supplies, clothing and gift items, all at wholesale prices!
Shop and save in the comfort of your home, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week!

Call today for your free catalog:

800-627-8888

MUELLER Sporting Goods INC.

Or send requests to:

Dept. 7
4825 S 16
Lincoln NE 68512

the elbow and said, "Really, Carol, my goodness," but when she saw that Carol wasn't laughing, she gave me a confused, terrified look.

Soon the family room was loud with laughter and clinking ice cubes and Karen Carpenter's bittersweet voice. I sat with Carol in the corner of the room, sipping champagne. Carol's aunts and uncles seemed to share the same laugh—a breezy, confident chuckle—and I admired and hated them for it. Jeanne was working the room with a platter of extra-large shrimp, and when she saw us she gave Carol a cartoon frown and whispered, "Come on, Carol. Introduce Joel to everybody. *Mingle*."

Carol ignored her. "My mother is afraid my aunts will think I'm rude or something. It's her biggest fear. Once Ronald got caught smashing car windshields with a golf club, and she didn't even punish him. She just made him promise never to tell anyone about it." She sipped her champagne. "The funny thing was, he told everyone."

I took Carol's empty glass, and in the kitchen I refilled it with champagne, drained it and filled it again. When I came back into the family room Carol was gone. She wasn't on the sofa. A band of sweat burst onto my forehead. I went back into the kitchen and drank another glass of champagne, then worked my way through the study and living room and foyer. No Carol.

I stood in the kitchen, drinking champagne. I wanted to go into the family room, but for some reason I couldn't get up the nerve to move. There was something powerful I couldn't explain, like gravity, grabbing at me. A group of Carol's teenage cousins were slouched in the corner, bored. I wanted to be one of those kids. I wanted their parents to laugh at my jokes and ask me what I thought about the PLO or derivatives trading. All the hours at the 7-Eleven, all the magazines I'd read: I was prepared to talk about anything.

Finally Jeanne appeared next to me, holding two glasses of champagne. She offered one glass to me. "Have you met everyone? Carol's not the best for making introductions."

I nodded. "I think I freaked out your father. With my hair."

Jeanne smiled. "It would take more than that to scare my father. Trust me." She sipped her champagne. "Have you seen my daughter lately? I can't seem to find her anywhere. She was supposed to help with the hors d'oeuvres."

"She was here a few minutes ago," I said testily, "and then she left."

"She's probably upstairs hiding from me. She does that sometimes." Jeanne touched her forehead distractedly. She seemed mildly drunk, and even drunk she radiated an aura of melancholy. It occurred to me that some of her sadness was probably caused by Carol; this made

Let Your Boxers Do the Talking

EXCLUSIVE

"I Read the Articles"

White boxer shorts with screen-printed black and gray logo. Gray elastic waistband with black screen-printed Rabbit Heads. 100% cotton. USA.
Sizes M, L, XL.
XC2639 $18.00

ORDER TOLL-FREE 800-423-9494
Most major credit cards accepted.

ORDER BY MAIL
Include credit card account number and expiration date or send a check or money order to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 80341, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809. $4.00 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax.

Canadian orders accepted (please visit our website for other foreign orders). ©1998 Playboy

Visit the Playboy Store at
www.playboy.com/catalog

me feel vaguely guilty. "You know, Carol hasn't brought anyone home since she was a freshman in high school. Isn't that strange? You're the first one of Carol's friends I've met in a long time." Jeanne shook her head. "Anyway, I'm glad you could come, Joel."

"Me too."

She looked at me skeptically. "Are you having a good time?"

I nodded. "This is how I always pictured Christmas should be, when I was a kid. You know: the fireplace, the big tree. The music, even. This is basically it."

"Really?" Jeanne pursed her lips. "This is how our Christmas has always been, and it's starting to feel sort of hokey. I was thinking we'd try something new next year. A change."

"Don't change anything," I told her. "You shouldn't, I mean. This is perfect."

Jeanne laughed. "I like you, Joel. You're the most optimistic person in this room. I appreciate that." She reached toward me, and for a second I thought she was going to pinch my cheek. Instead she took one of my dreadlocks and rolled it between her thumb and forefinger. She smiled. "I've always wanted to do that."

For a few long moments I felt completely at ease. I wanted to stand on the sofa and belt out a toast: to Jeanne and Carol and Ronald, to Christmas, to everything. The tree was lit up with hundreds of tiny white lights, like stars. Someone, one of the uncles, threw his head back and laughed. His laughter filled the room and floated up to the ceiling. One of the young cousins dashed into the room and clung to his mother's leg, and she bent down and scooped him into her arms. The safety of that room! Suddenly it was easy to understand that Christmas is a religious holiday.

I put my champagne glass down. My hands were trembling; I felt high, buzzed, even though I wasn't. I told Jeanne, "I quit my job yesterday."

"You did?"

I nodded. "To come here today. I quit."

Jeanne was cheerfully confused. "You quit to come here? Why?"

Then Carol grabbed me by the sleeve and said, "Come on." I followed her upstairs to her bedroom. "Now?" I asked. "Are you serious?" She grabbed her toothbrush from the bathroom and stuffed it into her overnight bag. Then she opened the closet and pulled out my jacket and shoved it at me.

"What?" I said. "What is this?"

"We're leaving."

"Why?"

"We're just leaving." She zipped her overnight bag, then opened the closet again and yanked her jacket off its hanger.

"Hey," I said. "Hello?"

"OK. Fine. Ronald said you tried to extort money from him. He said you tricked him into promising you $900."

"What is this suppo——" I said, but then I remembered. "Oh, that. I was joking! I was just fucking around." I wanted to laugh, but Carol wasn't smiling.

"He told me about your little conversation." She went to her bed and jerked the comforter back. "It didn't sound to me like you were joking." She smoothed the tousled bedsheets. She punched both pillows. "Ronald's a dork, Joel, but he's not a liar. OK? I mean, why would he lie about something like that?"

"I never said he was a liar. Maybe he just misunderstood me."

"Well, I understand you." She resettled the comforter and sat down on the edge of the bed. Her right hand trembled on the hem of her jacket. "And, you know, he was going to give it to you. He was actually going to give you the money, the big idiot. I'm not letting him."

"But I don't want the money."

"You're not getting it."

"I don't *want* it. I was joking. Really."

"Right, Joel. You don't want the money. How am I supposed to believe that?"

I touched her elbow, but she closed her eyes and twisted away. She wouldn't look at me. "I just want to go. OK? I feel sick. I feel like I'm about to puke."

"You want to leave right now?" I asked.

She nodded violently. Small tears were starting at the corners of her eyes.

"You don't even want to stick around for dinner?"

Carol's Honda was blocked in, and it took 20 minutes to get people to move their cars. I waited in the garage, shivering. Each time the door opened a blast of sound and light would spill out into the cold, and my heart would squeeze. Finally the driveway was clear, and Carol came out of the house, trailed by goodbyes. "Merry Christmas, Jonah!" I heard someone shout. As we drove away I looked back through the rear window and saw Ronald, standing on the driveway in the glare of a powerful floodlight, wearing his woolly hat. Snow swirled down around him. He was just standing there, watching us.

•

When we were still half a mile from my apartment I said, "Drop me off here."

"For Christ's sake. I'll take you all the way home. I'm not a sadist."

"No. Leave me here. There's something I need to do."

Carol gave me a look, then pulled over onto the snowy shoulder. Neither of us had spoken a word during the ride home. She shifted the car into park and said, "I don't think we should see each

"Boy! Look at the drumsticks on that one!"

other anymore." She pronounced the words carefully, like she was translating a foreign language.

"I realize that."

She seemed surprised. "You're OK with that?"

"I think I'll survive, if that's what you mean."

"Joel, I'm sorry about this. Really. I'm just . . . sorry." She shook her head. "I shouldn't have brought you. I'm just such a moron sometimes."

"It's OK. You brought me because you wanted to piss off your brother. Or maybe you felt sorry for me. It's Christmas. You were doing your good deed, right?"

"Wait. Joel——"

"Don't get me wrong, I'm glad I went. I just wish I'd gotten that money from your brother. He was *this* close to giving it to me."

Carol stared at me.

"You know what I told him?"

"No. I don't."

"I talked Bible to him. I used that line about the poor in spirit, which is me, inheriting the earth. I told him I needed a little advance."

Carol shook her head. "You have problems, Joel. You have some serious problems."

"Well, I'll see you. Fuck you. Merry Christmas."

I climbed out of the car. The highway was empty, but Carol's Honda sat idling on the side of the road. I kicked her rear bumper. "Fucking *go*!" I shouted. Finally Carol dropped the car into gear. As she pulled away, I heard the soft click of the electric door locks.

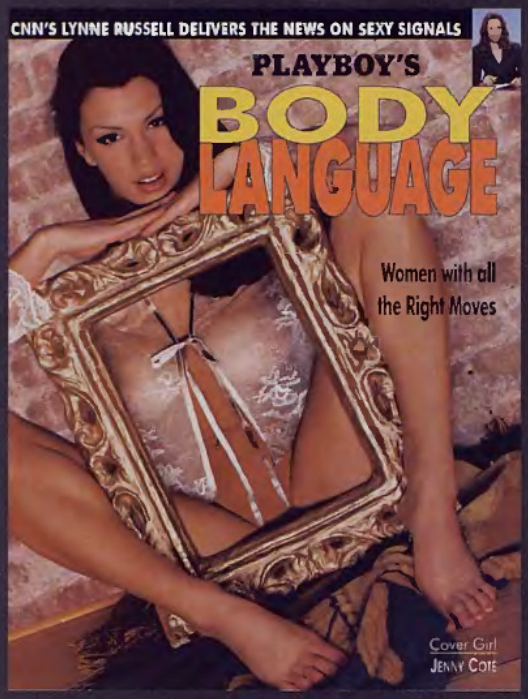
The parking lot of the 7-Eleven was empty. It smelled like gasoline. Through the plateglass window I saw Rahman polishing the front counter with a rag. He scrubbed it methodically, then began buffing the glass cover of the hot dog rotisserie. I felt *old*, like I'd seen everything and would never again be surprised, and this scared me. I stood on the curb in the cold until my ears began to ache, then walked slowly across the parking lot.

I pulled open the Plexiglas front door, and a single bell jingled. Rahman looked up from the rotisserie. When he saw me he did the strangest thing: He smiled, like he was happy I'd come back.

My heart. For a moment, it ached with joy.

Andrew Porter, 25, a student at the Writer's Workshop of the University of Iowa, won second prize in the fiction contest. Third prizes went to Andrew Bujalski, 20, a senior film student at Harvard; Laura Durnell, 26, an MFA student at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago; and Bonnie Jo Campbell, 36, an MFA student at Western Michigan University. Read a profile of our College Fiction Contest Winner at www.playboy.com.

A Nod's As Good As a Wink



If you listen only to a woman's words, you're missing half the story. *Playboy's Body Language* celebrates the sexy ways that women use their eyes, lips, hands, toes—their entire bodies—to get their point across. Featuring Alley Baggett, Lisa Boyle, Victoria Silvstedt, Lynn Thomas and more of *Playboy's* most cunning linguists.

Book# XFFT9816 $6.95

ORDER TOLL-FREE 800-423-9494
Most major credit cards accepted.

ORDER BY MAIL
Include credit card account number and expiration date or send a check or money order to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 80343, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809. $3.00 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax.

Canadian orders accepted (please visit our website for other foreign orders).

© 1998 Playboy

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

Visit the Playboy Store at www.playboy.com/catalog

PLAYBOY
CENTERFOLD COLLECTION

Royal Sheer Lace Teddy

Sheer blue mesh is accented with lace and a satin ribbon. Thong bottom with snaps. Underwire cups. Adjustable straps. 100% nylon. Imported. Sizes S, M, L.
XB2633 $24.00

$24.00
Lingerie# XB2633

Order Toll-Free 800-423-9494
Most major credit cards accepted.

Order by Mail
Include credit card account number and expiration date or send a check or money order to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 80340, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809. $5.95 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax.

Canadian orders accepted (please visit our website for other foreign orders).

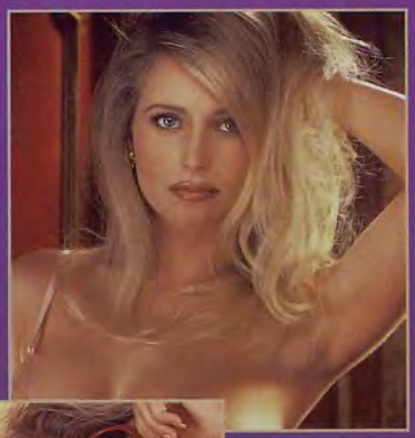
Visit the Playboy Store at www.playboy.com/catalog

Modeled by Playboy's Readers' Choice 1998 Model of the Year Alley Baggett.

©1998 Playboy

PLAYBOY

1999 VIDEO PLAYMATE CALENDAR



$19.98

Video# WX1870V

A year's worth of thrills on one captivating video! In scene after tantalizing scene, 12 Playboy Playmates reveal their dreams, their desires and their breathtaking bodies. Featuring Karen McDougal (1998 Playmate of the Year), Deanna Brooks, Heather Kozar, Marliece Andrada, Holly Joan Hart, Layla Roberts, Daphnee Lynn Duplaix, Julia Schultz, Kalin Olson, Maria Luisa Gil, Donna D'Errico aad Inga Drozdova. Full nudity. Approx. 55 min. Video# WX1870V $19.98

Order Toll-Free 800-423-9494

Most major credit cards accepted.

Order By Mail Include credit card account number and expiration date or send a check or money order to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 80336, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809. $4.00 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax.

Canadian orders accepted (please visit our website for other foreign orders).

Visit the Playboy Store at
www.playboy.com/catalog

©1998 Playboy

Also Available at Your Local Music and Video Stores

On·Cue Music • Books • Movies

musicland WE GOT WHAT'S HOT.

MEDIA PLAY

SUNCOAST MOTION PICTURE COMPANY

SamGoody GOODY GOT IT.

PLAYMATE NEWS

DON'T MISS THE BUS

Playboy 2000 Launches Search for Millennial Playmate

Greyhound, eat your heart out.

In the first star-spangled event of our millennial celebration, PLAYBOY kicked off a six-month model search for the woman who will grace the Centerfold in January 2000. The gala launch took place at Playboy Mansion West, where the Playmate Search Bus—a photo studio on wheels—set off for Vancouver, British Columbia, the first stop in a 47-city tour of the U.S. and Canada. Overseeing the big send-off was the Playboy 2000 ringmaster, Hugh Hefner, who was joined by August cover girl Julie Brown and an army of Playmates, including PMOYs Stacy Sanches (1996) and Karen McDougal (1998).

Hef and Julie

Karen and Stacy

The rolling Playmate Search is an unprecedented event that's anything but leisurely. As the search squad interviews and photographs Centerfold candidates, test shots will be digitally transmitted from the bus directly to Playmate 2000 Search headquarters in Chicago and Los Angeles. Meanwhile, a technical team from our free Web site, playboy.com, will transmit regular updates from the road and host live online chats with the intrepid photo crew aboard the bus. As a bonus, Playboy Cyber Club members can view photos of the Playmate hopefuls—hot off the modem.

In addition to appearing as the landmark Centerfold, Miss January 2000 will be awarded $200,000 and will represent PLAYBOY in a yearlong celebration. By the way, if you consider yourself Playmate 2000 material but don't plan to cross paths with the bus, contact PLAYBOY and arrange an appointment by telephone (888-720-0028), mail (PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, IL 60611) or computer (www.playboy.com/playmate2000).

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS — NOVEMBER

November 2: Miss October 1987 **Brandi Brandt**
November 4: Miss November 1970 **Avis Miller**
November 11: Miss January 1967 **Surrey Marshe**
November 13: Miss September 1959 **Marianne Gaba**
November 27: Miss June 1995 **Rhonda Adams**

12 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Bella Donna

The stars really came out in the November 1986 issue. Joan Rivers cracked wise in the interview, Steve Guttenberg spiffed up for a fashion spread and Playmate and *Star Search* winner Devin DeVasquez scored big in a winning pictorial. But the heavenly body most worthy of our gaze was that of Centerfold Donna Edmondson. The 20-year-old real estate agent from North Carolina—who would soon be dubbed the Virgin Playmate—shyly confessed to readers: "The only time I had a boyfriend was when I was four. He pushed me off the slide, and I needed 13 stitches in my chin." Did PLAYBOY readers appreciate Donna more than her hometown bully did? Apparently: She went on to become 1987 Playmate of the Year.

THE WAY THEY WERE

OK, so maybe they lacked the polish of their later Centerfold appearances—maybe that picture-perfect pose was still a work in progress. But there's no denying these girls were trying. In the newly published *Playmate Tests* (Playboy Press), a landmark collection of audition photos from PLAYBOY's archives, you can see the magic that caught our eye. The 96-page Newsstand Special features 17 of your favorite Playmates, including (below, from left): Donna D'Errico, Angel Boris and 25th Anniversary Playmate Candy Loving.

PLAYMATE NEWS

My Favorite Playmate By Penn Jillette

My favorite Playmate is Miss April 1990 (and PMOY 1991) Lisa Matthews. Why? Because under turnoffs on her Data Sheet she listed "Rude people, tattoos, traffic, guys who have longer hair than me." Let the record show that I have longer hair than she does, I co-wrote a book called *Penn & Teller's How to Play in Traffic* (I *love* traffic), I have two tattoos of blood (no ink, just scars—all pain, no gain) and, well, I've made a fine living off being a bit rude now and then. I figure it this way: Perhaps it was a typo and Lisa really meant turn-ons, or maybe she is playing hard to get. Either way, she's mine.

FAN MAIL

Dear *Playmate News*:

I have been a devoted reader of PLAYBOY for many years, and I want to express my appreciation of the work of photographer Richard Fegley.

Fegley is a master. His impeccable Playmate photography is one of the reasons PLAYBOY remains at the pinnacle of all publications. His talent for accentuating the female essence of his subjects is phenomenal. If you doubt me, check out Fegley's photos of Miss December 1989 Petra Verkaik, which I consider among his best. A spectacular subject captured by a spectacular photographer.

The lensman and his muse: Fegley and Verkaik.

Sincerely,
Mark Pitzer
Smyrna, Tennessee

Dear Anna Nicole Smith:

I wanted to write to express my admiration for you. You have been through a lot and, to be honest, I know only what the media tell me. However, I've always been on your side. You will always have my support as an admirer and a friend.

If you ever visit down under, it would be my pleasure to welcome you, carry your bags and show you this incredible part of the world.

Shane
Levin, New Zealand

QUOTE UNQUOTE

In the five years since Alesha Marie Oreskovich appeared as Miss June 1993, the 26-year-old's modeling career has taken her to Hawaii, Mexico and England. This Playmate's heart, however, remains rooted in her native Florida.

Q: You have managed to work all over the world but you live in the Sunshine State. Why?

A: I love the beaches. Florida is a great place to party and hang out. If you want culture and education, it's not exactly the place to be. But it's perfect for being laid-back.

Q: Tell us about men in Speedos.

A: That's funny. On my Data Sheet, I listed old men in bikinis as a turnoff, and that still holds true. If they want to be liberated and wear whatever they want, fine. Just don't make me look at them for too long.

Q: How has being a Playmate affected your love life?

A: I don't date much. I've always been in serious relationships. As a Playmate, if someone shows interest in you, you're never sure if he has an ulterior motive. I suppose I've become more aware, more suspicious.

Q: What's in your CD player now?

A: *Tigerlily* and *Ophelia* by Natalie Merchant. I love her. I also support up-and-coming local female artists.

Q: So you're in favor of girl power?

A: [*Laughs*] What, are you kidding? Absolutely.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Janet Pilgrim, a three-time Centerfold (July and December 1955, and October 1956), has taken the Internet plunge. Cyber Club members can now read Janet's life story—complete with dozens of photos—on the Playmate pages of the CyberClub (http://cyber.playboy.com/doc/members/playmates/personal/janetpilgrim). . . . Next time you're in a liquor store, check out the advertisements: You will see Miss March 1994 **Neriah Davis** and Miss May 1994 **Shae Marks** on the new posters for Molson's beer. . . . It's not all parties and paparazzi: 1998 PMOY **Karen McDougal** was invited to speak at a luncheon for the Beverly Hills Chapter of the Rotary Club. She wowed them, of course. . . . On her Playmate Data Sheet, Miss July 1998 **Lisa Dergan** confessed a desire to become a Bond Girl. Done deal: Lisa will appear as a character in the next James Bond story, to be published in the 45th Anniversary issue of PLAYBOY (January 1999). . . . Miss July 1995 **Heidi Mark** has signed to headline as the cruise director on UPN's *Love Boat: The Next Wave*. Her previous television credits include *Baywatch* and *Married With Children*. . . . There's a burst of Playmate activity at Hef's house unlike any seen in years. Sleepovers now take place in the Mansion itself. What a life.

LE ROY HERMAN

Karen the Rotarian

Mansion madness

Protect Freedom of Speech and ROCK THE VOTE

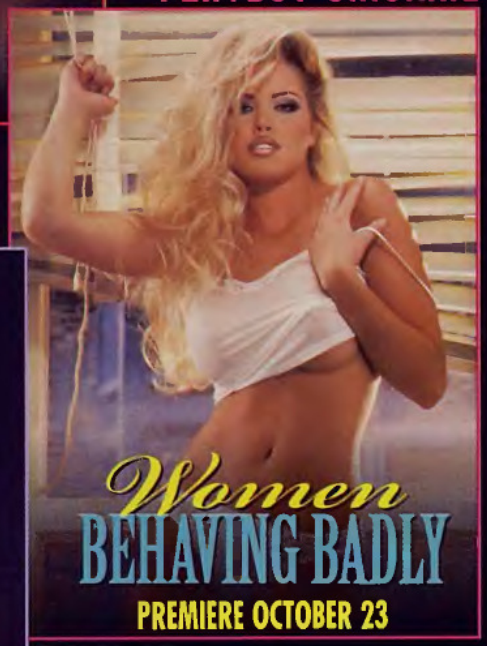
PLAYBOY ORIGINAL PROGRAM

PLAYMATE HOSTS

Laura Cover
Miss October

Tiffany Taylor
Miss November

PLAYBOY ORIGINAL



PLAYBOY ORIGINAL MOVIE

ADULT MOVIES

more than you ever imagined...

For the entire month, Playboy TV offers a delicious share of tricks and treats to fill your goodie bag. Our celebrated show *Night Calls* comes to you live from New York on October 21, with a special preview that same night. And tune in all month long to find out how you can guest star on *Night Calls*. Then, in the Playboy Original Movie *Embrace the Darkness*, journey to a forbidden place where even the most demanding appetites are satiated. Next, a group of sexual adventurers visit a famed cabaret club in the hopes of getting a closer look at its gorgeous erotic dancers in the adult movie *A Hard Act to Follow*. And in *Original Sins, Parts 1 & 2*, what sexual favors must a faithless husband perform to woo back his beautiful wife? A dose of misbehavior now and again does a world of good in *Playboy's Women Behaving Badly*. Let Playboy TV's entertainment turn every hour into a bewitching hour, 24 hours a day!

PLAYBOY TV

Visit our website:
www.playboy.com/entertainment

Playboy TV is available from your local cable television operator or home satellite, DIRECTV, PRIMESTAR, or DISH Network dealer

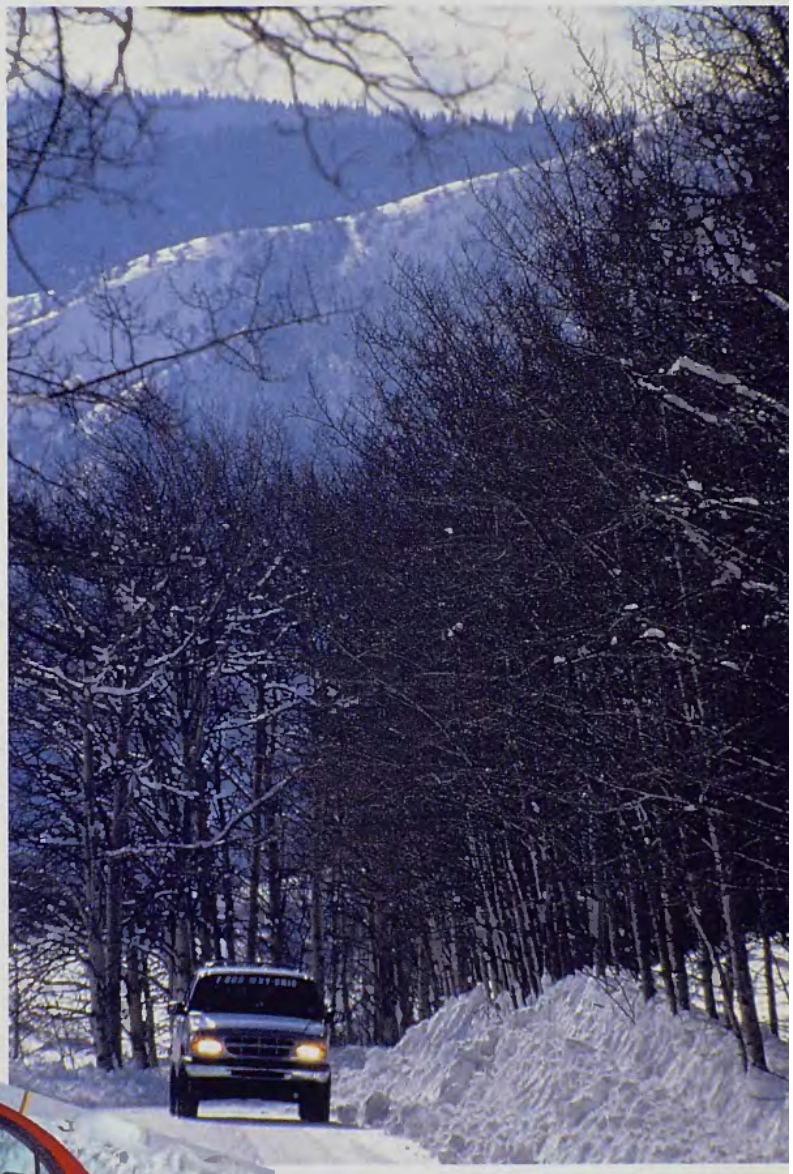
©1998 Playboy

erotic entertainment at its best

LOOKING FOR GRIP

Sliding sideways and being cool about it are what I've wanted to do ever since I dreamed about that first fast car. Recently, I had a chance to slide like a skate at an ice-driving school in Steamboat Springs, Colorado sponsored by the folks from Bridgestone Tire Co. Their purpose is to teach drivers how to handle a car that is trying to break loose on ice, as well as to demonstrate the virtues of their awesome Blizzak snow tires. My purpose was to go skidding: sideways, frontways and ass backward. They accomplished their mission. Me too. School starts with a brief classroom session in which instructors teach the principles of driving on ice. Then they put you on a one-mile racetrack that has a snow base, a glare ice surface and eight turns with snowbanks piled at the corners. It's one thing to be told in class that tires don't function well when they receive two different inputs at one time. It's another thing to be looking for the apex of tricky turn two while you're sliding toward a wall of snow in a world without traction, trying to brake and steer (and think) at the same time. Talk about serious fun. Out on the track with your arms crossed the wrong way and your feet doing the wrong thing and your eyes in the wrong place and the car sliding sideways, you listen for the voice of your all-seeing instructor on the two-way radio. Usually, his message is simple. "Faster," he says. "Do it faster." He means think, unwind the wheel, brake or get off the brake—faster. The school provides each full-day student with a personal video of his distinctive style of sliding beyond the threshold of control, pylons flying. Each video has an accompanying, and appropriately embarrassing, narration. My final question upon graduation was: "On a scale of one to ten, how would you rate the average driver's skills in an emergency situation?" The answer from my instructor: "Zero." If you want to be more than a winter-driving zero, take a trip to school. The one-day course—which seemed most useful to me—is $225; the two-day performance program is $975; a half-day introductory taste will run you $115.

—ARTHUR KRETCHMER



The ice track gives Bridgestone a neat place to show off the Blizzak snow tire. In comparison tests between the Blizzak and all-season radials, the Blizzaks had superior grip both going and stopping. In emergency stops from 30 mph with antilock brakes, the Blizzaks stopped the car 40 feet quicker than all-season tires. In fact, the only thing the Blizzaks couldn't seem to do on ice was an inverted 360° in the half-pipe.

BLIZZAK®

The Ultimate Scream Queen Preens

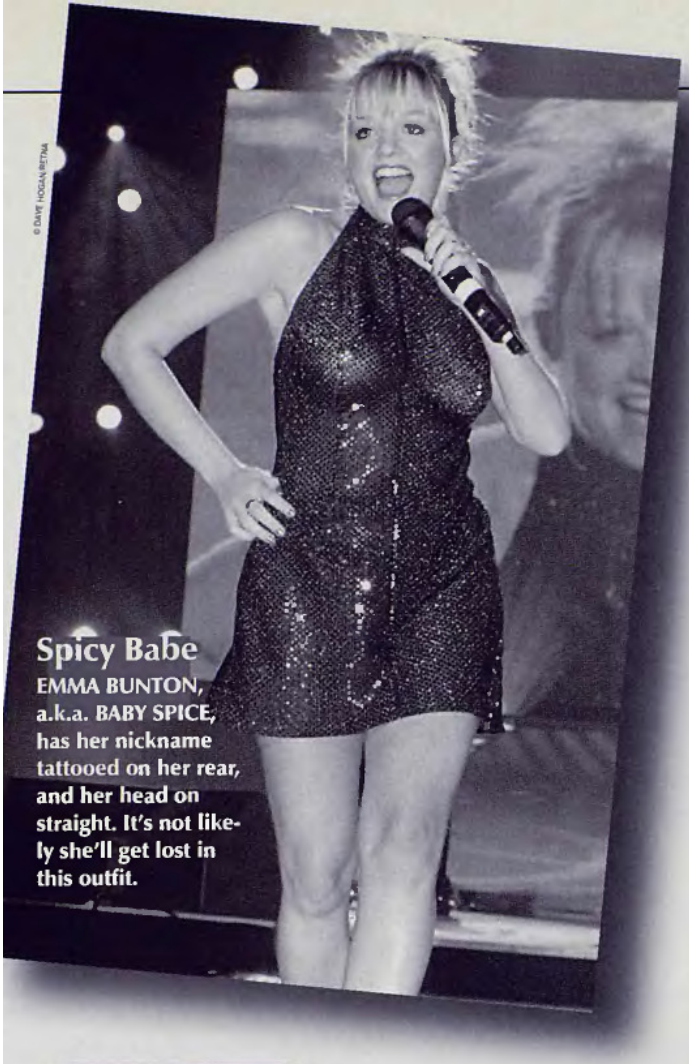
JAMIE LEE CURTIS turns 40 this month just as the seventh installment of *Halloween* hits the screen. Called *H2O*, the movie joins *Virus* and *Homegrown* as Curtis' 1998 film credits. We give Jamie Lee credit for filling out her dress.

Keens Is Peachy

BRYNNE KEENS, a beauty from Texas, prefers to do her modeling in Hawaii these days, posing for *Extra*'s TV cameras as part of a tropical swimsuit shoot. Surf's up.

Sand Siren Anjanette

Calendar model ANJANETTE HINTACUTAN decorates walls and the sand gloriously.



© DAVE HOGAN/RETNA

Spicy Babe

EMMA BUNTON, a.k.a. BABY SPICE, has her nickname tattooed on her rear, and her head on straight. It's not likely she'll get lost in this outfit.

Rear Window

JENNIFER LOPEZ is a real doll. Ask George Clooney, with whom she sizzled in *Out of Sight*. Next up is another crime drama, *Thieves*; a science fiction thriller, *Imposter*; and a music deal with Sony. Burn, baby, burn.

© NINA PROMMER/GLOBE PICTURES

© PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Oh Brother, Ray

In his 68 years, RAY CHARLES has been idolized and lionized by critics and fans. Not that it matters to him. Currently touring clubs and fests, Ray tells another generation how to get a woman.

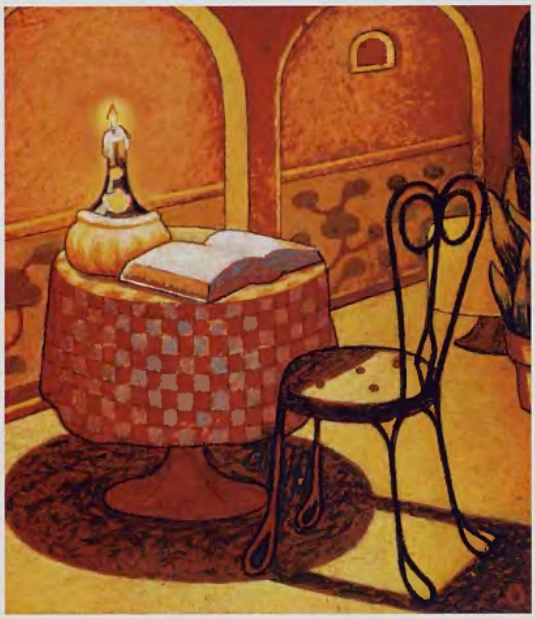
© PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Horn of Plenty

Cornetist and singer OLU DARA has been spreading joy at bluesfests in Chicago and Ann Arbor. His CD, *In the World: From Natchez to New York*, is new jazz for the Nineties.

MAKING BOOK ON PASTA

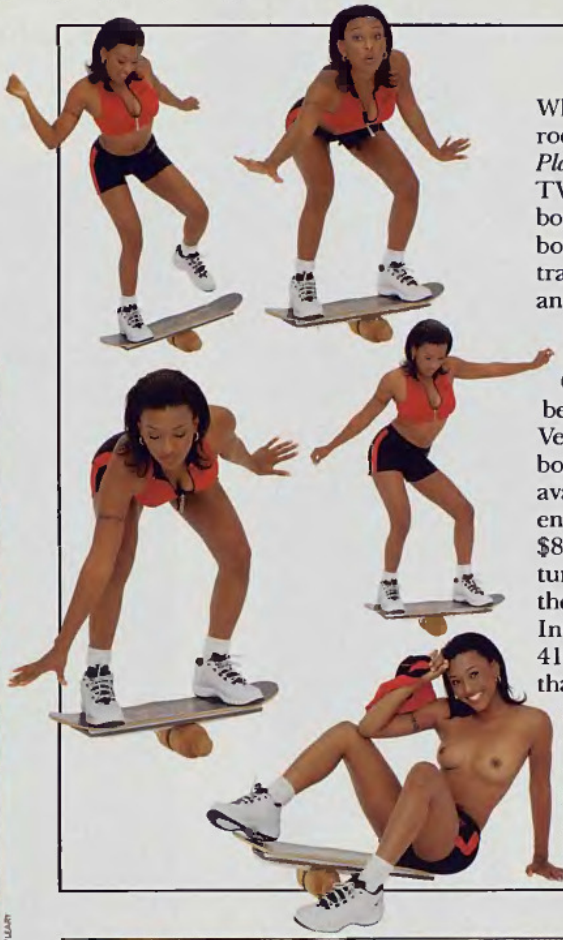
Do you love Italian wine and food but don't know asti spumante from Elba? Pick up a copy of John Mariani's *The Dictionary of Italian Food and Drink*, "an A-to-Z guide with 2300 authentic definitions and 50 classic recipes." Mariani, whose most recent contribution to PLAYBOY was *Pop Culture* in our October issue, is the author of several award-winning books, including *The Dictionary of American Food and Drink* and *America Eats Out*. Price: $17 in paperback.



JOHN O'LEARY

SAY YES TO *DR. NO*

To celebrate the 35th anniversary of the U.S. premiere of the first James Bond movie, *Dr. No*, Spy Guise Inc. in Jersey City, New Jersey commissioned artist Jeff Marshall to create a limited-edition (1500) work of art. The result (pictured below) is a 16″x20″ signed lithograph printed on acid-free paper, matted and ready for framing. Price: $86, postpaid, including a certificate of authenticity. Call 732-752-7257 for more info or to order.



ROLLER BALL

When Hef used one to rock and roll back when *Playboy's Penthouse* was on TV, it was called a Bongo board. Now the balance board returns as a hot new training device for balance, coordination and control. Balance Designs in Manchester Center, Vermont has been manufacturing the Vew-Do line of maple boards since 1990. Styles available range from the entry level Balance 101 for $89.95 and the Zippy (pictured here) for $119.95 to the supermaneuverable Indy 2 ($124.95) and the 41¼″ Longboard ($154.95) that features a flat nose and a kick-tail deck. It was developed specifically for big-board riders. Call 802-362-7098 for a board or an illustrated brochure.

JOHN SCHAEFER

ART OF THE SCHMOOZE

Do cocktail parties leave you feeling like a guy who's wearing madras Bermuda shorts when everybody else is in black tie? Pick up *The Golden Rule of Schmoozing* and *The Art of Mingling*, two audio books, and learn how you can transform yourself from Nervous Norvess to Cary Grant. Penn Jillette, the magician, reads Aye Jaye's three-hour *Schmoozing* (subtitled "The Authentic Practice of Treating Others Well"), while *Mingling* (two and a half hours) is read by the book's author, Jeanne Martinet. (In the latter, you'll learn about circulating with style and the etiquette of escape.) Both titles are available in bookstores for $16.95 each, or order *Mingling* by calling 800-231-4261 and *Schmoozing* at 800-653-9400.

SPREADING RUMORS

Rumors, an adult conversation game that's "absolutely the most fun you can have talking," can be played anywhere, from beach to bar. Score points by outguessing other players in one of three categories of rumor: "fact," "belief" and "hot." Guess which one we picked. ("Rumor has it ____ has had food eaten off his/her body by a lover" is a typical hot item.) Price: $25. Call 800-654-3939.

LIQUOR TALKING

"I always keep a supply of stimulant handy in case I see a snake, which I also keep handy," said W.C. Fields, probably just before his first pick-me-up of the day. This and more than 1000 other spirited quotations and anecdotes pertaining to liquor and the good life are featured in *Bottled Wisdom*, a 170-page softcover compiled and edited by longtime bartender Mark Pollman. There's even a section on temperance and prohibition, just to give equal time to the opposition. Wildstone Media in St. Louis, Missouri sells the book for $15.95, postpaid. Call 800-296-1918 to order.

SHOOT OUR PLAYMATE 2000

Look at it this way: You get both a camera and the incentive to discover Miss January 2000. She's the lucky lady who will receive $200,000 and represent PLAYBOY throughout the millennial celebration year. Our 2000 camera is only $17 from the Playboy Catalog at 800-423-9494 (ask for item WD2027). Collectors can purchase two for only $29—one to use and one to stash away. Ask for item WD2028 and save five bucks.

THE UNSINKABLE *TITANIC*

The *Titanic* Collection, 21 pieces of paper ephemera—deck maps, luggage stickers, postcards and a 32-page booklet—boxed in a replica of a steamer trunk, is surely the last wave in disaster memorabilia. If you're craving a copy of the boarding pass of a man who missed the sailing then this is your treasure chest. Price: $24.95 from Chronicle Books. Order a copy at 800-722-6657, or check bookstores.

ALL GAUL

The first online resource for French-related products, services and culture has debuted at www.allthingsfrench.com. In addition to glassware, music, videos, books and children's toys, the site features unusual merchandise from such French-speaking countries and areas as Canada, Martinique, French Guiana, French Polynesia, Algeria—even the Cajun culture in the U.S. (Most purchases come with a 90-day guarantee—and no attitude.) There's also a selection of virtual French postcards you can send to friends over the Net at no charge. To paraphrase Louis XIV: *"Le Net, c'est moi."*

NEXT MONTH: GALA HOLIDAY ISSUE

BAR DRAMA

ATLANTIC RACING

WITT IS IT

TRIPLE YOUR PLEASURE

KATARINA WITT—THE INCOMPARABLE OLYMPIAN STARS IN A PICTORIAL THAT WILL KNOCK YOUR SKATES OFF

INSIDE THE PLAYBOY MANSION—NEVER-BEFORE-PUBLISHED SHOTS OF THE HOUSE THAT HEF BUILT—PARTIES, CELEBRITIES AND SEXCAPADES. FROM THE FORTHCOMING BOOK BY **GRETCHEN EDGREN,** WITH AN EXCLUSIVE MANSION REPORT BY **BILL ZEHME**

OFFICE PARTY ETIQUETTE—HEARD ABOUT THE GUY WHO DRANK TOO MUCH, XEROXED HIS BUTT AND LOST HIS JOB? HUMOR FROM THE LATE **PHIL HARTMAN**

KEVIN SMITH—THE DIRECTOR OF *CLERKS* AND *CHASING AMY* JAWS ABOUT HIS NEXT FLICK, DUMPING CHICKS AND SLACKER SEX—BY **STEPHAN TALTY**

HOLIDAY FICTION—**JOYCE CAROL OATES** ON THE RAUNCHY DEATH OF A MAN OF LETTERS, AND **ETHAN COEN** ON A BARROOM AWASH IN ADULTERY, DOUBLE CROSSES AND VENGEFUL WIVES

SHHH, DON'T TELL—IS IT SMART TO KEEP SOME SECRETS FROM YOUR WIFE? IT IS IF YOU WANT TO STAY MARRIED. A LIFETIME OF ADVICE FROM **BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN**

DAVID DUCHOVNY—THE TRUTH IS OUT THERE, AND IT INCLUDES WILD TIMES IN THAILAND, RANKING HIS FAVORITE PORN STARS AND BEING HAPPILY MARRIED TO TÉA LEONI. PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **LAWRENCE GROBEL**

GORE VIDAL—THE WICKED WIT OF THE WEST TALKS ABOUT WHY THE MOB KILLED JFK, BLOW JOBS IN THE WHITE HOUSE AND HOW HILLARY WOULD MAKE A GREAT PRESIDENT. TWENTY QUESTIONS BY **JOSEPH DUMAS**

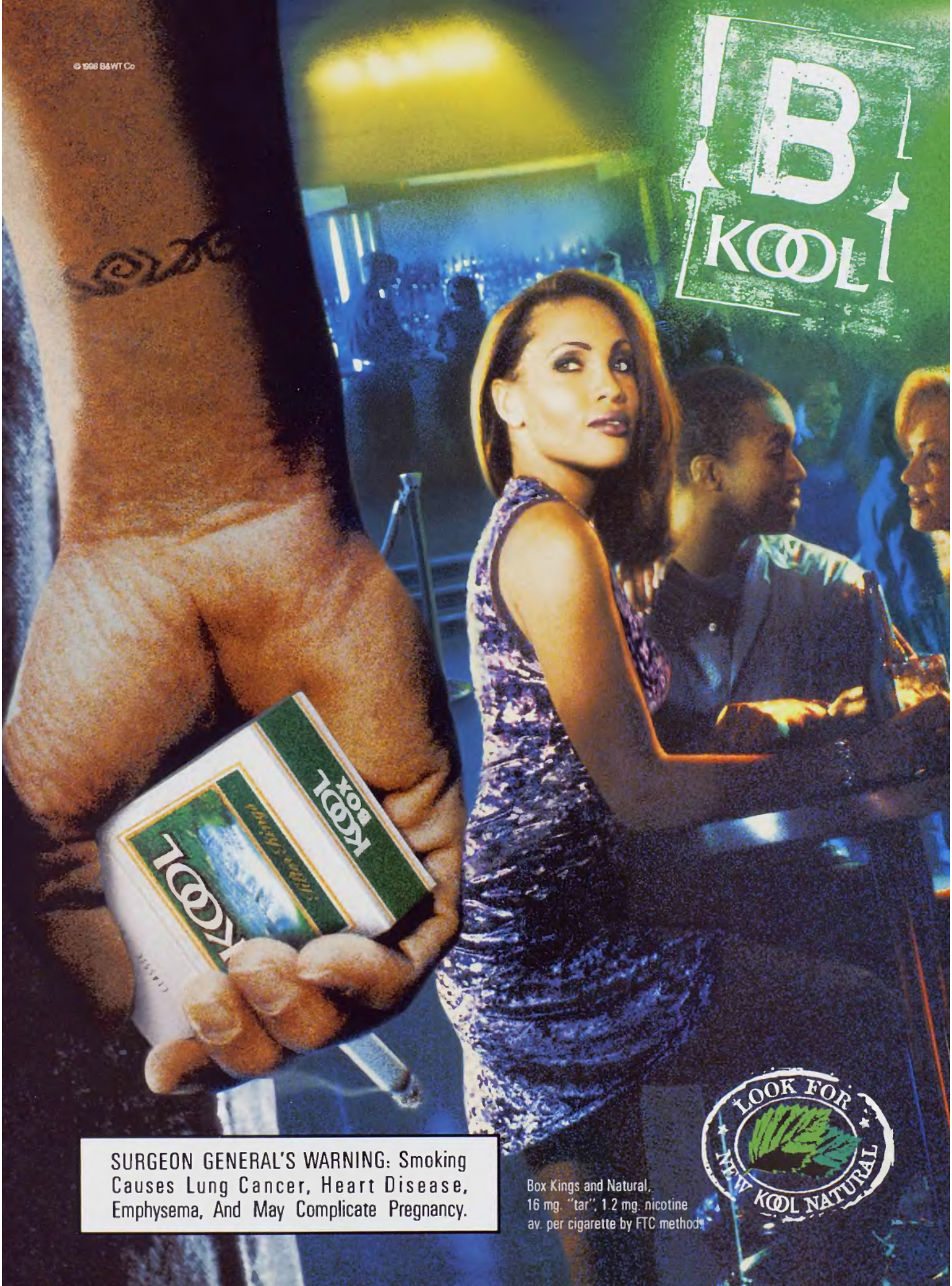
PLUS: A FASCINATING REPORT ON OUR WILD WEATHER, THE **SEX STARS OF 1998,** WINTER GEAR, CELEBRITY CHRISTMAS CAROLS, **RACING THE SAVAGE ATLANTIC** IN A SCHOONER, STOCKING STUFFERS TO EXCITE SANTA, LITTLE ANNIE FANNY AND THE INCREDIBLE **DAHM TRIPLETS**—COUNT 'EM, THREE PLAYMATES

Playboy (ISSN 0032-1478), November 1998, volume 45, number 11. Published monthly by Playboy in national and regional editions, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Periodicals postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices. Canada Post Canadian Publications Mail Sales Product Agreement No. 56162. Subscriptions: in the U.S., $29.97 for 12 issues. Postmaster: Send address change to Playboy, P.O. Box 2007, Harlan, Iowa 51537-4007. For subscription-related questions, e-mail circ@ny.playboy.com. Editorial: edit@playboy.com.

Enjoy Dewar's Responsibly.
Dewar's® "White Label" • Blended Scotch Whisky • 40% ALC/VOL (80 Proof) • ©1997 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., NY, NY

A full day of shopping? Now that calls for a drink.

Dewar's®


© 1998 B&W T Co
B
KOOL
KOOL
BOX
LOOK FOR
NEW KOOL NATURAL
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.
Box Kings and Natural, 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.